MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SEPTEMBER 2002
#232 $3

Dillinger Four

PLUS: FLESHIES
BRIDGE NINE RECORDS
LOST THE FARTZ
RAZORS EDGE
AND MORE PUNK SHIT!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #148, 150-154, 156-159, 161-163, 166-181, 184-231 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

NEWSSTAND circulation through Big Top Newsstand Services, a division of the IPA. For more information call (415) 643-0161 or fax (415) 643-2983 or E-mail: Info@BigTopPubs.com.
Also available from: No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.
See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, questions, cake, beer, etc., to:

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SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
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maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review. TOP 10

TIM BROOKS

BOXED IN-World Stops Turning-EP	ETA/BELTONES/EPOXIES-live
SELF DEFENSE-Shooting Punk Terror-EP	HAYMAKER-It Only Gets Worse-LP
GC5-Never Bet The Devil Your Head-CD	KING KHAN & HIS SHRINES-Three Hairs-LP
JERRYS KIDS-LP/ANTISCHISM-2xLP	COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP
RITCHIE WHITES-Snitches Get Snitches-LP	V/A-Killed By Hardcore Vol. 3-LP

ROB COONS

GAYRILLA BISCUITS-Demos-EP	CITIZENS ARREST-Light In The Distance-LP
NEGATIVE FX-Discography-LP	SELF DEFENSE-Shooting Punk Terror-EP
JERRYS KIDS-Is This My World-LP	V/A-Killed By Hardcore Vol. 3-LP
DYS-Wolfpack-LP	ETA-We Are The Attack-EP
GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Boycott Stabb-LP	SHANK-Coded Messages-LP

ARWEN CURRY

LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET... NO, REALLY...

JONATHAN FLOYD

COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP	HOT SNAKES-Suicide Invoice-LP
GC5-Never Bet The Devil Your Head-CD	RITCHIE WHITES-Snitches Get Snitches-LP
ANTISCHISM-2xLP	COUNTRY TEASERS-Science Hat Artistic-LP
CITIZENS ARREST-Light In The Distance-LP	OMEGA TRIBE-Make Tea Not War-LP
FORWARD-Fucked Up-CD/EPOXIES-live	MRR House-We Love Cake-live

JEFF NEERMANN

NUMBERS-Numbers Life-CD	SUBTONIX-Tarantism-LP
A FRAMES-LP	SUPERHELICOPTER-Fire Pussy-EP
COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP	NUBS-live
ETA-We Are The Attack-EP	CONSUMERS-We're American-EP
ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS-Rich Girl-EP	V/A-Paranoia In Der Strassenbahn-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

SUPERHELICOPTER-Fire Pussy-EP	GAYRILLA BISCUITS-Demos-EP
ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS-Rich Girl-EP	COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP
MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE-CD	KING KHAN & HIS SHRINES-Three Hairs-LP
A FRAMES-LP/VOETSEK-Tinea Crupis-EP	ETA-We Are The Attack-EP
COUNTRY TEASERS-Science Hat Artistic-LP	DYS-Wolfpack-LP/SAGGER-EP

BULGINEA LOUDMOUTH

KING KHAN & HIS SHRINES-Three Hairs-LP	CHERRY VALANCE-Revival-LP
COUNTRY TEASERS-Science Hat Artistic-LP	A FRAMES-LP
COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP	JERRYS KIDS-Is This My World-LP
SONS OF CYRUS-Warriors-EP	GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Boycott Stabb-LP
MOTOSIERRA-Don't Tell Mom-45	NEGATIVE FX-Discography-LP

RAY LUJAN

LOS OLIVIDADOS-live/SUBTONIX-LP	V/A-Tearin' It Up-EP/FIENDZ-CD
V/A-Twelve Step Program-CD	BITESIZE-Sophomore Slump-CD
LES MARMOTTES APLATIES-Decadents-CD	SONS OF CYRUS-Warriors-EP
RETURNABLES-CD/PANIC-Get Well-CD	CADILLAC BLINDSIDE-Liquid Lungs-CD
MUSHUGANAS-Summer Shoes-EP	V/A-Ain't Seen Nothing Yet-CD

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

HOT SNAKES-LP/COACHWHIPS-LP	YOUR MOTHER-The "Weird" Al-bum-10"
SEEIN RED/NOW DENIAL-split EP	NEGATIVE FX-Discography-LP/SHANK-LP
THE VANISHING-In The Rat House-10"	BAD BRAINS-LP/PUNCH IN THE FACE-EP
V/A-Dynamite With A Laserbeam-LP	CITIZENS ARREST-Light In The Distance-LP
JERRYS KIDS-LP/WORMCAST-EP	GOVERNMENT ISSUE-LP & EP

WILLIE NELSON

DIALLO-EP/7 DAYS OF SAMSARA-live	BALANCE OF TERROR-live & LP
KYLESA-No Remorse-LP/KUNG FU RICK-live	UNPERSONS-live/1905-live
VOETSEK-Tinea Curis-EP	BG-EP/CHRISTIAN REICH-live & demo
BRIGADA DO ODIO-A Busca-EP	SELF DEFENSE-Shooting Punk Terror-EP
V/A-Waterkant Hits-LP	ETA-live & EP/BOMB BUILDER-EP

DONNA POOLE

GAYRILLA BISCUITS-Demos-EP	SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-No Love Lost-EP
MOTOSIERRA-Don't Tell Mom-45	YOUR MOTHER-The "Weird" Al-bum-10"
NINJA DEATH SQUAD-What The Hell-EP	A-FRAMES-LP
PROFITS-Propaganda Machine-EP	GLORYHOLES-Knock You Up-CD
SONS OF CYRUS-Warriors-EP	SUBTONIX-Tarantism-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

BELTONES/REDUCERS-live	FRANKS-Treadwheel-EP/RAZORS-LP
V/A-Keine Experimente-LP	FUCKED UP-No Pasaran-45/GG ALLIN-LP
DEADLINE/FILAMENTS- EP	GC5-Never Bet-CD/JERRY'S KIDS-LP
CITIZENS ARREST-Light In The Distance-LP	NEGATIVE FX-LP/FILAMENTS-CD
ETA-We Are The Attack-EP and Live	PUNCH IN THE FACE-EP/ RESTARTS-CD

MIKE THORN

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-EP	BOXED IN-EP/GAYRILLA BISCUITS-EP
ETA-We Are The Attack-EP & live	SUBTONIX-45/FUCKED UP-45
NEW GRANADA-EP/AGAINST ME-live	BOMBBUILDER-EP/HAYMAKER-LP
RITCHIE WHITES-Snitches Get Snitches-LP	CURIOSO-EP/VOETSEK-Tinea Curis-EP
BALANCE OF TERROR-LP & live	DIALLO-EP/PROFITS-EP

RYAN WELLS

FM KNIVES-live	CULT HERO-I'm A Cult Hero-45
ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS-Rich Girl-EP	CONSUMERS-We're American-EP
DUCHESS OF SAIGON-Easter Queen-EP	REGISTRATORS-No Fantasy-EP
SUBTONIX-Too Cool For School-45	KING KHAN & HIS SHRINES-Three Hairs-LP
MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE-CD	COACHWHIPS-Get Your Body-LP

KENNY KOOS/REMA YOUNG

Rema's Top 5-RIP	MUSHUGANAS-Summer Shoes-EP
JERKY TURKEY-We Are So Cute-LP & EP	NEEDLES-Captain America-EP
RITCHIE WHITES-Snitches Get Snitches-LP	MIGHTY IDONS-Muisc To Wrestle With-LP
GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Make An Effort-EP	THE 440'S-Let It Die-45
SONS OF CYRUS-Warriors-EP	UK SUBS-Drunken Sailor-45

ZINE TOP TEN

3 AM #9	Morgenmuffel #10
The Black Panther Party: A Picture History #1	Ration #2
Emergency #4	Slingshot #75
Flying Lesson #9	Slug & Lettuce #71
Meltdown #3	Mala #1/Insurgente #4

ZINE SHITWORKERS

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Robert Collins	Rob Coons
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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

You Want Back Issues? ...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

buy 3, the 4th is free!

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Dear *MRR* readers...
Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe who have taken up the slack since our departure from Mordam... We've been doing our best to cover as much of territory outside of the U$A as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like minded punx who are willing to help us out... We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*... but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just going in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—get in touch and we'll tell you the details! Any and all help is very much appreciated. Please also note that Assembly Line is now offering a subscription service for the UK, cheap! This is just the beginning...thanks again for all your support...

Arwen, Mike, & Clara

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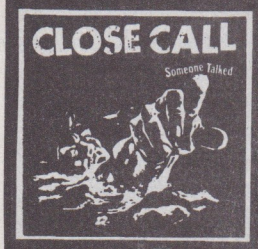

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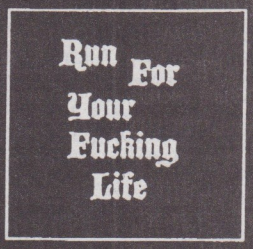

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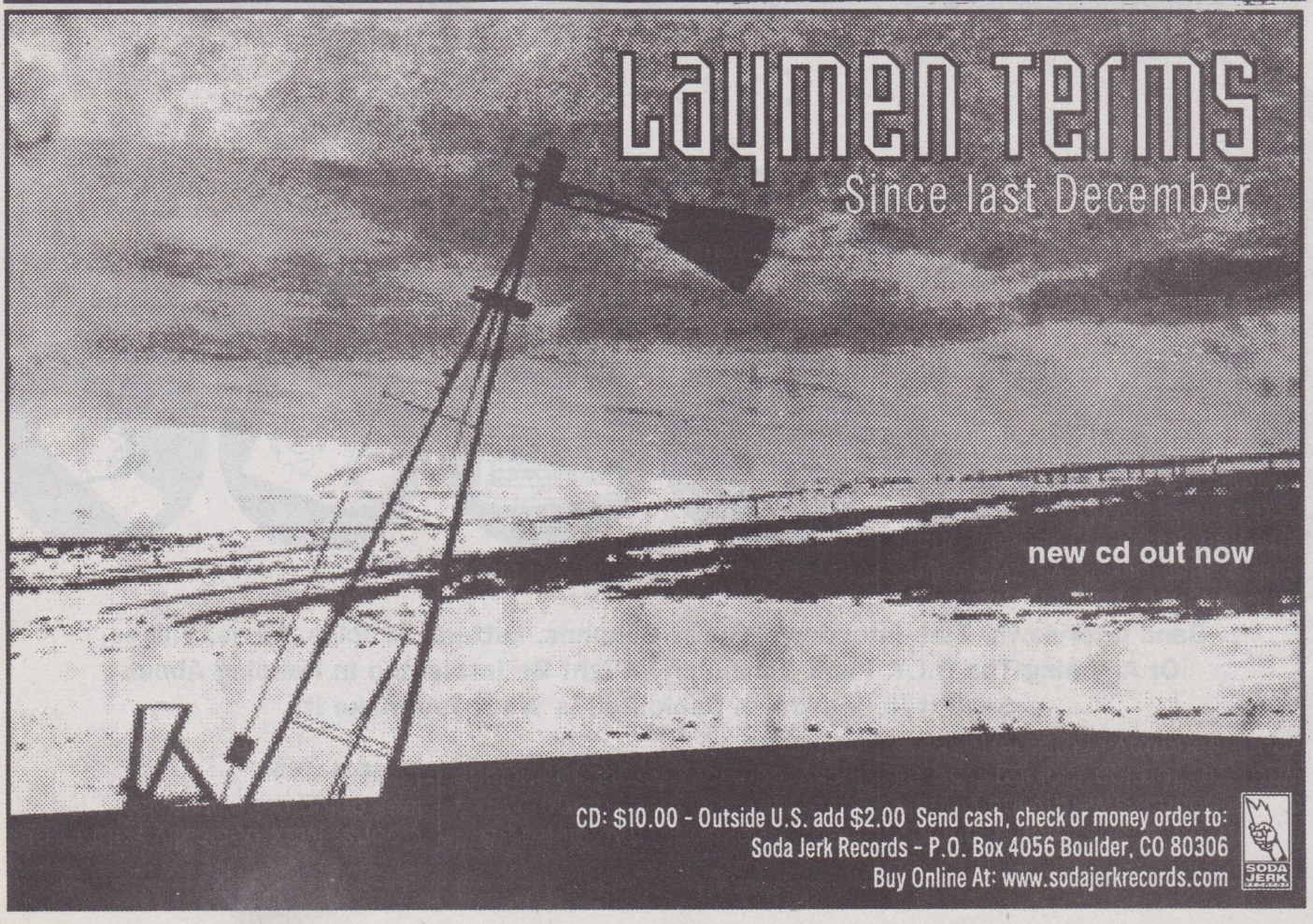

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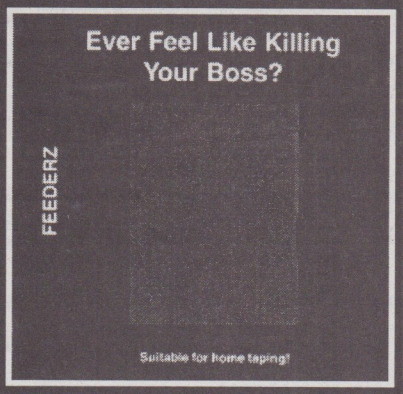

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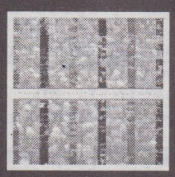

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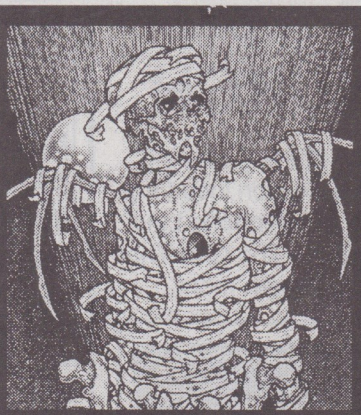

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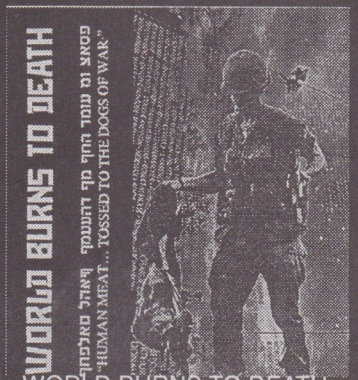

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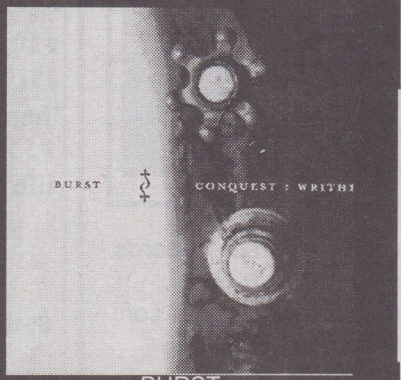

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LETTERS

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Hey,

So, I was at my parent's house last weekend, and I showed my dad a picture of the *MRR* "20 years" shirt I'm ordering. He looks at it for a minute and says "Go ahead and order me one too. I'll wear it to work (he teaches at a tech school) and piss off all the right-wing Christian nuts." How 'bout that shit! My dad's 52 years old, and he may not be punk, but he's still a maximum rocknroller. Thanks,
Eli Goode/ Columbia, SC

Dear *MRR*,

Howdy, this is your president, George W. Bush, but you can just call me W. Now, I'm writing to y'all to let you know that my man John Ashcroft and his FBI boys have been keeping their eye on you. We know that y'all have been whining and complaining about my war on terror (tm), amongst other things. Now, I'm going to be a straight shooter with you and lay it out for you all plain-like. Y'all need to get with the program. Don't rock the boat, in other words. Everybody knows that 90% of the American public supports my war on terror (tm). Hell, we've got 'em so worked up and scared that we could declare martial law tomorrow and hardly anybody would complain, as long as we told 'em it was for their protection. What's the big fuss anyway? I mean, so what if we kill a few Afghan civilians here and there? They're all a bunch of godless heathens anyway. They look funny too. Look at how they dress. And what's up with those beards? We're gettin' ready to take out Saddam in Iraq too. You see, he's a part of my "axis of evil."

It's all about freedom. Each and every one of you pinkos is free to go down to the corner McDonald's and get a Big Mac or drive your SUV to the mall and pick up a pair of Nikes whenever you want. We need to get on the same page here. The American public doesn't care about Iraqi or Afghan civilians. They don't care if we drill in the Alaskan wild life refuge. They're too concerned with the season finale of "Friends" or waiting in line to see Star Wars. Hell, they're so busy working to pay their rent or mortgage that they're too tired to care. They didn't really make a fuss when my good buddies down at Enron ripped off their employees and just about everybody else. I told those boys they need to be more careful next time! Ha ha.

If you folks down there at MRR don't change your ways, I'm not responsible for what happens. When I saw some of them articles and saw those cartoons by that Ted Rall fella, I got so mad I could spit! It's downright un-American! Now, whenever you feel yourselves starting to question what's going on, just repeat to yourself "united we stand," or "freedom."

Now, to wrap up this here letter, if y'all don't get with the program I'm gonna have to declare you un-American or a terrorist and let Johnny and the FBI boys deal with you. And believe me, you don't want that. No one's gonna miss or notice a few less commie freaks anyway. Just like nobody noticed a few hundred or so less towel heads when we rounded them up after 9/11. I know y'all will see things my way eventually.
Dubya

Dear readers:

An editorial in the June 12, 2002 Detroit Free Press reads as follows:

"Life, Security, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Give me liberty. But first, give me safety. That is the message in a new national survey that bodes well for Bush administration efforts to bolster homeland defense and step up domestic surveillance.

"In the wake of last year's terrorist attacks, 80 percent of Americans would sacrifice some freedoms to increase national security, and more than 70% favor national ID cards with fingerprints. About a third of those polled also favor making it easier for authorities to access private e-mail and telephone conversations.

"The Gallup poll was cosponsored by the University of Oklahoma and an anti-terrorism institute established after the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing. The results, released Tuesday, show the effects of the terrorist attacks and the ongoing alarms about a possible second strike. A Gallup researcher said the poll shows an 'amazing' level of desire to regain more sense of personal security. It also reflects the distinct minority of people likely to be singled out for increased scrutiny; the great majority will be unlikely to complain unless the focus shifts to them."

Are you starting to

become terrified yet? You should be. Obviously this poll will be utilized by King George the II, Herr Ashcroft, and the Supreme Court to facilitate the greatest dismantling of the Bill of Rights since the laughable farce known as the "War on Drugs" started 30 years ago. Are their any students of early-20th century Germany out there? Notice any similarities to Germany in 1938? We now live in truly frightening times, and apparently the public is happy to goose step along into a world of new fascism. George the I couldn't have imagined in his wildest dreams the incredible opportunity that has been handed to his progeny on a silver platter. Make no mistake. The "New World Order" that Bush the Elder spoke so reverently of was already underway prior to the events of September 11, 2001. But now, the Order has been given carte blanche to do as they please with nearly full support of the American populace.

To paraphrase a Founding Father of our country: "Those who would sacrifice freedom for security deserve neither."

On a final note, to all those who give a damn: Learn to fight. Reactionary tactics are a thing of the past. It's now time to make preemptive strikes before it's too late. It is *not* too late... yet. Educate yourselves on survival techniques. A dark time is coming for those who don't fit the definition of the Order. Create chaos and disorder in their vision of a New World Order, because there sure isn't room for the likes of you and me in the world they wish to create. In the poignant and ominous words of our esteemed and erudite leader, appointed to office by the divine will of the Supreme Beings, King George the II: "You are either with us, or against us." Do you still believe in the American right to protest now?

Have a nice day! Peace, love, anarchy. For valuable and exciting gifts and prizes, please write to:
James Duane #214699/ Huron Valley Correctional Facility/ 3201 Bemis Road/ Ypsilanti, MI 48197-0911

Dear James and readers,

To add a few words: Be very skeptical of any poll, particularly one on the editorial pages. Polling is an art more than a science, and it is well documented that the way the question is phrased has a lot to do with the response. A question such as "If it would spare your loved ones from being killed, would you allow the government to monitor individuals deemed dangerous?" is very different from "Should the government be allowed to read your email and listen to your telephone conversations?" though both ask effectively the same thing. On the editorial pages (and in the other pages, too) "researchers" and "noted experts" are frequently employees of public relations firms. They know people still believe there is objective reporting in newspapers, so disguising their slant as news makes it more readily accepted.

My recollection of your Founding Fathers quote (I can't remember if it's Franklin or Jefferson) says that people who trade liberty for security soon are deprived of both.
Jeff M.

Hi, dear MRR and readers!

First of all I'm sorry for my bad English. I'm from Belarus, a small country near Russia with an authoritarian regime. In our country minium wage is $5! (No joke!) If you sing a song, for example, "fuck the president, kill politicians," it may be that you'll have big problems with the police or the C.S.S. (Committee of State Safety).

There are some bands that play old school crust punk, but there are no independent labels to support them. The most well-known are: Hate to State, Deviation, Anti-Globalisator (sXe-hc) and some others. Leaders of these bands issue zines and newspapers.

It's very hard to find different tapes and CDs, and of course for us it is very expensive. Many "punks" consider that they're true, because they listen to Offspring, Green Day, Blink 182, Sum 41, etc. Other "true" kids know only Sex Pistols and Exploited, nothing else. Only a few know about sXe, Minor Threat, Black Flag, Agnostic Front, Circle Jerks, Crass, BGK, TSOL, DRI, and others.

So, I have a big request to all readers... If you have unnecessary zines, tapes, CDs, with different types of music: NYHC, crust, grind, ska, oi, California punk, psychobilly, please send them to us, it will be grandly appreciated, and them we can spread them to other punks. Please write us:
Republic of Belarus/ Minsk-023/ PO Box 49/ Yakolev Oleg

Maximum Rocknroll,

Here are some little news stories maybe your readers will care about. First, White Wave, the company that makes Silk soymilk, was bought entirely by the largest dairy processor in the US. Some people think you should buy the veggie burger at Burger King, if you think that's cool stick with Silk. Silk is the biggest selling soymilk in the US so maybe a lot of people don't have any choice.

Time magazine had an article about the Denver International Airport and an unnamed security worker said s/he "profiles" by picking out for interrogation and added searches people "I wouldn't want to sit next to," those who "look like they

belong on a bus, not a plane," and of course swarthy individuals who are "foreign looking." So all you scummy motherfuckers should be careful if you wanna make it on the plane. In SF a woman got kicked off her flight for asking (joking) if the pilots had taken a sobriety test. The airline just did have two pilots arrested for being legally drunk and almost flying a plane from Miami to Phoenix so I guess they didn't think it was funny. The pilot can kick you off the plane for any reason or no reason and you don't really have any recourse. Of course your plane ticket is non-refundable.

In other airline news maybe you heard about the "no fly list." The federal government put this list together but will release no information about how long it is, what you gotta do to get on it, or who wrote it up. But if you're on it, you're gonna have a hard time flying anywhere. In Wisconsin, a group of about fifteen people were flying to DC to participate in the protests there against the School of the Americas (now called something else, I forget.) One person in the group, an American with other-than-caucasian skin, evidently had a name similar to one on the list, so nobody he was traveling with was allowed to board. The airline kept fucking them around, telling them they would be allowed on, then at the last minute saying a problem had come up. Meanwhile a million cops stood around scoping them out. The police don't know what the fuck they're doing but they are glad for an opportunity to hassle some freaks, protesters, etc.
anonymous

The *Maximum* crue...

Just a real quick note to all the kiddies locked down by the piggies... My zine *Wiener Society* is *free to prisoners*! My boyfriend Reb, who does my distro (& I *love* him for that, damn I'm a lucky convict!) forgot to include that in the $2 price info for the review in *MRR* #230. Once again Mizter Thorn gives me a thumbs up, so be warned Mike in 10 years when I parole I'm hunting you down to give ya a genuine hug & a kiss on the cheek! I'll be "old" then & you'll be "older" but we be *lifers*. See ya then. Also, the review said it was issue #3, actually it was 3/4, a combination of two issues. I also noticed the prisoner column was missing which made me kind of empty. But the truly empty feeling comes from the realization Max Ward is truly gone from these pages... I sued to go straight to the (MW) marking his music reviews & knew his judgment was sound, sincere, & *always* reliable. When he said a band was mediocre youth crew I *knew* it was but if he said an unheard-of grind band floored him I knew I had to find a way to hear the shit. So this is a call to both Rob Coons and Thorn (although Mike is pro'lly *way* busier with working the phone and editing...), you both must step up and review *all* the records Max would have, you know hardcore, we need valid & informed reviewers. If you listen to usually garage or the Phantom Limbs *don't* review a fuc'n grind band! That won't work! I've read about Bathtub Shitter but have yet to hear a growl. Max woulda let me know if I should try. In #230 Spencer Ragitsch reviews their EP, and I'm sure Spencer has some taste, but saying "never been too big a fan of the whole Cookie Monster voice thing. So that sorta turned me off..." made me a bit crestfallen. Why the fuck review it then?! I listen to Mortician and Otophobia & all in between. Is Cookie Monster vocals like Spazz Cookie Monster or more like Total Fucking Destruction Cookie Monster? You see what I mean? Us grind, hardcore, fastcore fans need this shit! So please Mr. Coons, Max basically said in his last column he was leaving the task in your goat-petting hands... don't let the gutterally-inept review those releases!

Anyway... in parting let me say finding out that Slap A Ham's last release was the Otophobia full-length & not 'Short, Fast, and Loud Vol. 2' truly is the saddest thing I've heard since I was informed last year that the only decent company that I can order music from that's "approved" by my prison dominators was out of 'Possessed to Skate' and Man Is the Bastard both! If I only had a beer...

Prison boys 'n' gurls write for a free copy of *Wiener Society*, #5 is out & I'm always interested in connecting with other prison writers and artists. Write my boyfriend, Reb (109 Arnold Ave./ Cranston, RI 02905) & if interested ask for an issue of his queer zine *Fanorama*. Love, peace, and hairgrease...
Neil Wiener

PS Oh & about the postage increase let me quote Disrupt, "All your stinking cash, shove it up your ass!" Oh, & hail to motherfuckin' Discarga!

To all who read *Maximum Rocknroll*,

I am sending this letter to express my gratitude towards everyone who sacrifices their time and efforts to keep one of the best and long-standing punk clubs around, Gilman St. in Berkeley, CA. Coming from a shit-hole city like Fresno, CA it sure is a pleasure to make a four-hour drive to meet individuals who really do care about what they are doing. Because of work schedules, transportation, and money, I don't get a chance to visit the club as much as I like to. However, the times that I do make it up there, my brother, my nephews, my friends and I have *always* had a blast seeing bands

that we like and new bands that have completely blown us away. What's even more important to my brother and I, is seeing our three nephews having so much fun without any pressure from what mainstream civilization wants to label as "cool," "acceptable," or "desirable" in order to "fit in," or rather "conform." Being involved in punk/independent music now for the past fifteen years, it fuckin' floors me to see all the people still involved in such ideals that sends a big *fuck you* to all pop culture, worldwide!!!

In the past year year or so, we have visited Gilman to see such bands as: Code 13, Good Riddance, Sharp Knife, and just recently, the Profits, Toxic Narcotic, and Kill Your Idols. Though they probably don't remember any of us, *everyone* that we have met at Gilman have been way *fuckin' cool*, especially Felix von Havoc, Russ from Good Riddance, and Andy from Kill Your Idols. Even though we as people may have different tastes of what "punk" is, it takes the individuals at Gilman St. to bring the diversity together in peace. So, for what it's worth, here is a big *thank you to* all the bands, locals, visitors, and volunteers who help make this incredible shit happen!!! Sincerely,
Jason Gonzalez/ Fresno, CA

MRR -

The music industry. You know it's bad, I know it's bad. But I didn't quite know *how* bad till I put out a CD and later read an article on chart fixing.

Have you ever wondered why the shops are full of trendy shit, even those who also sell punk? Because the music industry—that bearer of standards that illegally kept "God Save the Queen" off the top of the charts, and wouldn't allow Crass into the Top 30 because their records had "Pay no more than" on them—make shops an offer they can't refuse. Buy one—get five free, and so on. So the shops promote the fuck out of them, knock 'em out at half the RRP, and it charts within a week. And of course the music industry *know* which shops do chart returns, so no wasting money on "irrelevant" outlets. Then there's the people who are paid to tout the rubbish around shops, club DJs and radio stations, so no matter if you live in London or Glasgow, the same shit hits the fan, at the same time. In other words, they got it sewn up. We are helpless.

But one thing we can and *should* be doing is *support the people who support you*! It's easy to say "fuck major labels" because we'll probably never *want* anything on 'em. But with labels like TKO making it big, seeing good music in big stores is a reality. Now apart from these stores charging more for the goods, how many of them put anything back into music? That's right, none of them. Where are the *gig posters*? The *fanzines*? *MRR* even? They might as well be McDonald's, "Give us your money, and fuck off out ASAP." So think about that, and while you're at it, where possible, support takeaways and pubs who let bands put posters up, and commend them on this policy.

Now onto other music matters. The CD I put out ("Negative Reaction" by Barse 77) has—despite the quality of the songs, great reviews in fanzines and my contacts as a long-running newsletter & zine—only just sold half it's pressing. I've encountered apathy, greed and elitism at every turn. The shops in town I put it in either charged £3 ($5) more than agreed and sold none, or threw away the posters I gave them as soon as I left the shop. No "buy one get five free" you see. The local paper, usually keen to help new bands, were obviously less than impressed by songs like "Meat Loaf is a Fucking Fat Idiot" and realizing any publicity is good publicity ignored it. And the owner of the only punk venue in town wouldn't let me put a poster up because Barse 77 weren't playing there. I said "OK—they *will*!" Not as simple as that—turns out I had to give him a tape. So I did. And heard fuck all back.

The punk scene fared little better. I must've written 100 letters to labels who put out interesting stuff. Out of these, about 10 agreed to trade. The irony is most which ignored me were *streetpunk* labels, (including those who I've bought stuff from for years). Yes, *streetpunk*—a term which I always thought meant "down to earth?" And so-called DIY distros avoided it like a Gary Glitter Jonathan King box set. And it wasn't because the CD is crap (it received praise from every zine I sent it to, including your very own Bruce Roehrs)—it was probably because Barse have an unusual name, don't adhere to recent trends, or more likely than not have a questionable sense of humour. Well I for one *like* that, so fuck 'em!

One thing I would love MRR to do is invite labels who *trade* to state that fact when sending in promos. If reviewers could only write ("TR") next to the label address at the end of a review, it would save the likes of me wasting a fortune on postage writing to labels who are only in it for the money. If any *real* punk labels out there wanna trade (and I also have stuff by Poison Idea, McRackins,Toy Dolls and a whole lot more including Oi! t-shirts) I'd love to hear from 'em at trevhagl@hotmail.com. Or you can write via Rosehill, 20 Eront St, Tanfield Lea, Stantey, Co.Durham, DH9 9LY, England. No *emo* though!
Trev/ Savage Amusement

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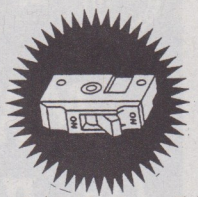

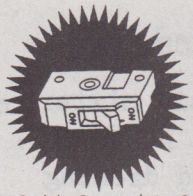

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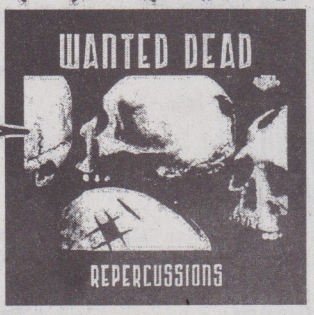

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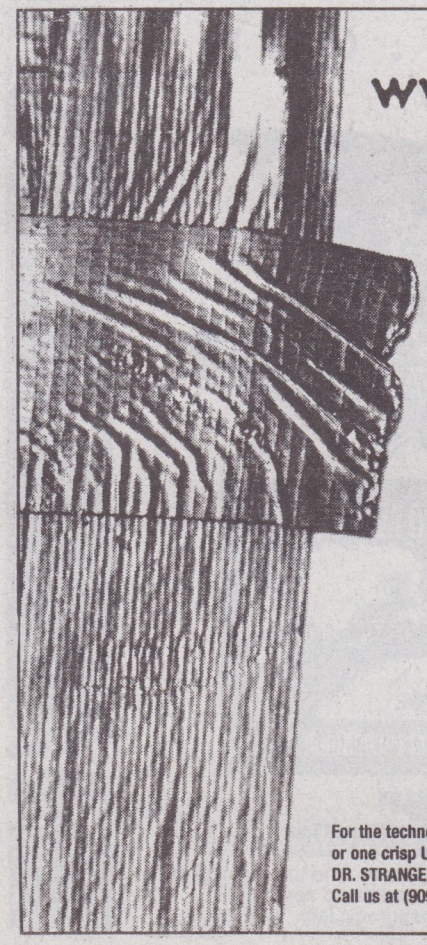

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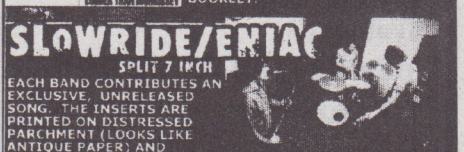

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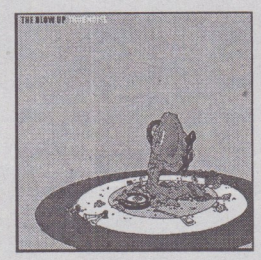
Lost Sounds

Black Wave CD/Double LP

Here it is, Black Wave, the follow up to 2000's album of the year "Memphis Is Dead" on Big Neck. This record is going to, and has, annihilated every formerly-emo-now-we're-into-New-Order-instruction-manual bullshit to come down the pike using their emaciated frames to try and flaccidly dry-hump their Casios into your heart. Band contains Alicja (CLEARS, FITTS), Jay & Rich (REATARDS).



The BlowUp *True Noise CD*

Seattle distortionists, The Blow Up, again teaming up with movement leader Tim Kerr, has graced us with a twelve song mindbender that states its point with urgent accuracy. Toiling away at machines of their own construction, the group has manufactured a compact tool for aural disintegration and a strident wake up call to the nostalgic flock of baying sheep steadfastly refusing to acknowledge their existence in the moment that is RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

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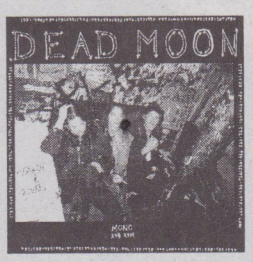
Dead Moon

Trash & Burn LP/CD

Yes, finally a new Dead Moon CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, Dead Moon went home and turned out this gem. Dead Moon is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out The Lollipop Shoppe)



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924 GILMAN ST:
where the punx are...

jul 19 fri Pitch Black (record release),
Tear It Up (N.J.),
Down In Flames (N.J.),
Against Me (FL),
Flya (FL),
Fusty Lugs (AZ)

jul 20 sat Skill Share Benefit
Bands TBA

jul 21 sun 1pm
(GREEN ANARCHY TOUR)
Resist And Exist (L.A.),
Elder Wrath,
Songs for Emma,
John The Baker,
The Singing Crow

July 26/27
Bands TBA

aug 2 fri
The Insurgent (N.Y.),
Prix The Pilot,
Deconditioned (WA),
Blast Fo Me (OR)

aug 3 sat
Enemies (cd release),
The Explosion (MA)
Divit,
Fleshies,
The Blottos (last show),
Maneurysm (WI)

aug 4 sun 5pm
The Locust,
Lightning Bolt,
Arab On Radar,
Hella (Sacramento)

Aug 9 - TBA

aug 10 sat
Dillinger 4 (IL),
Lawrence Arms (IL),
Toys That Kill (L.A.),
The Arrivals,
The Attack (Canada)

Aug 11 Sun.
Yaphet Kotto
Calvary (ex-Current & Ottawa members)
Omega Cinco (spain)
The Shivering

aug 16 fri
Champion (WA),
Terror (L.A.),
Stay Gold (WA),
Circle Takes the Square
Alligiance

aug 17 sat
2 bands t.b.a.
Atrocious Madness (OR),
Bumbklaat (L.A.),
Black Market Fetus
(Rampaging Insane Deprivity Fest)

aug 24 sat
Phantom Limbs,
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Pitch Black
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COLUMNS

"That wasn't so bad," I tell Wendy as we exit the Continental airplane that just flew us from Newark to Portland.

Oregon.

Wendy just stares at me.

"Okay," I admit, "there was *some* turbulence."

Wendy stares harder.

"Well P.J. did kinda bark under the seat in front of us," I explain, trying to make her feel better about our seven and a half hour flight with our eight pound Yorkshire terrorist.

"How would you know?" Wendy finally says, "You took two Xanaxs and only woke up for two minutes to swallow your dinner."

I admit to her that she's right, as usual, and strongly suggest that on the way home she should take some pills as well. She says she'll think about it.

As we wait for our suitcases and Aero-bed and shit, we talk with Wendy's younger brother, Derek, and his first born daughter, Tess. Whose in her terrible twos. His wife, Bernedette, and his second daughter, Brooke, are home. Asleep.

"They were searching everybody," Wendy explains to her brother, "even little children. Yet they didn't even look twice at us!"

I silently curse myself for not sneaking on that tiny pile of drugs a friend had given me for the trip.

"They didn't even take my tweezers," Wendy proudly proclaims, "and there was a big sign at Newark that said, among other things, *no tweezers*!"

"Gweezas?" asks Tess, who is finally feeling brave enough to poke her head out from behind Derek's blue jeans. Her eyes are as blue as the ocean and her hair, blonde as the sun.

Obviously there's some Jew missing there.

We finally get our bags and start the short drive home as P.J. jumps excitedly around the floor of the Volvo looking for kiddy crumbs.

"Ya mind stopping at a supermarket?" I ask Derek, as he sings along to a Sesame Street tape he's got popped in the deck, which he sings along with Tess.

"We got everything you need at the house," he replies.

"Really," I explain, "I just need a few things."

So we stop. I don't want to tell Derek what I really need, but he tells me he needs a six pack. Of Bud. So I tell him I'll get him one.

As I enter the supermarket, of course I notice it's the size of an airport hanger. As are most stores outside of New York. As I run my cart up and down each isle, sometimes passing TWO carts on my right, I pick up my prunes, my figs, my prune juice, and my fiber laxative pills.

Traveling plugs me up.

Big time.

It was either these natural remedies or a coffee enema.

And I hate all that caffeine. Not to mention being filled to the rim with Brim.

Eventually I find the beer *isles*, next to the liquor *isles*, and get the sixer of Bud. Then I go to the cashier.

As I begin to unload my cart, I expect the cashier to say in an Alex Trebeck sort of way, "The subject is 'Things That Make You Go Poo'".

Except for the beer.

But she says nothing. She just rings it all up.

So I give her my credit card.

"Ined eye day," she says.

Not understanding Oregonian, I tell her she's holding my credit card.

"Ined eye day!" she says again, louder.

"Ined eye day?" I ask her, trying to repeat exactly what she said.

"Ya-huh," she says.

"Ined eye day?" I ask again, totally confused.

"Yes!" she yells, "ya ned eye day!".

"Ya ned eye day?" I ask, even more puzzled.

"No," she fumes, "ya ned eye day!"

Not wanting to blurt out "Third Base", which she probably wouldn't understand, anyway, I look where her finger is pointing, which is at the beer, then figure it all out.

"I need I.D.," I say to her.

"No shit," she says, in perfect English.

I reach into my chain wallet and retrieve my driver's license, which I quickly hand to her.

"New York?" she asks as she looks at me with my bleached blonde hair, my black punk rock jacket, black women's stretch jeans and sneakers. Made by New Balance.

Proud maker of sneakers for the homeless for over a decade now.

"Taint real," she tells me.

"What?" I kind of say/scream at her. It was a long flight and the Xanax was wearing off.

"I'm gonna have to git the manager," she tells me.

"Fuck the beer," I tell her, "just gimmie the other stuff, okay?"

Instead of saying anything to me she grabs this big black microphone in front of her, pushes a button and says, "Manager to eye-L three, manager to eye-L three!"

I try explaining to her that my license is indeed real, and I was really kind of in a hurry.

She ignores me, and holds my credit card and license hostage until some overweight guy with horn-rimmed glasses and a Wallmart suit shows up.

"What seems to be the trouble?" the manager asks the idiot.

The idiot explains that "taint no way" I'm the age it says I am on my drivers license.

The manager looks at my license and tells her she's right, and thanks for bringing it to his attention, and what a good eye she has, and how she's a hard-worker and stuff.

I roll my eyes and wish I'd eaten the stuff I was trying to purchase twelve hours earlier so I could pull a G.G. Allin on them.

"Excuse me sir," the horn-rimmed *idiot* says to me, "Do you mind coming to my office?"

I tell him I do, that I am the age that it says on my license, that I'm old enough to buy beer, as well as *needing* to buy prunes and fiber pills, and to leave me the fuck alone.

"There's no need for that kind of language," the manager tells me as he begins to walk away with my credit card and "eye day".

"Give me back my fucking cards," I say to the guy, "please?"

I only said "please" because my mom used to tell me that it was the polite thing to do.

The guy tells me if I want them back, and don't want to be arrested, I should come with him.

The word "arrested" kind of bothered me, so I followed him.

We went back to his little office which was located somewhere behind the deli section, kind of near the bakery, but not quite where the produce was.

Once in his office he had me sit down while he turned on his computer. While he's doing this, I *know* Wendy and Derek are wondering where the hell I am, while P.J. must be done eating the children's dropped cup-cakes and shit, and by now must be licking Tess to death.

"Uh huh," says the manager as I see my furious reflection in his bottle-neck glasses that make his eyes look like a frog's. On acid.

"What?" I ask.

"Well Mr. Tabb," he says, "It seems as if you are indeed who you are saying you are. And your age is correct."

"No shit," I say.

"You New Yorkers!" he replies, almost laughing.

I almost curse him way the fuck out, but realize I'm supposed to be on vacation, that I was trying to leave 9/11 behind, and that my blood pressure was already way too high.

So I let it go.

Then buy my prunes, figs, prune juice, fiber pills, and Derek's beer.

When I get back to the car and Wendy asks what took me so long, I tell her that supermarkets in Portland have better security than any airport I've ever seen.

She and Derek just stare at me.

Meanwhile, P.J. continues to give Tess kisses, to which she squeals in delight. Over and over.

*

Almost ten bowel movements later, my best friend for twenty-two years arrives in Portland. He'd moved there years ago, and was now working in the San Francisco area, while keeping a place in Portland. He thought he could come visit earlier, but got tied up with work.

And that was okay. I spent most of that time just hanging out with Bernadette, Derek, Wendy, Tess, Brooke and P.J. Brooke was just ten months old and learning to walk, and Tess was learning that the word "no" can be used almost as much as I use the term "punk rock".

Meanwhile, P.J. was learning that babies drop *lots* of food, and they are not to be humped. Wendy was learning that the term "cold" meant a whole different thing in the Pacific Northwest, and I was learning that this town has the highest number of strip-clubs per capita than any other city in the United States.

And that these strip clubs were all nude.

And they served alcohol.

And they allowed eighteen year olds to strut their stuff.

Inches from your face.

The town literally *reeked* of pussy.

Punk Rock.

So Aaron comes to town and asks what I want to do. Of course I tell him I want to go to the strip clubs. He tells me that that's stupid, and there is so much to do here. That there are museums, art galleries, and great punk clubs like "The Satyricon", which I remember playing back in the eighties with The False Prophets.

I remind Aaron that I live in New York, that we have museums, art galleries and punk clubs as well. But what we *don't* have is eighteen year-old girls putting their vaginas so close to your face that if she's untrimmed, her pubic hair could poke out your eye.

After some arguing, Aaron finally agrees to take me to "those places". On the way to one of them, he finally admits to me he's gay. Something I've known for twenty-two years, but, obviously, he didn't. So I offer to go to gay strip clubs as well, if he'd like.

And he takes me up on that offer.

But first we hit the straight ones.

One, called "Union Jacks", is by far, the best. It could almost be my home away from home. As soon as we walk in the door we see a punk chick dancing on stage to Iggy Pop. After taking a good long look at her, I glance at the bartender, who says, "Hey George, what's up?"

For a moment I feel that Twilight Zone thing where I think I'm falling off the side of the earth. Then I realize I know the guy from New York, and that he used to hang out a lot. I look around and see other punk rockers I recognize, as well as drunk old men whom I don't.

"Christ!" I exclaim to Aaron, "This place is Mars Bar with naked girls!"

The bartender laughs and then introduces me to a bunch of people, most of whom I have already met in New York. At the Mars Bar. Small fucking world.

Then we watch more punk chicks dance to the likes of The Ramones, Dead Boys and even Black Flag. It almost makes me want to move to Portland.

Almost.

Then this guy, who I also know from Mars Bar, as well as some other local dives, gets me really high.

And that almost makes me want to move to Portland.

Then this hot stripper chick who looks like Betty Page sits next to me and asks if I like her body. Having just seen it as close as a gynecologist, I tell her I do, especially her pierced clitoris. I then ask her how old she is and she tells me she's eighteen.

So I say, "Eighteen? And you dance to the Dead Boys? How did you even hear of them?"

She tells me her father turned on her on to them. That he's a punk rocker.

I begin to feel kind of iffy about the northwest.

Then she tells me who her father is.

And I decide that I *don't* want to live in the northwest.

Obviously our days of Johnny Apple-Seeding the punk rock across America had sprouted.

And it's blossom was beautiful.

But knowing who planted it kind of ruins the whole thing.

So I grabbed Aaron, we said our quick good-byes, and got the hell out of there.

Before anyone could call me "Daddy".

*

That night, and the next one, Aaron and I hung out at a place called "Silverado" which had a big sign inside which read "Cruising Mandatory".

It also had naked guys on stage flopping their dicks around like wounded salmon, and a barrel full of condoms that disappeared faster than a free line of cocaine at a glam-rock show.

As Aaron and I hung out, we talked about him coming out of the closet, and how tough it was. We also talked about the amount of available men in Portland. Aaron told me he knew most of the guys in the bar, and it was just a gay thing to pretend that he didn't notice them. Or them notice him. I looked around and understood why.

Most of them looked like Bill Gates.

When I pointed this out to Aaron, along with all their tucked in shirts, wire-rimmed glasses, and balding foreheads, he told me that's just how gay men are in Portland. That most of them weren't into being flamboyant or radical, but just wanted to live out their lives in peace.

Like Wendy's brother and wife were doing.

Most of them didn't have the desire to live in a big city and change the world. Or even fight for their rights. They just wanted to exist.

To most, the weather was the most important thing. It topped the news there every day.

And the drunker I got those nights, the more I understood that.

I left Portland a few days later feeling very mellow. I had had a great time with the family, as well as with my friend

Aaron. I began to realize that maybe I shouldn't always try to swim upstream, but sometimes just go with the flow.

Who was I to change the world, anyway? Maybe it *is* just about the music, the beer, and the good times. Maybe those eastern philosophies are right. Maybe it would make me healthier.

All this was running through my head as my pal Dave drove us back into the City from Newark in one of his bitchin' muscle cars. As soon as we got through the Holland Tunnel, Wendy and I got a good whiff of the remnants of 9/11.

"I'm wanna make those mother-fucking terrorists pay," I snarl, "and the fucking lying E.P.A. and our landlord as well!"

"Yeah," says Wendy, "time to kick butt!"

As I felt my blood pressure rise, and my prostate go into spasm, I just look at Dave and smile.

"Welcome Home," he replies.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. Dean Dean & The Sex Machines, Worse, and nochargeno-profit records rule!
3. Punk Rock!

When I was pregnant, a handful of other women I was either casually acquainted with or friends with were also expecting or had already had a young'n. I remember thinking how exciting it would be to get something going where we shared information and care. I connected with a few of the more experienced parents and picked their brains about how to deal with things I had no idea about, like sane ways to deal with cloth diapers and getting sleep, but it took me about a year until I was ready to trade child care with others.

Around that time, another mom and I facilitated a parenting workshop at the Southern Girls' Convention. We were so energized after the workshop that we wanted to rush home and start a group that would meet about once a month to share ideas, discuss different topics, and strategize about how to mesh our political ideologies and lifestyle choices with our parenting. Before we could get that going, my aforementioned mom friend and another mom friend started working on organizing an actual childcare co-op.

They had the basic idea of being able to provide and receive care from a core group of parents, after getting to know each other and our kids better through play dates and potlucks. They researched other childcare co-ops from information they found on the Internet, and called a meeting through word-of-mouth for any interested parents in our community to attend. At that first meeting, they shared their findings with all of us and we looked at the details of the other co-ops. We heatedly dissected what we though would and wouldn't work for our individual and collective needs, and came up with a game plan.

It was wonderful to think that I'd soon be able to have about ten hours a week free from any child care duties in exchange for about ten hours a week of watching someone else's kid. After all, it is often easier to take care of two kids who play with each other than just have your own who needs you to provide all the entertainment.

Our beginning game plan, in very simplified terms, looked something like this:

1. We'd have a monthly potluck style meeting where we'd come together and hash through any problems that arose the preceding month.

2. We'd have a weekly play date to serve the purpose of all the parents and kids continuing to get to know each other, know our parenting styles, and to hopefully build friendships.

3. We'd have a "Friday night sit" where rotations of two to four parents would care for four to eight kids (two parents per child) so that parents who wanted to would actually get to go out three Fridays a month in exchange for giving care one Friday a month. For example, we'd have three kids come to our house one Friday night and then the next three Friday nights, our daughter would go to each of those other three kids' houses.

4. We'd have smaller "pods" of consistent care with two or three other families. Our "pod" currently works like this: On Monday, our daughter goes to one family's house for five hours. On Tuesday, we have that family's kid and a second kid come to our house for five hours. And on Wednesday, our daughter goes to that second kid's house for five hours. In short, our three girls play together three nights in a row, but we have two of those nights off (Monday & Wednesday) in exchange for doing the care for all three of them on Tuesday.

5. We'd have the "Help, I'm in a bind & need child care" phone tree. Along with our phone numbers and directions to our houses, we all wrote down times that we'd most likely be available to help someone else with child care, if they needed it in a pinch.

6. We came up with a "Medical Release" form and a "Getting to Know You/General Information" form that each child in the co-op would have to have filled out. Each family involved receives these papers for each child involved in the co-op.

Our co-op is coming up on its first year anniversary. We've had a few families come and go since its inception, but it's been mostly stable with about 15 families involved. The families involved are not a homogeneous bunch either. We've got single parent families, two parent families, and some who are not interested in receiving care, but who just enjoy being able to give another childcare so their kid has a playmate. We've got working moms and dads and "stay-at-home" moms and dads, some who are students, too.

Our co-op also has had a few changes, which I am glad for because it demonstrates that our co-op is healthy in the way that it is flexible enough to absorb our different needs at different times. And it's changed both according to what works best for us as individuals and as a collective.

I'd be sugar coating it if I said our co-op hasn't had some tensions. We have indeed had some tensions, mostly having to do with the structure of our co-op, or lack thereof. I will say that we have evolved. And the biggest thing we've learned is that starting out with a complicated structure before your co-op actually starts operating is not the way to go.

We've given up several things we started off with, like a "points" system and a rotating monthly secretary who was responsible for coordinating everything. Now, a lot of time is saved by not having totally "points". Instead, we've gone with a "give as much as you can, take as much as you need" self-governing principle. And instead of just one person organizing everything for a month, individual jobs have been doled out to individual parents who can keep the job for as long as they want to keep doing it, or find someone to take it over or trade jobs with.

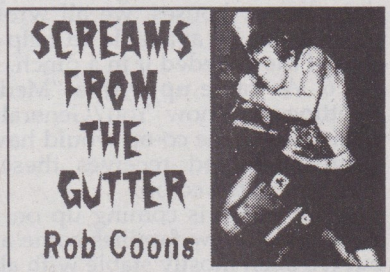
The easiest and most sensible change was from a family calling the secretary to find them another family to give their kid care when they needed it, to just going down the phone list themselves. And it became even easier when we started an email list. Now, if a family knows they're going to need extra childcare for a week or two, they'll post their needs to the list and then individuals respond to let them know which of the times they can cover. It also works in the reverse; if a parent knows they are going to have some extra time available to give care, they just post the offer and wait

for whomever to take them up on it. Since not everyone involved has email, it is one person's job to call those without email and give them the info posted on the email list.

I don't know what I'd do without this childcare co-op. Seriously, I love it so much, and I think the other parents involved love it, too, which is exactly why it just keeps evolving and working for all of us. Our individual goals are being met; our kids don't have to be farmed out to strangers at for-profit daycare centers. We're getting regular, dependable childcare when we need it *for free*, and our kids are having a lot of fun together. We'll see how long it keeps going. I hear that there was another childcare co-op in our town that was around for like 20 years! I hope ours goes as long and strong as to evolve into a homeschooling co-op! We've recently started having monthly "education" discussions, so we're on the right path. Perhaps more about that in a future column... Contributions on the topic are welcome!

As always, punk parents get in touch. yardwide-yarns@hotmail.com or P.O. Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604

And you can send $1 for the first year's worth of this column in zine format. Second year's worth in zine format out in a month.



The FEEDERZ rolled through town recently to play a reunion show. I am not sure how many of you have ever heard the story of when they played at Gilman Street back in the late 80s, but it was a very controversial show. Let's just say it involved a dead cat and a dead dog, and made it into the Weekly World News! Regardless, with the reissue of their two LPs on Broken Rekids and the fact that they are recording new material, the FEEDERZ apparently saw it fit to hit San Francisco with a special reunion show. Right before their set, everybody was sort of standing around as if they were waiting for some kind of disaster, but not sure exactly how it was going to unfold before them. Then the FEEDERZ hit the stage. Frank (the singer) strolled out with a bloody maxi pad stuck to his face, a reverend shirt on and live crickets glued to his head. They immediately tore into one song after another, playing everything the audience could ever want to hear. I think there was a brief letdown from the crowd at the beginning of their set, because the FEEDERZ didn't come out tossing dead animals at the crowd. But they sounded so good that everyone quickly forgot about the hopes of carnage from the stage and just concentrated on the ripping punk coming from the speakers. Frank was still in fine form though. His biting sense of humor and wit still seems to be intact. Towards the end of the set, they carried a severely mentally handicapped person up on the stage to clap and sing along from the confines of his wheelchair. As I watched the crowd shift uncomfortably at this display, I had the sense that there must be a message in that seemingly kind gesture that the audience was just not getting.

And speaking of the FEEDERZ and Broken Rekids, you should do yourself a big favor and check out the recently released "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss" and "Teachers In Space" full-length reissues. Both of these classic releases are brilliant both musically and lyrically. I love both of those releases, but I think that "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss" is a better record. The music is so fucking catchy and his vocals are so unique that you will be instantly hooked. And while your at it, start searching for their out of print "Jesus - I Hate Him And I Want Him Dead" EP. Probably gonna be expensive to get, but is well worth it.

Another band that I saw recently that really blew me away was PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK. This band consists of members from LIFES HALT, ESPERANZA, and TORCHES TO ROME. They recently opened a show at Gilman Street and blew away everyone who showed up early to see them. They had an amazing stage presence; with "costumes" and these strange, eerie looking masks on. They did little synchronized dances, had strange samples playing between songs and showed lots of bizarre images through a projector on the wall behind the band. Musically, they rocked the house with sharp choppy punk that reminded me of bands like the REFUSED and JR EWING. I heard a rumor that they have something lined up for release on Ebullition, so be on the lookout.

CATHETER and UNHOLY GRAVE blew through town recently and played the same show. You know, I recently reviewed the new CATHETER release on Six Weeks and I thought it was OK, but nothing could have prepared me for their insane live set. They cranked through song after song, creating a ferocious grind attack. It isn't that often that I get to hear a band that plays that fast and crazy, while sounding so tight, heavy and powerful. Their blistering set reminded me of seeing such powerhouses like PHOBIA and EXCRUCIATING TERROR tear up the stage at Gilman Street.

And needless to say, after reviewing so many of UNHOLY GRAVE'S releases I almost felt relieved to finally see them. They unleashed a blazing mix of metal, thrash, and punk on a rabid crowd. The singer had some of the sickest vocals I have ever heard. They were so deep and guttural I couldn't believe the sound was coming from his mouth. At the end of their set, the crowd went wild and demanded an encore, which of course they got. One highlight of the evening was hearing and watching people react to one of the UNHOLY GRAVE guys wearing bellbottoms, and a very bright long sleeve GRATEFUL DEAD shirt. It seemed as some of the kids had their little metal hearts broken, but that quickly changed when UNHOLY GRAVE floored everybody with a devastating set.

V/A"Crushers Killers Destroyers!" EP Whoa! This compilation features a total 17 punishing tracks from MUGWART, GOATSBLOOD, MOLEHILL, FISTULA and SLOTH. Sludge reins supreme here, with all the bands blasting my ears off with an onslaught of dark and dreary tunes that follow the footsteps of some of the great ones like FLOOR, GRIEF and EYEHATEGOD. I thought every band on here was really good except for SLOTH. Their tortuous mess of noise was a tad too grating for even my seasoned ears. Oh well, track this fucker down and prepare to be steamrolled. (Shifty, PO Box 13056, Akron, OH 44334; shiftyrecords.com)

CUT THE SHIT"Get Rowdy" demo tapeThere is nothing I love more than getting a demo tape from a band that I have never heard and it blows me over into the next room. CUT THE SHIT are a four piece from the Boston area that contains the ex-guitar player from TEAR IT UP. This is desperate; aggressive hardcore that goes for the throat and doesn't let go until the last note is struck. Damn, this is so fucking good! Unfortunately there were only five songs on here that left me screaming for more, more, more! I think there will be an EP out on Gloom Records at some point, so keep a watchful eye out for that. (burnthedanceclubs@hotmail.com)

INSTITUTE"Two Shadows"This band from Savannah, GA churns out some dark and fiery dirge. Victoria from DAMAD fronts the vocals on this band with her distinct growl, while the band blindly pounds away on their instruments. The music is very heavy with lots of choppy bass lines, and hammering drums that end up being a tad repetitive. I can see this getting some comparisons to NEUROSIS from some savvy listeners. And there

are a lot of weird electronic moments, which reminded me of some of the stuff that INTEGRITY has been known to put on their records. And the last track is an ambient/noise one that stretches for over 30 minutes. In the end I was let down, because no matter how hard I tried, I just could not get into this release. (Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY; yellowdog.de)

HEAVEN SHALL BURN"Whatever It May Take" CDThis five-piece cranks out twelve songs of punishing metalcore. The songs are mostly mid-tempo, with lots of intricate guitar playing, grasping the listener's attention. Harsh, but powerful vocals blast through the wall of well produced musical rage. If you are into bands like SKY-CAMEFALLING and the endless barrage of other metal/hardcore bands then this will be right up your alley. I've become kind of burnt out on this style of hardcore these days, but this release really rocked me hard. (Lifeforce, PO Box 938, 09009 Chemnitz, GERMANY; lifeforcerecords.com)

PRONE"Evidence" 10"I think this record has been out for a while, but it just recently came through MRR, and boy am I glad it did. PRONE who apparently contains three (ex?) members of STACK and it shows. This is blistering grind, thrash, and metal all rolled into one package. PRONE mixes the eye-watering speed of STACK with crushing breaks and hints of discordant feedback. The production and power of this release is crushing and relentless. I have always been a huge fan of STACK, and PRONE follow in their footsteps quite nicely. A fucking skull crusher! (Flowerviolence, Augartenstrasse 15, 68165 Nammhiem, GERMANY)

NO SOMOS NADA"Riduzione" EPNO SOMOS NADA who are from Italy (and ex-BY ALL MEANS), clobbered me with some technical and choppy metal–edged hardcore, with the occasional double bass drums thrown in. There is a good balance of blasts of speed and crunching metalcore. The female vocalist has a fierce angry scream as she belts out political lyrics that are filled with venomous rage. I really liked this release, and to top it all of it is on red vinyl and comes in quality packaging. I am happy to see this style of music coming out of Italy, and I hope NO SOMOS NADA are planning on putting out more releases. Well worth tracking down for your listening pleasure. (Heroine, c/o Boris Battistini, via galilei 6, 47020 Montiano (Forli/Cesena) ITALY)

GARUDA"Cold Wired Sentiment"GARUDA who are from Texas, and contain two members of the punk band BREAD and WATER crank through six songs of crushing metal and hardcore. Between the heavy breakdowns and blazing guitar work, a lot of the song structures sound like a lot of the new breed of metalcore that is so prolific today. But there are a few moments of CATHARIS-style fast, heavy punk that let you know that their roots are broader than they first appear. I have been kicking myself for missing them when they played live in SF, because everybody said they were awesome. Check this one out. (So Why Worry?, 908 North Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208; garuda817.com)

I am desperately looking for a few records. One is the GAYRILLA BISCUITS EP on Slow Gun Records. The others are the first two ARMIA full-lengths on CD (the self–titled one from 1985 and the "Legenda" release from 1990). If you can help me track these down for purchase or trade, please get in touch!

As always please send all letters and review material to Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or email xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

"You tell me my ideals have all become cliché. That I'm part of a movement that has nothing left to say. But I still put my faith in the hard, the fast, the loud. I know who I am, I'm fucking pissed and proud. I'm still fucking pissed!"

NO REPLY "I'm Still Fucking Pissed"4

The Unethical Minority

"I'm mad as hell about the lack of corporate responsibility in America." -??

OK, you've got three guesses as to who muttered the above phrase. Ralph Nader?...good guess. He's probably said something similar about 60,000 times over the course of his life, but not this exact quote. Next guess...Michael Moore? Wow, another great guess but, no, this one wasn't his either. Any other guesses...Naomi Klein, William Tabb, Barbara Erhenreich, Noam Chomsky (can you imagine Chomsky saying 'mad as hell'?), somebody from *Adbusters* (can you imagine *Adbusters* having a full sentence?), Rosie O'Donnell? No, no, no, no, no, and NO. OK, time for you to give up. The above quote was muttered last week by everyone's favorite big cheese—G.W. Bush.

That's right, our amazing president, who seems to get a bad rep from everyone in the punk/activist scene, is really the exalted leader of a new movement against corporate tyranny. We shall follow Bush on his white steed as he moves across the country, destroying corporate headquarters everywhere as punishment for a solid century of abuses at the hands of these capitalist bastards.

Er, not quite. Bush's quote was in reference to the newest corporate scandal of the week. Last Tuesday, WorldCom, the company in control of MCI and much of the technology needed to run the internet, announced the discovery of a $3.8 billion 'error' in their accounting ledgers. Of course even our mindless mass media could easily figure out that no one "makes a mistake" to the tune of $3.8 billion. The SEC quickly filed charges of civil fraud and an investigation has already begun. Bankruptcy appears to be a likely outcome, the latest in a large string of corporate accounting scandals forcing companies like Enron, Rite Aid, and others into Chapter 11.

WorldCom's CEO John Sidgmore held a press conference to discuss the current situation and announce his company's strong intention to stay in business. As a reminder of the sheer size of these corporations, he told reporters that everyone should be pulling for them noting, "America has a major stake in our survival." By this point, WorldCom had already laid off 17,000 of its 80,000 workers and Sidgmore announced that plenty more could still be in the works.

Politicians, echoing the sentiment of anti-corporate warrior Bush, spent the week chastising corporations and their greedy tendencies. A new bill was introduced into Congress that would curtail the shady leeway currently allowed in corporation's financial statements. Politicians on both ends of the narrow mainstream political spectrum were literally going nuts with their contempt of corporations. My god, I thought, is this a dream? Are we finally going to see some serious reform in the let's-allow-mega-greedy-multinationals-to-run-everything Dept.?

The answer, as you may have guessed, is no. Let's remember that this kind of public outrage against corporations is relatively rare. Since I've begun writing this column, I've reported on the abuses of multi-nationals, on everything from environmental devastation to outright murder. It happens so much that I couldn't possibly keep up with all of it if I tried. But I am not some mad scientist researcher, spending my days in dark basements, paging through obscure government documents until I run into well-hidden accounts of corporate abuses. The shit I report on is right in *The Wall St. Journal*, *Forbes* and *Fortune* magazine, *The New York Times*, CNN, the Internet; it's everywhere. So why, for example, when its discovered that the Shell

Petroleum Co. is tied up in a web of nasty human rights abuses in Nigeria (not the least of which involves the public execution of anti-Shell political prisoners), does this not cause the same stir-up in politicians? Why isn't G.W. "mad as hell" when he hears about corporate complicity in murder? Why aren't bills immediately rushed into law preventing these same horrors? Why would fucking accounting errors get all this attention when the outright murder of fellow human beings and rape of the environment are simply ignored?

The answer is simple and scary. Accounting errors—or fraud—on the levels of those such as Enron's and WorldCom's, hurt investors. The price of WorldCom shares had dropped to less than a dime in the week following their announcement. Enron's, as you might recall, went from 70-something to less than 50 cents in a few months. These "accounting nightmares" have a serious negative impact on the financial portfolios of investors. Number-wise, the percentage of Americans that own stock in WorldCom is probably less than one percent. But this one percent includes the movers and shakers, the rich, the wealthy, the important. Workers, the environment, the true free market—they are used to being screwed over by the mighty multinationals on a daily basis. However, investors know that the true nature of any corporation, no matter what their advertising campaign might be telling us, is to make money. If a corporation tries to screw over the wealthy sector of our economy, look out! The backlash from politicians and the media will be strong enough to give them permanent scars.

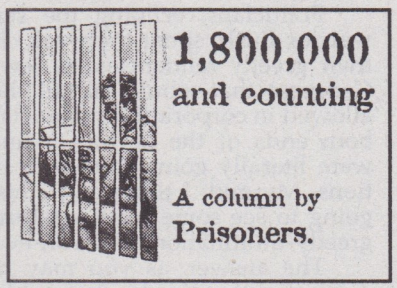
"The unethical actions of a few should not be allowed to call into question our whole free enterprise system." - G.W. Bush

And he's right, if you stop to consider that our whole "free enterprise system" is being run by the unethical few. It's up to the rest of us, the *de facto* "ethical majority", to fight them any way we can. But we'd better get started on our own. I'm not holding my breath for that white steed to be coming past my house anytime soon.

Lastly:

Interestingly amusing sidenote: Last week ended with Xerox announcing on Friday that they too, have 'erred' in their books to the tune of huge sums of cash. Asides from the humor inherent with what I just talked about, I can't help but smile when I think that Xerox is having some paperwork problems.

Please feel free to write me (and send me your zine samples for god's sake) at: Nathan Berg, c/o Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative, Madison WI 53703.



Today is May 29th, 2002, and I am in a Texas prison on the McConnell Unit. I am shocked at what has happened. Oh, not that it happened, but that it happened to me. I've seen this sort of thing many times happen to psych patients and illiterates. I don't think that I have ever seen anyone as capable of telling the story as I am, get assaulted by a guard. So let me tell you a story of pain, broken trust, and misuse of authority.

I must take you back and show you the path that led to this end. About five months ago, I made a change in my religious belief. I entered a Krishna consciousness. I took vows within my soul to not gamble, be part of illicit sex, take intoxicants, or eat meat in any form. By Texas prison policy, this last should be easy. I only had to send a request to the building major and it's done. That should be to their advantage since as part of my change I began to take control of my temper. If anything, it made me a better inmate, at least a safer inmate. I didn't want to hurt anyone.

Well, in the months past, I have written many people. I wrote Major Fernandez (twice) and Warden Hodge (three times). I was put on a vegetarian diet and removed after a week. I finally wrote and told our head warden, Warden Prasifika, on 5/28/02 to ask for his help. Looking back, I think this is where the animosity came from that provoked this attack.

After lunch I was taken to disciplinary court. While I was out at the captain's office, I saw Sgt. Rocha, and we discussed my problem getting a vegetarian diet. I told him all of the above, and that although I can usually get a vegetarian tray because I know the officers; I wanted to be on the paper work. We are fed prepared trays off of a cart here in Ad-Seg, and Sgt. Rocha and I both know not being on the list as a vegetarian is a formula for trouble. Little did I know, but trouble was coming, coming because I had the audacity to write and tell the head warden about my problem.

When I got to my cell, I was so pleased. I felt that someone in authority had heard me and was dealing with my problem. Life seemed as good as it ever gets here. As usual, it didn't last long. I'm an old convict. I saw trouble coming at me. After ten years you get a feel for it. Officer Hennjosa was feeding the inmates. This is more than rare. I have never seen him feed the inmates. He is Ad-Seg Kitchen Supervisor. He has been assigned as such for a long time (over six months) and in that time I have never seen him feed the inmates on F-Pod. When he got to my cell, I told him I was a vegetarian. At this point, he went crazy yelling it wasn't meat (it was eggs). So I got the tray in the cell, on the floor, and left my arm in the tray slot not allowing it to be secured. This is the only way to get a supervisor to your cell when you need one. I told him to get Sgt. Rocha and he became violent. He kicked the tray slot into my arm, swung the heavy iron tray slot opening tool at me faking like he was going to hit me, hit the door and tray slot near my arm and finally he grabbed my hand pulling my arm out and back against it's normal bend. The whole time he was jabbering like a monkey gone mad. He threatened me, warned me that if I came out of the cell on the hallway he'd get me. Hours later, I was taken out given a use of force physical and taken to medical where my scrapes were cleaned and bandaged. I know this man is serious in his threats because officer Cruz had to get Sgt. Rocha to go pull him off the hull so I could pass and get to medical.

On the way to medical, I again reminded Sgt. Rocha that I had not gotten a vegetarian tray. He said he would get me one. I got back to my cell and there was no tray. I kept the handcuffs and asked for rank. Lt. Alimendez came to my cell. He ***wanted his cuffs and I gave them to him once *(the line gets cut off here)*

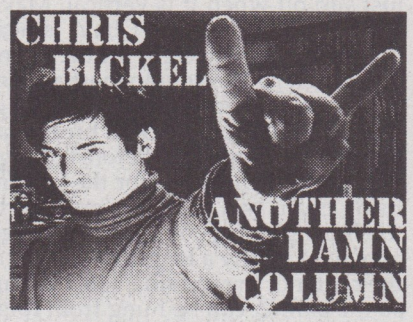
Tray I had away claiming he wanted to see what I had eaten on it. I had not eaten anything. I never did eat supper. Shift had changed and nothing was done. I was left to go hungry for the night. I've been hungry before, and I will be again, but remember, a high-ranking supervisor made a decision to deny me food.

I have no idea where you are reading this. Since I intend to send it out and have it distributed in every way I can. I have some people who are good friends, from my Hare Krishna priest in California, to my teachers in College Guild in Maine. The word will go out. I will be heard. From sea to shining sea, I will be heard.

If my story has touched you in anyway, I ask one thing. I have no family and I need your help to find justice. Please take time to email or call Huntsville where the Texas prison director is, where the board of prisoners meet. Make them accountable for their actions. Ask where Officer Henajosa is and why he still has a job, this is not his first offense. Ask why I was denied my proper diet and what has been changed to assure this never happens again. Don't listen to

the lies. I am no angel, I never claimed to be, but neither the judge nor the courts have given the officers authority to punish inmates physically. Why wasn't a charge filed in county court? I have requested one be filed.

If you have any questions, or wish to assist me as I endeavor to bring justice to a forgotten people, I hope you will write. Daniel H. Harris, #622851, McConnell Unit, 3001 S. Emily Drive, Beesville, TX 78102



Part 1: The Watering Down of Hardcore

I've been thinking lately about the number of MTV and radio bands that play a style of music that would have essentially been considered "hardcore" 10-20 years ago. What I'm about to say has been said similarly (and more eloquently) by bands like CONFLICT and CRASS, but that was 20 years ago. If anything, the situation has gotten far worse since then. What's worse than having *our culture* sold off to the mainstream? I suppose the answer would be having *our culture* sold back to *US*.

Is it pretentious to use phrases like *"our culture"* when discussing the punk/hardcore scene?

Is there such a thing as a "scene"? We hear phrases like "the punk scene", "the hardcore scene", "support your scene", "how long have you been in the scene?", "he/she's a scene-queen", etc. etc. It's an intangible concept, but it *must* exist because so many people seem to believe in its existence.

If we can call this conglomeration of bands, writers, artists, idealists and fashionistas a "scene", then the "scene" must send a message to the parasite record companies and pimp media moguls: *We can function without you, you cannot function without us.* Being independent has kept us strong and remains the only serious threat to the status-quo of the music business. This "scene" is not in place to make agents and managers rich. This scene is in place to question everything we have been force-fed by radio, TV, and Hollywood.

Can it be that 20 years of kids writing, recording, and releasing their own noise has accomplished nothing more than making "hardcore" palatable to the ears of the general public? The more our styles enter into the acceptance of the public conscience, the less meaningful they become. Where "hardcore" has traditionally demonstrated the irrelevancy of major label pap, the major labels are fighting back by making "hardcore" itself irrelevant. It's the bands themselves (looking for the easy ticket to fame and cash promised by the major labels) that willingly let this happen, and the machine sells our culture back to us. To the big-label bands who use the punk scene as an easy circuit for booking shows, to the bands who use indie labels and distribution networks as stepping stones to their major-label deal, to the A&R men who wring their hands at the prospect of scooping up the next Nirvana or Green Day: FUCK OFF. *We can function without you, you cannot function without us.*

There are plenty of independent labels and bands that have proven you can be successful on your own terms without succumbing to the parasites. The "scene" constantly struggles to reinvent itself in defense of the appropriation strategies of the dominant culture.

If this rant seems simple-minded, paranoid, or ignorant of the grey areas between business and culture, let me say this: there are some people to whom punkrock/hardcore/whatever is simply a genre/style of music. There are other people whose lives have been drastically changed because of punkrock/hardcore. For some people punkrock/hardcore offers an entire world of new ideals, ideas, and broadened horizons. For some people punkrock/hardcore may have saved their life in highschool. For some people punkrock/hardcore has helped them meet new friends or fall in love. These are the people that care. We're not Chicken Littles yelling "sell-out!" left and right as if the sky is gonna fall on our heads (OK, *most* of us aren't). We just hate to see something that means so much to us get watered down until it means absolutely nothing.

Part 2: Tape Hiss = The Frequency Of Love

A mixtape, warm with the sonic coloration of analog, carries with it a sense of intimacy. Every person's tape deck records at a different signal-to-noise ratio, and the frequency of tape hiss varies from machine to machine. A mixtape holds the inaudible, subconscious personalization of the user's machine in the form of an ultra-high-frequency signal riding over the top of the music. This subliminally perceived hiss is a result of years of loving wear and tear on the user's machine... years of making mixtapes for relations won and lost... years of musical discovery... TAPE HISS carries with it the forethought of years of heartwrenching learning experiences. It is for this reason that the mixtape is more inherently emotional vehicle for communication than a burned CD.

A CD is pristine digital audio... Zeros and ones sequenced in a manner that reproduce sounds when read by a laser that converts those bits into audible information. Yes, those sounds may carry with them certain ideas or intentions, but there is something very cold and impersonal about a digital recording. A CD may be enjoyed equally as intensely as an audio tape, but the format carries with it a sense of detached aloofness that sets it apart from the vulnerability of the mixtape. A CD may scratch, causing the audio to skip, but this is a very mechanical sort of defect... quite unlike the humanity of a tape which can stretch out, warping the sound... tapes can get dirty, muffling the intentions of the recorded sound... tapes (like people) can snap.

Part 3: Statements I've Made In The Past That Still Hold True

"Spray paint makes an excellent perfume."

"Sassification is the dearth of desire."

"There is only indulgence and the lack of money that keeps us from it."

"In a perfect society, there would be such a thing as a 'breeding license'."

Part 4: These Are People Who Have Died

Everybody's upset about the death of Dee Dee Ramone. I'm not too bothered by it. I'm more upset about the death of RATT guitarist Robin Crosby. Crosby had the misfortune of dying the same day as Dee Dee, therefore his death was not widely reported or discussed. Sorta like the time when Darby Crash decided to die the same day as John Lennon. Anyway, I've always loved RATT's one good album ("Out of the Cellar") even before VH1 made it cool to like 80's metal.

I'm pretty bummed about the death of John Entwistle. THE WHO are (were?) one of my all time favorite bands. Apparently Pete Townshend is going to carry on with the WHO tour despite the death of John. This is incredibly lame. The band should have quit after Moon died, but they didn't. Now they're about to blow any shred of dignity they may have had left. Fuck, it's not like Townshend *needs* the money. I can't turn on the fucking TV without hearing one of my favorite WHO songs hawking some SUV.

Part 5: The Revolution Will Be Televised

In 1970 Gil Scott Heron declared that "the revolution will not be televised." Thirty years later we're not so certain.

In 1970 the American public could receive their video information from any one of three major sources: ABC, NBC, or CBS. Today American satellite dish owners have access to hundreds of channels all clamouring for the public interest. Cheap technology has allowed the common man access to sophisticated video camera equipment. Electronic eyes are everywhere and the media is quick to exploit any story that might possibly keep the public tuned in through the commercials. Attention spans grow shorter every year despite

the fact that the media loves to beat a dead horse. They'll keep jacking at the udder until they've milked every last drop of Neilsen rating out of any story that seems worthy of airtime.

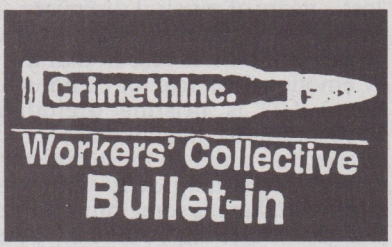
Today the revolution would be televised. There would be someone there to videotape it, and any one of a thousand channels to broadcast it. It would be turned into yet another evening news TV soap opera. A recurring TV dream that lasts two, maybe three weeks. Long enough until the public's interest has moved onto other matters of similar importance such as "who's wearing what to the Oscars this year."

The revolution would be subsequently cancelled due to lack of consumer interest.

I can be emailed at smashismo@aol.com

The Guyana Punch Line website is here:
http://www.angelfire.com/sc2/smashism/index.html

Call For Submissions!
Banner Drops
Materials:



1. Fabric: You can use painters' drop cloth covered in white primer paint, or visit the laundry bin of a disagreeable institution one night to collect their tablecloths.
2. Paint: Preferably water-based, as oil paint takes forever to dry. House paint works well enough for banners that do not need to be exceptionally detailed, and it's cheapest. You can always ask for mismixed paint at smaller hardware stores, as it's often cheaper or free.
3. Paintbrushes.
4. Rope or chain
5. Plastic water bottles, or similar weights.
6. Extra-strong upholstery sewing thread or dental floss.

Optional Materials:

1. Padlocks: no key is necessary, if you come upon them unlocked. Metal clips work too.
2. Sewing machine.
3. Automobile.

Optimal Deployment Locations:

1. Parking garages.
2. Highway overpasses.
3. Building roofs.
4. The balcony level of a church, movie theater, or auditorium .

Action

A banner drop can enable you to get a simple message out in dramatic style. Drop banners take significantly more time to prepare, but significantly less time to deploy, than graffiti, and they can be applied on a greater scale. They can be most effective in crowded environments during special events, or to accentuate and clarify an action taking place nearby.

You can make a really huge banner by sewing together smaller pieces of cloth; be sure they won't come undone, though! Double- or triple-stitching with exceptionally tough thread is probably necessary. When deciding on the size, keep in mind the way it will be transported to the place of use, the dimensions of the area where it will be deployed, and the distance from which it is to be seen.

To decorate your banner, you need not be an accomplished artist. Simply draw a scale model of the image or statement you would like to paint, separate that image into equal sections, mark off matching sections proportionately on the banner, and use these as guides. You can trace the lines first with charcoal, as water wipes it away. You will probably need a wide-open space to work in, one outside the surveillance of the authorities, since when your banner comes down you won't want it—or yourself—to look familiar to any agents of law enforcement. The paint will almost certainly soak through the material and onto whatever is beneath it, so be prepared for that as well, in terms of security, as well as tidiness. Be careful, above all, not to spell any words wrong, or to bunch up your lines of text near the end, and make sure your colors are striking and high contrast, and your images similarly easy to discern.

Fold the banner over equal lengths of rope or chain at either side, and sew the fabric around it; run the thread through the rope/chain and the banner, so the banner won't just slip off when it is vertical. Make sure to leave plenty of rope/chain at the top. Chain is heavier, and thus provides more stabilizing weight for the banner than rope does, but is also much harder to transport and use quickly (and it's more expensive, unless you're hunting/gathering it). It is much more difficult for police to break chain, but they will probably pull the banner up before cutting it off, anyway, so unless you can somehow anchor the bottom of it as well as the top, using chain will probably not add to your banner's time in the limelight. If your banner is exceptionally long, it's probably wise to sew a length of rope or chain along a segment in the center of the top side, too, leaving some of it on each side, so the banner can be hung from four points rather than two.

At the bottom of the ropes or chains, attach your water bottles, full of water. Attach them very firmly, so they won't fall off, as that could create some really unpleasant developments. These are weights to hold the banner in place (the first banner we dropped, off the balcony of a restaurant at which we had bought a root beer as a pretext, simply tangled up in the wind and was useless). For further protection against the wind, cut half-circles that curve facing down, into the fabric—the wind should blow through these without troubling the rest of the banner. Roll your banner up bottom first, with the water bottles inside and the text-side facing the inside of the roll; practice being sure which way your banner unrolls before you are in the moment of truth, so you don't lose time panicking or, worse, get it wrong. Be careful not to roll your banner too tightly, especially as the paint, even dry, can make it stiff and a little sticky; it may not unroll all the way when you drop it, forcing you to pull it up and unroll it yourself in perhaps less-than-optimal circumstances.

For deployment, two people is usually best. Pick a time and location where the visibility balances out the risk. You'll have to get the banner there, somehow: if it's a freeway overpass, you could pull over and hop out, or just run up the ramp with it if you don't want to risk your license plate number being taken. If it's at the top of a busy corporate office building patrolled by guards during a terrorism scare, you're probably better off not carrying a huge, suspicious parcel up in the elevator. If you find an abandoned building that you can get in and out of easily enough that isn't frequently checked up on, and you don't have anywhere else to work, you could theoretically smuggle in the materials and go through some or all of the banner-making process inside before dropping the banner(s) off the roof—securing the hatch behind you with your own padlock for extra longevity. The hard part is always going to be getting out of the place after you've dropped: generally speaking, the more conspicuous the location is, the more people will know immediately that you're there, and the longer it will take you to get down and out—and the less likely you are to have any kind of crowd cover as you do so. Dress as nondescriptly as possible (or as maintenance employees!), and practice moving quickly up and down stairwells without getting suspiciously out of breath. Check out the area ahead of time; if you're going to be on security cameras at any point, bring a change of clothes, or at least glasses, a hat, and a reversible jacket.

Transport your banner in such a way that you know exactly how to orient it when the moment comes. If you won't have time to tie it up at a leisurely pace, consider using padlocks or metal clips: have a loop pre-tied at the end of the rope so you can simply loop it around the bar or pipe or whatever you're securing it to, and snap on the lock or clip.

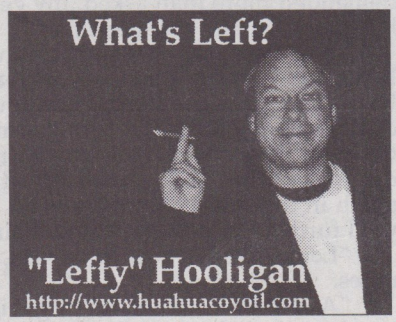
Make sure the ropes or chains suspending your banner are stretched tight apart at the top, so it won't bunch up—check in advance to make sure this is possible, and that your anchor can handle the weight you're suspending from it. Then run like hell and keep your cool.

Account

For our final test run before composing this recipe, we dropped a 27 feet long by 18 feet wide banner (fourteen stolen tablecloths triple-stitched together by a sewing machine, a gallon and a half of house paint, 100 feet of rope, two water bottles, and four metal clips, the only items we had to pay for) off the top of a six story parking garage in the middle of a Fourth of July parade in downtown Greensboro, North Carolina. The banner could be seen from down two streets along which the parade proceeded, on one of them up to a distance of many blocks. We tailored our message to be accessible to an audience attending a patriotic event, an audience composed largely of white and African-American working parents and their kids, while responding clearly to recent government propaganda encouraging people to accept curtailed freedom in return for "protection" from the "terrorist threat": "Those who trade liberty for security will end up with neither," with Ben Franklin's name (as the dubious author of an earlier version of this quote) and a circled A at the bottom. Government propaganda had made us quite nervous in the days leading up to the event: every time the radio was on, it was some announcer talking about how police and plainclothes FBI agents would be out in force and on full alert this Independence Day, to prevent terrorist strikes. We were afraid that, running up to the railing above the crowd and dropping a great bundle towards them, we could look even more dangerous than we were.

The parking garage was closed, off limits to the public ("Police Line: Do Not Cross") on the day of the parade, but we had noted in advance that some vehicles were left parked there for many days at a time, so we parked a car with the banner in the trunk on the top deck the preceding day. When the parade began, two of us, dressed in our nicest clothes, snuck past security and walked up the first couple decks; a man drove past us in a staff vehicle, but for some reason did not stop us (our story would have been that we had left something in our car, which was parked there before the area was closed off, but I'm glad we didn't have to tell it). We then took the elevator, which we hadn't been expecting to work, to the top deck, which was—amazingly—unguarded, took out the banner, lost precious instants debating which side was the front and struggling to lock a car trunk neither of us had ever locked before, clipped the ropes around a metal pipe, threw the banner over the side, and realized that it hadn't unrolled all the way. We had rolled it far too tightly, especially since it hadn't needed to be all that compact, waiting in the car trunk! We had to pull it back over the edge, having already made our presence known on the street below as well as on the security cameras, and unroll it, before struggling to throw the unrolled banner back over the edge, with great difficulty. All this induced feelings of panic, but there would have been no reason to leave then and render all the work we had done and risks we had taken for naught; we got it right, finally, and made for the stairs. We took these to the second floor, but, on opening them, saw the police; we ran back up to the third floor, walked across one length of the garage and took a single flight of stairs we had scouted out in advance, and managed, against the odds, to escape without even being questioned. One of us changed clothes immediately after the banner dropped, but still in front of the security cameras, the other after we reached the street and the safety of the crowd, which was perhaps a better strategy.

It took them an amazing half an hour before they began to pull up the banner—that is, it hung above the parade for most of its duration! There were two sympathetic groups participating in the parade—the Greensboro Peace Coalition, and the more radical anarchist contingent—and both made sure, as they passed, to emphasize the presence of the banner to any who might have missed it before, by pointing at it. Several photographers took pictures or shot footage of it, and there were many others at the parade who were visibly thrilled by its appearance. Best of all, later that day, when the banner had been brought down and thrown under the police truck that was in attendance at the festival following the parade, someone (albeit a member of the Revolutionary Communist Party) managed to sneak it out from under the noses of the pigs, to be returned to its makers! So in the coming weeks, when they least expect it, it will hang again over the city.



I fought against the bottle, but I had to do it drunk.
Leonard Cohen, "That Don't Make It Junk," *Ten New Songs*

It was a nondescript round wooden table at the back of the Triton Pub's fenced-in outdoor patio on the UC San Diego campus. I called it my office, and I could be found there often during the Pub's business hours from 1979 to 1981, usually drinking beer. The table had a number of advantages, high on the list its proximity to the patio bathroom, a must when you're drinking lots of beer. It had good sight lines to the Pub's patio doors and through them the front doors, as well as to the student center main parking lot. Yet it was also tucked away against the planted eucalyptus groves, so it had a measure of seclusion. Secluded enough so I could smoke a joint, or plan a direct action with friends in an anarcho revolutionist gang, or transact a dope deal, or take a little nap when the sun got hot and I got a little too drunk.

The table was also exceptionally nice on balmy spring evenings under the stars. I'd finished off a pitcher of Heineken all by myself during the course of an afternoon transformed into just such an evening when Joe and Peg showed up with another. Peg filled her glass from the pitcher, unconcerned about being carded even though she was only nineteen. Joe pulled out a pack of zigzags to hand roll a cigarette, and I borrowed a leaf for a joint. I lit the smoke, took two deep hits, then handed it to Joe before grabbing the empty pitcher for a refill. The joint was waiting when I returned with more Heineken, and so was Eric, another member of the above-mentioned revolutionist gang.

"Bunch of people are refusing to leave the Chancellor's office." Eric said and took a hit. "Parents, and some of those Marcuse people. They're pissed off the university wants to cut childcare for working parents and students."

"Help us with the beer." I handed him a frothing full glass.

We bounded across campus and I was insanely high. Nobody's at the outer door to the Chancellor's complex, so we strode in, four crazed students and ex-students with weird hair and weirder clothing. The large room filled with desks had only one secretary, and two California State cops flanking the open door into the Chancellor's plush office. The crowd in the office was chanting I can't remember what now and the gray-haired Chancellor was grimfaced. I started toward the confrontation in progress, only to be intercepted by the lone secretary.

"Can I help you?" She asked. She was clearly the senior secretary, having sent the staff home at the first sign of trouble. She took up a helpful stance directly in my path, a head shorter, her smile nervous.

"Not really," I smiled back and started to advance on her, "I need to get into the meeting."

"Um, do you have an appointment with the Chancellor?" She continued to smile and obstruct my path,

even as she walked backwards, bare inches ahead of my alcohol drenched breath.

"I'm supposed to be in that meeting." I pointed, gesticulating broadly. The cops gave me bemused smirks as I continued walking the poor secretary back toward them.

"Oh no, that meeting is over and everybody is about to leave." She shook her head, still smiling, still impeding. "You can't go in there."

I had to give her credit for sheer doggedness. She was the bureaucratic Ginger Rogers to my drunken stoned anarchic Fred Astair that balmy spring evening.

"You saying I can't go into that public meeting?" I demanded more than asked, my gestures getting wilder. "Is it illegal to attend that meeting?"

"No, that's not what I..." She was the feist in that Faulkner story they made you read in high school, "The Bear," and I was the fucked up lumbering bear. She adroitly ducked away under my flailing arms as I blundered into the troopers. Each cop met me square and merely tossed a shoulder to send me back a yard, at which time I realized how much in the lead I'd actually been. My three friends were a yard further back, and holding their breaths.

"Looks like it's a sit-in," I said, huddling with my comrades.

"And it looks like the cops got it locked down." Joe ventured another glance at the State police.

"We'll see about that." I grinned as our troupe headed back outside.

The Chancellor had his own raised, fenced, private patio built around a spreading tree and connected to his office out behind the complex. But while there were protestors occupying the patio, chanting away, there were also more State cops. A trio of very watchful State cops on the patio's perimeter kept an eye on the crowd gathering on the grassy lawn overlooked by the complex and it's private deck. My friends quickly blended in with the growing crowd, seeing folks they knew, drifting off while I continued to search for a way into what was becoming the Daycare Sit-in. The State police were not easily distracted, so there was little chance of vaulting into the sit-in when an officer turned his back. I even checked out a trapdoor under the patio, intended to bring large supplies into the complex, but it too was guarded.

Sometime during all of this, the Chancellor stormed out of the meeting-become-sit-in. This officially made it a sit-in. One that would last for days, result in a score plus one arrests in a sterling example of nonviolent civil disobedience, and actually win some small concessions from the university. Which made me all the more eager to bum rush the Chancellor's complex and crash the daycare sit-in. With the Chancellor gone, there was now room for me. I was stymied at every turn however, until I found myself retracing weird drunken deja vudoo steps to the front of the complex. I eyed the overhead rain roofing that covered the walkways, without much inspiration, before flashing on a view between the Chancellor's complex and the neighboring administration building. A fixed metal rain gutter, a wall for my back, and with the strength of the wasted drunk, I scampered up the building and onto the roof.

I tried to be cat burglar quiet. Stealth quiet as I tiptoed over the roof of the Chancellor's complex. But I was still trashed. I wouldn't have passed walking a police sobriety line.

"Somebody's on the roof!" I heard the secretary shout after I stumbled.

Run!

I dashed across the roof, no grace, hit the patio tree, and shimmied down into the rollicking daycare protest. The State troopers guarding the patio's perimeter went bug-eyed over my caper, but they couldn't reach me in the middle of the protesting throng. Nobody in the daycare sit-in took much notice of my unorthodox entry.

Just the kind of out-of-control wild man antics you'd expect from someone with a *nom de guerre* like "Lefty" Hooligan, right? It was the follies of youth last column, with my avid participation in the second Isla Vista riot in 1970 when I was 17. The above story of how, a decade later, I wound up participating in the spring 1980 UC San Diego daycare sit-in illustrates the folly of drugs. And not just drugs. Alcohol. I made it a philosophy in the '60's to try everything once. In the drug department, that included pot of course, every psychedelic known to humanity—to include MDA and MDMA way before these were marketed as Ecstasy—opium and heroin, and lots of exotics like jimson weed, morninglory seeds and khat. I never liked speed or cocaine, or for that matter any barbiturate or depressant. The only drug that truly, completely kicked my ass was alcohol.

The most dangerous drugs are the legal ones in my opinion.

Not to worry, I'm not about to embark upon some straightedge rant here. I still smoke marijuana, about the only recreational drug left in my life and one I still enjoy. As a general rule these days, I try not to drink anything alcoholic. The above slice-of-life was out of a two and half year drinking binge in which I rolled out of bed every morning to pop a 16 ounce Schlitz Malt Liquor and eventually wound up homeless. I've had a few more bouts with alcohol abuse since then, with the clincher being my dad was a drop dead alcoholic. Needless to say, I've an extremely healthy respect for alcohol as a drug. I haven't drunk much alcohol in the past ten years as a consequence.

It's a general rule as I said. I'm also not the AA type, in case you hadn't noticed. I'll have a drink with friends when I visit New York this fall, making up for canceling after September 11. I try to get Mykel Board blitzed whenever he visits the left coast. Having managed to miss him twice on this year's sojourn, I owe him. Apart from a few exceptions to the rule then, I don't drink anymore.

The sheer recklessness, dangerous bravado, incredible risk and utter chaos alcohol routinely stirred into my life was taxing enough and impossible to sustain for any length of time without doing me serious personal damage. There was the organic deterioration to boot, both mental and physical, so obvious to me after prolonged periods of alcohol poisoning. Alcohol is toxic stuff, to be handled with extreme care.

My last column and this one, set in 1970 and 1980 respectively, metaphorically mark the goalposts of what I think of as my "youth." Without the naïve energy of youth or the chaotic energy of alcohol, I'm actually turning out to be a very cautious person. I didn't publish my "lost" column until over a year after I was fired from Mordam Records, because I didn't want Ruth Schwartz even remotely fucking with my unemployment or COBRA benefits. I then published it solely on a web page, so *Maximum* wouldn't take any heat if there were repercussions from my criticisms. Finally, I've restrained myself from thrashing Mordam in this column every month for the past three years, again for fear of the shit it might have stirred between the coordinators, who actually put out this magazine, and the magazine's distributor for the past 15 years.

Were I young, or under the influence, I would have bristled even at the suggestion I tone down my writing in order to be politic. I certainly would not have self-censored myself in any way to spare a capitalist scumfuck like Ruth Schwartz. I no longer have the automatic knee-jerk reaction to launch an immediate, all-out assault against whoever or whatever pisses me off however. My caution has a chance to surface as a consequence, especially when it comes to dealing with people or institutions that can do harm to me or my involvements. Like Ruth. I use the inaction produced by my caution to do some strategic thinking and planning, for while I may be cautious in initiating an attack under such circumstances, once I do attack I go for the jugular. I take no prisoners.

Of course, I don't bother with such distinctions when it comes to the utter wanks of punk rock. Just ask Larry Livermore. I once obliterated one of Larry's fatuous lines of

argument with a simple quote from Gandhi on western civilization. He grumbles about it to this day, and he doesn't debate me anymore, no doubt for fear I'll rip him yet another asshole. Larry would contend that he doesn't want to give me any more attention and publicity, an excuse endorsed by Jeff Bale. It's just a coincidence that, from personal experience, I can call Jeff a liar when he says he's not a racist or that he's an advocate of free speech. Perhaps I shouldn't have goofed on Jeff when he fell for my 2000 April Fools column (*MRR* #203), in which my anti-German rant was inspired by Bale's "I'm not a racist" racist anti-hip hop rant.

Good publicity or bad publicity, at least these two nimrods know to spell my name right. I've never been above exploiting a fight with either of these better known personages for my own aggrandizement. I'm also quite happy to ridicule these doddering idiots whenever it pleases me, pointing out, unchallenged, that folks shouldn't take them at their word, especially when they claim they're not racists. Larry's afraid to go out at night in his London neighborhood that's safer than his former Berkeley residence. Unfortunately for Larry, there's a lot more dark-skinned people around where he now lives. Jeff's a pretentious pedant who can't get a stable academic job to save his life, which he bitterly blames on the stranglehold the Left has on academia. Jeff's whining unconsciously parodies his stereotype of angry black hip hop kids who blame their plight entirely on racist white society. Increasingly, the thinking of these two punk fossils is cut from the same cloth; a white sheet.

(Speaking of complete fucking nimrods, Mel Cheplowitz, editor-in-chief of that monumental waste of trees *Shredding Paper*, emailed me the following on June 19, 2002:

"Thanks for burying SP in your stupid article at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com/april.html: 'To this I gleefully add the failure of punk 'zines like *Shredding Paper* and *Hit List*. Former *MRR* columnist Mel Cheplowitz, and MRR co-founder and former columnist Jeff Bale made no secret of their desire to take down this 'zine, so I was delighted first when these two egomaniacs couldn't manage to work together on a single publication, and second when their two sorry 'zines finally went belly up. No doubt neither Cheplowitz nor Bale will admit that rigor mortis has set in, and given the irregularity with which most punk 'zines publish, a new issue or two of *Shredding Paper* or *Hit List* might belatedly appear.'

"Since your stupid and ill-informed comments, 10 issues of the aforementioned zines have "belatedly appeared. Since you reported the demise of *Shredding Paper* our circulation has doubled. As for *SP* having any interest in "taking down" other zines, maybe you are a paranoid nut. We are a fanzine, plain and simple. If we wanted to attack other publications we could, but never have and don't plan on it in the future either. Actually, you have the only publication which attacks others with sleaze and lies on a patheticaly regular basis. Maybe that's why nobody gives a shit about your stupid rag anymore. Mel C"

Mel went on to email the following to Jeff Bale, cc'ing me a copy of this slightly different message:

"Since your stupid and ill-informed comments, 10 issues of the aforementioned zines have "belatedly" appeared. Since you reported the demise of *Shredding Paper* our circulation has doubled. As for *SP* having any interest in "taking down" other zines, maybe you are a paranoid nut. We are a fanzine, plain and simple. If we wanted to attack other publications we could, but never have and don't plan on stooping that low in the future either. Actually, you have the only publication which attacks others with sleaze and lies on a patheticaly regular basis (frequently hiding behind pseudonyms, and cowardly anonymous attacks). Maybe that's why nobody gives a shit about your stupid rag anymore. Has anyone at your rag ever admitted who it was who printed lies about Tim after he died of cancer? I guess not, because you people are a bunch of phonies who love to use the zine you inherited to make senseless vicious attacks on innocents while you all look the other way when serious wrong doing occurs in your midst. I'm sure you can fool the people who read your rag, but you sure can't fool the folks in the Bay Area who what a fake you are. Enjoy your cash cow while you can, that's all you've ever been in it for. Mel C"

What's truly amazing is that, just a few paragraphs down from the section Mel quotes in my April 2001 column, I proclaim: "April Fools!" I then go on to clearly state: "Other than noticing that both Shredding Paper and Hit List missed an issue or two I have no knowledge of either 'zine's status."

Mel has always been a few CD's shy of a box set. I'll leave it to the reader however to decide whether Mel is a product of the American educational system, thus accounting for his inability to read, or he needs to up his medication. I vote for the latter.)

Ruth, Larry and Jeff were all once left-wingers of a socialist or anarchist bent who got more right wing and reactionary as they aged. For the most part they've remained true to their punk roots, at least as far as enjoying punk rock music and having a "bad attitude" is concerned. Listening to cutting edge music or participating in avant-garde culture never did guarantee radical politics. There's the human capacity to compartmentalize of course, and as I said last column there's nothing inherently anarchistic, leftist or revolutionary about punk rock.

I turned the big five-o at the end of July this year, without having atrophied into reactionary geezerdom as I grew older. I've been writing this querulous commie column in one form or another for almost a decade, a couple years shy of my involvement in the magazine. MRR celebrated 20 years in print this last May, three years less than my own involvement in the punk scene. Prior to that I considered myself a hippie New Leftist from 1968 to 1975. Without the naïve energy of youth or the chaotic energy of alcohol, I'm still committed to most of the same things I was at the beginning of this timeline, among them writing and socialism.

Aptly enough, Winston Churchill never said: "Any man under 30 who is not a liberal has no heart, and any man over 30 who is not a conservative has no brain." For while this sentiment may reflect a general tendency, it's by no means so universal as to qualify as a rule, complete with exceptions. Churchill certainly made this trek through the British political system, which merely reversed the course taken by Gladstone before him. Mykel Board talked about this phenomena a number of issues ago (*MRR* #224), though in making the analogy between moving to the right politically and erectile dysfunction he didn't mention how to prevent this political hardening of the arteries so to speak.

For me, that has meant trying to put into practice two seemingly contradictory approaches to living my life. I believe it's absolutely fundamental, in the short time we all have on this planet, to do what you love, the way you love to do it. It's crucial to have a passion in this life and to be passionate about the way you do things. At the same time, it's essential never to take yourself, and what you do or believe, too seriously. Meaning, have a fucking sense of humor and avoid like the plague the mindset of a true believer. Actually, I'm a great believer in the benefits of paradox, of trying to believe or do two seemingly contradictory things at the same time. Creative tension, and all that. It helps to have a lot of varied and eclectic interests, to always read up on the other side in order to avoid isolation in your own ghetto, and to think and act in terms of the long haul so as to avoid burning out.

In a nutshell, that's how to stay radical without going crazy. And that's all the space I have for this issue.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185,

Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

6 *"Welcome to 1984*
Knock knock at your front door."
—Dead Kennedys

It can happen to you.

The jackbooted thugs can arrest you without bothering to accuse you of a crime. They can deprive you of the right to make a phone call, to receive a visit from your family, or even to see a lawyer. It doesn't matter if you're innocent or not; our state-sanctioned terrorists can keep you locked up in prison for the rest of your life without ever granting you your day in court.

But you're an American citizen, you protest. It makes no difference whatsoeveryou have no rights.

After cynically using the September 11th attacks as a pretext to eradicate one civil liberty after another, the Bush Administration has finally taken away the single most essential freedom of an American citizen: the right to due process before a jury of his peers. Classifying 31 year-old Chicagoan Jose Padilla as an Al Qaeda associate and enemy combatant, Attorney General John Ashcroft authorized his transfer from a federal courthouse in New York City, where he had been held as a "material witness" on a customs violation since May 8th, to indefinite military detention at the Charleston Naval Weapons Station in South Carolina.

Though not legally charged, Padilla, who changed his name to Abdullah al-Mujahir after converting to Islam, is accused of (but not charged with) planning to build and detonate a non-nuclear "dirty" radioactive bomb, possibly in Washington, D.C. Government officials concede that they have no physical evidence against Padillabomb components, manuals, etc. Their case, they admit, relies primarily on information from star canary Abu Zubaydah, an unsavory Al Qaeda operative whose Guantánamo debriefing sparked last month's flurry of warnings from Tom Ridge. Justice Department officials, an anonymous official told *The New York Times* on June 12th, concluded that "they could not bring a winnable court prosecution, largely because the evidence against [Padilla] was derived from intelligence sources and other witnesses the government cannot or will not produce in court."

So much for the right to face your accuser.

Padilla theoretically faces prosecution under a military tribunal. (Back in November, Bush had promised that tribunals would only be used against foreigners.) But Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld says that even such kangaroo court justice is probably a long way off: "We're not interested in trying him at this moment." Some officials say that detainees like Padilla and those being held in the Guantánamo dog pens need not be tried until the end of the "war on terror"which could, according to Bush himself, go on forever.

America may well be a safer place because Jose Padilla has been "disappeared," in the lexicon of Latin American death squads. But the manner in which this American has been stripped of his citizenship rightsto a lawyer, to a speedy trial, to apply for bailis reminiscent of such totalitarian states as Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. What the Bushies are doing to Padilla is an outrageand it could happen to any of us.

The legal basis for this action is a twisted joke. "Citizens who associate themselves with the military arm of the enemy government, and with its aid, guidance, and direction, enter this country bent on hostile acts, are enemy belligerents," ruled the Supreme Court in a precedent-setting case in 1942. The United States, however, is not at war. Congress has not declared war against the Taliban or anyone else. And while Padilla may indeed have plotted hostile acts at the behest of Al Qaeda, no one accuses him of belonging to the Taliban army. How could they? The Bushies denied P.O.W. status under the Geneva conventions to Guantánamo inmates by arguing that the Taliban never *had* an army.

The war on terror, like the war on drugs, isn't a state of combat. It's an advertising slogan. The bombing campaign against Afghanistan is, at most, a police action. And while there are undoubtedly organizations like Al Qaeda that hate the US and mean harm to Americans, there is no legal basis for denaturalizing Americans merely because they're accused of belonging to such groups.

Ironically, this vile assault on essential American rights comes on the heels of what seems to be a previous Bush Administration abuse of Padilla's rights—he was jailed in New York for a month without being charged with a crime. Ruling in a different case, New York federal judge Shira Scheindlin recently wrote that, "Relying on the material witness statute to detain people who are presumed innocent under our Constitution in order to prevent potential crimes is an illegitimate use of the statute." That ruling may have inspired Padilla's transfer to the South Carolina military lock-up.

You're probably not all that worried about what happened to Padilla. You haven't hung out with Islamic extremists, boned up on your bomb-making skills, or fantasized about Chernobylizing the Washington Mall. But don't forget: a court of law hasn't proved that Jose Padilla did either. And if George W. Bush has his way, it never will.

BOOK PROPAGANDA: After a few weeks delay, the second edition of TO AFGHANISTAN AND BACK is now in stores. If you want a copy of TO AFGHANISTAN AND BACK signed by me, please send $19 (includes shipping to anywhere in the US) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

MORE BOOK PROPAGANDA: ATTITUDE: THE NEW SUBVERSIVE POLITICAL CARTOONISTS, is out now. It contains cartoons by and interviews with 21 cartoonists who are progressive, ass kicking, and funny as hell. The cartoonists include Andy Singer, Clay Butler, Lalo Alcaraz, Tom Tomorrow, Ruben Bolling, Matt Wuerker, Lloyd Dangle, Tim Eagan, Stephanie McMillan, Scott Bateman and yours truly. You can order it from any decent bookstore for $13.95.

Somehow forgetting that July 3 would be a big show night, I agreed to volunteer for the CCAEJ (Center for Community Action and Environ-mental Justice) new "signature event," a BBQ on the top of a hill in Jurupa where the center is located. From this hill, we could see the day early fireworks show being held at the local junior high school. Part of my volunteer work involved getting the keg. I'm not an experienced keg fetcher, but agreed to do my part. First, I went to CCAEJ to get the money. Next, I hit the liquor store that's in the Rancheros grocery plaza. I walked in the store.

"Madonna! Look everyone it's Madonna!" shrieked the malnourished, over drugged woman behind me. I decided to ignore her.

"Madonna, can I have your autograph, Madonna?" she continued. Now I was getting pissed because all I wanted to do was buy a fucking keg that I wasn't even going to take one sip of, instead, I was being verbally abused by a drug addict. To top it off, I don't think I particularly look much like Madonna. As she kept up her banshee cries, I debated the usefulness of giving her a Mistress Diana verbal lashing for free, and the consequences of such an action in the heart of the ghetto.

"Madonna, will you sign my arm?" She gave it one last try.

"No, but you can tattoo your name right here!" I asserted, lifting up my shirt, revealing my tattoo graffitied abs.

"Madonna is quite the lady, she's really beautiful," she states, in closing.

"Thanks for the compliment then," I replied, obviously disturbed.

Next...

Somehow the "shuttle" didn't arrive on time to drive people up the hill from the parking area. Since I am the only one with a van I became the automatic "shuttle." I am relatively flexible, so I agreed to temporarily "shuttle" people in my dirty Astro van. It was almost amusing. Then I stopped to pick up Sally and her twenty-something daughter. Her daughter got into the van first. She looked at this plastic container sitting on the seat.

"WHAT IS THAT?!?" she asked recoiling in horror.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, afraid something half dead had found its way into my van.

"In here..." she said, pointing at the container, filled with pro-choice literature (specifically RU486 leaflets).

"That has nothing to do with this event" I tried to inform her as she got out of my van.

"I cannot ride in that van," she told her mother. They all walked up the hill.

Allrighty then, first Madonna, now the antichrist, and the night had just begun.

Believe it or not, I finished the Master's Degree program at UC Riverside. I passed the comprehensive exams in May. I walked in the commencement in June. I am officially a master (you have to say it with a Chinese accent) of educational administration (now you have to give the obligatory "ooooos and ahhhhhhs"). Anyway...I'm just happy to become a "normal" human being again. These last two years of working, going to school full time, and trying to do my band were a bit much. Now with a little time freed up, I can put more energy into the band, label, and finally do another zine. I can actually become a real friend again too. Thanks to those people who put up with my lagging self over the last two years. I get a new class of fifth-graders on Monday (year round school begins in July), in which I will embark upon my sixth year of full-time teaching, and my ninth year in education. I still love it. It is completely rewarding and challenging. I teach because I can.

Thanks again to Jessica at girlpunk.net, because of her site I have 34 bands for the next Put Some Pussy In Your Punk compilation. Here is a list of the bands that have submitted tracks and will appear on the comp (unless of course, shit happens at the last minute like it always can): All Or Nothing HC (of course), Female Chauvinist Pig, Social Lies, Death Cookie, The Voids, Graveyard School, Magnetic 4, Kitty Kill, Manhunt, White Trash Debutantes, Sinators, bitchcat, Tutis, Pangloss, Tizzy, The Front, Undergirl, 24 Robbers, Galvanized, Chain Gang, The Painkillers, The Lolitas, She Mob, Booty Olympics (who have the best band name ever), wideright, Hissyfit, Pillbox Terror, Triple Creme, and Illease. There are a few other bands I haven't heard from yet, but if I actually have 80 minutes worth of girl fronted/all girl punk rock, I will be sooooo excited. This is wonderful.

My website was hosted by OC WEB, the most inept company ever. I am still trying to retrieve my files from them, so I can get another company to host it. I apologize for the length of time it's been down for those that care. I also cannot receive emails when my site is down, so you get another apology. Our band, All or Nothing HC is doing better than the website, look for us in a small town near you in September. We will do a 15 state tour then. My site address will be the same, so keep a look out for dates posted in the future. We recorded ten songs in May at Eddie Casillas' (guitarist for the Voodoo Glow Skulls) studio. He did an amazing job. I'm proud of the recording and him. I highly recommend his services. The recording should be available by September and is called "Search for the Strength."

I found a couple really cool girl punk sites recently: www.theladiesloung.com (which has a cool feature on Princess Superstar right now) and www.x-grrrls.com (a really cool site dedicated to ladies in the straight-edge scene and hardcore). Check them out. As always, you can attempt to reach me at: webmistress@ontherag.net / www.ontherag.net / PO Box 251, Norco,.CA 92860-0251. Oh, yeah, today is July 5, 2002, I should hear from Fear Factor around the 12th of July. By the time this column is printed, I will have made a total ass of myself on national television. Yahoo.

Hello, *MRR* reader. I still haven't gotten the hang of writing columns two months in advance. So, I'm starting this one off by letting you know it was written in June. June is Gay Pride month, so in that spirit, I'm reflecting on some mail sent to me from a member of a well-known punk rock band. This punk rock star, who shall remain nameless, wrote the letter on the subject of Gay Pride. He let me know that he feels there is no reason for a Gay Pride movement, because the "whole notion of who fucks who is petty and unimportant."

I only wish that were true, but in today's world it isn't unimportant. Although I wholeheartedly agree that it should be, it's not. For no good reason, everybody who *isn't* gay seems to have some sort of "problem" or "issue" or "opinion" about Gay Pride, and most constantly try to put gays on the defensive. When someone says "who fucks who" is unworthy of a movement, it says to me one thing. Anyone who thinks that way just doesn't get it. If heterosexuals would simply treat homosexuals with equality, the whole need for a gay rights movement wouldn't exist in the first place. Equality is not too much to ask for, is it?

Heterosexuals are allowed to get a legal marriage license if they happen to fall in love and choose to get married. I am not allowed to get that same piece of paper and I've been with my guy since 1988. Someone in the gay rights movement actually counted the rights and privileges that are given to couples with marriage licenses, and discovered that there were over 1000 legally granted to married heterosexuals. How do you think that makes me feel? I mean, what does that really mean to me, personally? It means that I might as well be a slave back in the old south, jumping over the broomstick, that's how much this society recognizes and respects my relationship. If you are unfamiliar with the broomstick jumping ritual, basically it's this: in the days when it was illegal for black people in this country to get married, a black couple's commitment ceremony would include jumping over a broomstick. It was merely a symbolic gesture and not legally binding. Why should I be content with an empty gesture that offers no legal protection for my relationship? Incidentally, this is one of the reasons why I oppose gay commitment ceremonies. It only confuses straight people and makes them think gay marriage is already legal. I can't even tell you how many people said have said to me, "But I thought it *was* legal! I just saw a gay couple get married on TV just the other day." Let's get this straight. Those so-called "gay weddings" or commitment ceremonies are not legal marriages, they are merely "jumping the broomstick" and they offer no legal protection for a relationship. A commitment ceremony is pointless, and ignored in the eyes of the law. "So what?" you ask. "If two people love each other, what difference does it make?"

What difference does it make to me if my relationship is legal or not? What are the rights that are denied to me because I'm gay? Well for starters, I'll never forget the time that I was in the hospital with a serious eye injury and the hospital staff wouldn't let my guy into a holding area to see me because they told him that a gay partner is "not family." (The complete story behind this incident can be read in the "Medical Issue" of Gordon Gordon's zine, *Teen Fag*.) If I had

been a heterosexual man with a wife, the question of whether to allow the person I love into the room to see me wouldn't ever have arisen.

Not only that, but there's the whole psychological aspect of knowing that no matter how long I've been with my guy, or how deep my love is for him, in the eyes of heterosexuals this relationship is unworthy of any legal recognition. That's not only offensive, but it also means that to protect each other from eviction if one of us died, we have to make sure that both of our names are on the lease for our apartment. We have to get a *special* will made up to protect each other's property from being taken away. To get benefits for my partner, I have to try to write-in a *special* listing somewhere on a company beneficiary form because the form only recognizes a spouse as one's *legal* husband or wife. I need to create a *special* power of attorney document in case I become incapacitated. I have to do all this, plus another thousand *special* little things just to attempt to approach *some* of the over one thousand rights that are simply granted to a married het couple with one single piece of paper called a marriage license. Some states have already signed the "defense" of marriage act which forbids gay marriage outright. Others are trying to be what they think of as "fair" and are considering offering civil unions for gay people. A "civil union" grants gay couples only three hundred of the over one thousand rights of married couples. Why do these things always have to be so hard for those of us who are gay? Why do I have to run around trying to cross all of the "t"'s and dot all of the "i"'s on a bunch of *special* documents to get the same rights my straight friends automatically get merely by saying "I do"? That's why I get pissed off when I hear some clown gripe about the so-called "special" rights that gays are supposedly demanding. As I see it, I'm already way too "special" for my taste in that area, if you can see what I mean! I don't want special treatment; all I want is equality. So is there a need for a gay rights movement? You tell me. Should I be content with being a second-class citizen?

Compound this with all of the other discrimination, much of it legal, against gay people in housing, employment, health care, etc., and that's the reason you have a gay rights movement. It's because most heterosexuals insist that homosexuals are not their equals and they keep trying to put us down, push us away, keep us out of sight, get us out of town, and force us back in the closet. How far will some go to enforce this philosophy? In Houston in 1998, police officers barged in and arrested two men having sex in a private home and charged them for violating Texas' sodomy law. What kind of country is this? Luckily for the arrested men, the case was so outrageous a Texas appeals court declared the law unconstitutional. But if you are heterosexual, can you imagine the police even thinking about trying to do something like that to you?

I agree that "who fucks who" isn't, by itself, worthy of a movement. But that's *not* the reason why there *is* a movement! The discrimination due to the hatred of a different sexual orientation is the reason why there's a gay rights movement. The people working within this so-called "movement" are trying to right those wrongs. I guess that's why one of my pet peeves is those of today's punk rockers who deliberately and intentionally use homophobic language, not because they are homophobes, but simply because they can. They imagine themselves as the self-appointed champions of "anti-PC-ism" by using anti-gay words and rhetoric. Either they don't think or don't care about how an actual gay person feels about it. They take a "fuck em if they can't take a joke" attitude out of laziness, similar to that wretched, egomaniacal, talentless Eminem. They don't use the anti-gay words in any ethical way that's socially challenging. For example, when a homosexual calls himself a "queer" in an effort to transform a negative word with a positive connotation, it is similar to how "punk" was originally a negative word that we transformed into a word that describes us and the music we love. It became a badge of pride.

Punks who don't try to change the meaning of anti-gay words and language from negative to positive connotations are not being anti-PC. They're merely brainlessly reinforcing homophobia. Therefore it's fair and appropriate to question *why* a person who claims not to be a homophobe would want to be seen as one. There's also the question of why any truly ethical human being would go out of his way to poke his fingers into the eyes of people who are already sensitive to the fact that they are easy targets, and are treated with hatred. It sounds to me like being "anti-PC" is about kicking a people while they're down.

When the well-known punk personality wrote to me, he asked: "What's all this pride about anyway, in as far how you get off, I mean? What's the big deal?" The answer is that it's not "*how* we get off" that we are proud of! (Ahem! Well, maybe...)

Anyway, I imagine that many people who see a Gay Pride march might ask themselves the same question, "What's all this pride about?" To meaningfully answer that question, I'm going to tell you a little private story about myself. When I was thirteen years old I entered junior high school as a scared and confused pubescent boy. All through grammar school I'd been bullied because I didn't like to fight, I wasn't too good at sports, and I liked to draw. I was hoping Junior High would be different, and it was.

The kids treated me even worse.

Not only that, but the new school situation was both imposing and confusing. Also confusing were the new changes happening to me physically. To try to understand these changes, I went to the library at my school looked through the card catalog (Ooh-wee, I'm sure dating myself by mentioning that part) to try to find a book that would explain something about puberty to me. The library had only one book on the subject. I figured that this must have been a very wise and respected book on the topic if the school library felt it was the only one needed on the shelf. The book had info about how I should be starting to grow hair in places that I had no hair before and how my voice would be changing. That stuff didn't bother me. It also had pages dedicated to how to be a good person and a respected member of the community, and wanting to be a good little boy, I read that with interest. Then I got to the part that put me into a state of shock! I don't remember the exact words, so I'm going to paraphrase now, but I'll wager that my memory is somewhat accurate because the impression these words made on me was intense and lasting.

"When you are in the locker room, you may encounter a boy who might look at you in an unwholesome way. He may wish to see you unclothed. He may even ask to see or fondle your penis! It is important not to blame yourself if this happens, nor should you imagine that he thinks you are somehow like him, for this is not the case. The best thing for you to do is avoid such a boy. When he is older he will become what is known as a homosexual. Psychiatrists can sometimes help such men."

The effect this had on me was devastating. I was at an age where I was the most vulnerable and impressionable. I immediately recognized that I was not one of the "good" boys that this book had meant to be addressing all along. I was somehow like that *other* boy. I was the *unwholesome* boy who wanted to see the good boys naked. I had never been the good boy that this book was speaking to at all. You know, I think that's what made the biggest impression on me. It was the book's tone: it was written as if I wasn't the one who was supposed to be holding the book in my hands. I was that *other* boy that doctors might be able to help someday. It dropped that bomb and abruptly changed the subject to something else. "Wait a minute," I thought, "what about me?" I found myself desperate, flipping through the pages, trying to find a section that would say something like "If you think you are that *other* kind of boy, here's what you should do.." But no. There was nothing in the book about that. I was just "the boy to avoid." I was meant to be excluded from the

great wisdom, which this book had intended to give only to those good boys, of whom I had no part. It may sound ridiculous, but at that vulnerable time it my life it wasn't! When I got home I went into the closet (I mean that literally—I had a walk-in closet in my bedroom) and I shut the door behind me. I sat on the floor and said to myself, "I am a homosexual. People should avoid me." Then I cried with a pain that I don't think I'm able to express. The sobbing actually shook my whole body. How stupid and pathetically ironic this was. At the time I didn't even know what "in the closet" meant. But at last I did know why the other boys called me "faggot" when they beat me up. Two years later, when a television news report about AIDS mentioned homosexuals, I saw my mother look up towards the sky and say in complete earnestness, "Oh, God. Thank you for taking away those disgusting people." Not only was I someone to avoid, I was someone that my own mother thought deserved to be dead. How ashamed of myself I'd become in just a few short years. How often I'd thought of suicide. My self-pride was completely and utterly demolished. And people wonder why so many gay teenagers commit suicide, or they have the nerve to use the high gay-teen suicide rate as some kind of anti-gay message which "proves" the so-called "gay-lifestyle" is an unhappy one. If gays are really so unhappy, *guess who is to blame for making us unhappy!*

Any gay person could tell a similar story about how this *heterosexual supremacist* society tried to destroy any shred of their feelings of self worth. The pride in "gay pride" isn't merely in that we are gay. We are *proud* because the families we were born into, and the church we were forced to attend, and the schoolyard bullies we ran from, and the books we read, and the movies and TV shows that we saw, and the law we must live under, and the government we are ruled by, keeps telling again and again that we should be *ashamed* of who we are. It's not the mere fact of our homosexuality that we are proud of. What we are proud of is the fact that we were ever able to finally *overcome* that feeling of shame. We're proud because we've finally overcome the shame that was forced on us at our most impressionable ages. We overcame it, even after everything and everyone we ever turned to for guidance tried to isolate us, was disgusted by us, beat us up, and told us to die. That's an achievement to be proud of. Gay people have existed since the beginning of mankind, but Gay Pride only began one night in June 1969 when the patrons of the Stonewall rioted against constant unwarranted police harassment and said, "No more!" That's centuries of shame versus only a few decades of pride. Today, more and more people, punks included, and even some hipper-than-thou queers seem to want to devalue that hard-won pride. They say there's nothing to be proud of in being gay, anymore than being straight. Yet everyday kids are beaten up and called "fag" or "dyke" in high schools all over this nation. How many times has a high school kid gotten the shit-kicked while a gang of bullies shouted "Straight boy!" or "Het girl!"?

When I see a Gay Pride march, I see people who made it through a colossal war within themselves to combat the shame that was imposed upon them. I've been in pride marches myself, but most of the gay people I know have never gone to one. Why? Because, "What if I go there and my parents/boss/neighbor/paperboy sees me on the evening news? They'll find out that I'm gay!" The people who go to Gay Pride marches are the few brave ones. Most gays are not brave. They are frightened little rabbits too afraid to stand up for anything, even themselves. They'd rather hide in a hole.

They've learned the hard lessons this society has enforced, and they remain in a state of fear and intimidation. Many even deny they are gay at all, or they try to shirk the issue by saying clichés like, "Well...I don't feel comfortable labeling myself." Funny, these same people don't seem to have any difficulty "labeling" themselves as "male" or "female" or "brunette" or even "punk", yet they do have a problem being labeled as "gay." How convenient! Any other term that defines you is just an aspect of your personal identity, but to be gay is a "label". Here again is another indication of just how negatively society views gayness. Even many gay people themselves would rather not be "labeled" as such.

To be homosexual is part of personal identity. There is a difference between a label and your identity. People don't choose labels. A label is something you're branded with that is stuck on you. That's why they call it a label. I'm not a can of soup labeled in some factory. I'm a man with an identity. It's an identity I was born with. Although nearly everyone in this world has unrelentingly tried to label me a worthless "faggot", I know my true identity is that of a gay man. Not because I chose it, but I accept it. This society fixed it so that it took me a long time to accept it, but I did it in spite of that. I'm never again going to listen to the liars that tell me that I ought to be ashamed. I'm a gay punk and I take back my pride.

So this year, I went to the Gay Pride March in my city, and hung out with some of my queer friends, including Anne who writes *Aunt Franne* zine, and Gordon Gordon, visiting from Seattle, of the zine *Teen Fag* and the late-great *WDC Period* zine, which in its day was so crucial to the DC scene. I got to hear crappy disco and other shit music. Yuck. See? I'm not saying that all gay people are always so wonderful. We're just human, and there's a lot that's wrong with the so-called "gay community" right now in my opinion. Especially for a punk rocker in the gay community. More on that some other time.

OK, here is a long serious column about the political situation in the Middle East. Bah, fuck the Middle Eastthat shit's all fucked up. This column is about hardcore vinyl! It's summertime and tons of bands are on tour; we've been having shows almost every night in Minneapolis. In fact, there have been too many shows to go to and still be able to do things like write columns for MRR and research the fucked up political situation in the Middle East. Instead of war, racism, and oppression, how about a Summer Record Round Up!

If you asked me today what my favorite new record was I'd say Diallo's new one on Yellow Dog, *Diagram of a Scam*. If you ask me next week, I'll say something different, but today this one is on the top of the heap; brutal, heavy hardcore/crust from ex members of React and Kontortion. I've seen these guys twice now and they are a devastatingly powerful group. Check these guys out if you get a chance and look for another 7" coming soon. I've got a tape of it and it's raging.

Tragedy 7" and Vengeance LP; OK, so here we take Bastard-style hardcore and mix it with Born Dead Icons, fusion of later Amebix and Motorhead, then add this epic melodic quality to it. This is really wild stuff, crushingly powerful, yet hauntingly melodic. I think the Vengeance LP would be a great soundtrack to a post apocalyptic road warrior punk movie. Anyone out there casting for Mad Max 4, I'm available, cheap, and we can work on Tragedy for the sound track. The only problem with this record, is that Tragedy can execute this style perfectly, but if every garage crust band tries to pull it off it's gonna get tedious quickly. I should note too, that Tragedy, go out of their way not to use computers in their record layouts, which is cool since computers have made a lot of records look the same. Am I the only one who gets angry at records with fuzzy pixilated photos and text that looks like it was printed on a 1982 dot matrix printer? Some free advice to the DIY record aspirant:

If you are going to do layout half-assed anyway, a good photocopy is better than a bad scan. Don't use Jpegs you downloaded off rotten.com for your cover art. Not only do Jpegs look like shit when printed, every other idiot has used the same artwork for their cover. Just because computers exist doesn't mean you *have* to use them for everything. There are lots of options.

Bomb builder is a new band with most of the ex-members of Gordon Solie Motherfuckers. They have a 7" out on Negative Tom's Crucial Records (check out his zine of the same name) which also did the Dystrophy 7" a few months ago. Bomb Builder actually sound more like Nine Shocks Terror to me than GSMF, but you will have to get the record and decide for yourself. It features covers by Systematic Death and Terveet Kadet if that gives you any mystery clues. Very raw recording, like it was recorded from outside the practice space because the engineer was worried about Sharkey sticking a mic up his ass or something.

Self Defense is another band from CT who play with Diallo a lot. They have a 7" out on Ernesto's Uncle Slam records. This beautifully packaged rager is a non-stop barrage of fast core fury. I'd compare these guys to Tear It Up, Down in Flames, Dragnet, and Lifes Halt. But you'll have to pick it up and see what you think.

Another Oppressive System is also from CT and they have a 7" out on Skit records. This is heavy crust core that has a distinct Swedish influence. Dark and blasting raw HC, these guys also did a split with 3 Way Cum.

Crossing Chaos is a Swedish hardcore band with a new 7" on Yellow Dog. If you like bands like Victims and Wolfbrigade, you'll be jumping up and down, throwing empty bottles out your window, and screaming at the moon when the needle hits this one. Hammer!

Also from Sweden is Besk, who play typical Swedish style raging crust core. I can't get enough of this stuff and if you can't either check out this new 7" on Arson records.

On the same label, and I think from the same part of Sweden is Totalt Javla Morker whose name means "total fucking darkness," which is what they have in northern Sweden half the year. These guys play fast, but dark and heavy Swedish hardcore. They have had a few other splits before this and I'd have to say they are one of the most overlooked bands in this genre. Their new one is a split with They Fear the Reclaim.

Fucked Up is a new fast hardcore punk band with a 7" out on Deranged. I was a little disappointed that this was only a two song 7". Not because it wasn't a good value for my punk dollar, but because I want to hear more, more, more hardcore! One of the kids in this band does a zine called "Breakout" which is really good. The last issue has one of the best articles on Dangerhouse I've ever read.

Bridge Nine just put out like ten 7"s and I'm sure they are getting a lot of press elsewhere, but I personally really like Striking Distance and their new 7", *The Fuse is Lit* is a rager. Tough SE hardcore that is raw, fast, and pissed off (as opposed to boring contrived and slow, like a lot of current SE bands).

Punch in the Face have a 7" out on a label run by some guy named Kid Ice. I think he's a famous breakdancer or something. Anyway, this is fast, pissed off hardcore with Ebro of Ruination and Dave of Dearborn SS. I saw these guys recently with 14 or Fight, which is a new Chicago band with ex-members of MK Ultratwo great bands from Chicago, which seems to have finally recovered after losing the Great Midwestern Hardcore War to Minneapolis in the 90s.

World Burns to Death is a sick 80s inspired hardcore band with members of Spazm 151 and Severed Head of State. Very raw and thrashy, like something you'd hear on the PEACE comp. Their new 7" has the ultimate crust record title "Human Meat Tossed to the Dogs of War." Did I say this was sick hardcore?

Severed Head of State have a few new 7"s on the block. Most accessible is probably the "No Love Lost" EP on that emo label Ebullition, run by that surfer guy Kent; really brutal, raw hardcore. The COC cover is priceless. Reminds me of a sweaty night at the Wilson center in 1984 when they showed up and I figured they had to be cool because their set list was three flyers long.

The Awakening are a Bastard/Tragedy influenced hardcore band from Ohio with two 7"s out. "Burning Wind" has a beautiful gatefold cover (how often do you see a gatefold 7" these days) and the "Final Feast" 7" is also rad as fuck. These guys are on tour about the time this issue comes out, so why are you sitting there reading this when you could be bringing the mosh?

Holding On from Minneapolis are my favorite local band and they have a new split 7" out with Coalition on Martyr records. I'm still trying to figure out who the guys on the cover are.

Shotgun from Japan, have a new 7" on Rampage records, fierce Japanese hardcore that reminds me of being body slammed by a sumo wrestler at the bottom of an elevator shaft.

Remember tough SE Hardcore bands like Judge and Project X and fast NY hardcore like Krackdown and early Sheer Terror? So does Knock Down who delivers a TKO with their new 7" on Young Blood. The layout on this is really cool, total late 80s SE style. Where did I put my white construction gloves?

New Granada and Melee both have new 7"s out on Lengua Armada. Buy the first copies you see, as these will probably be out of print by the time this zine comes out.

Epileptic Terror Attack just toured the USA with Def Choice from Chicago. To celebrate the occasion they released this "We Are the Attack" 7" on Deranged. Fast skate thrash that is over the top. "I'm a Bore" is a critical song.

From Moshtown, Iowa is a new band, Modern Life Is War, who have an excellent self released 7". This is an awesome cross of SE hardcore and the textured, melodic, yet pissed off hardcore bands of the 80s like Articles of Faith, Proletariat and Husker Du. Last time I saw these guys, the singer did a flying leap over the drummer and drum set into the pit, an impressive display of thrashnastic ability.

Born Dead Icons from Quebec are back with a split 7" with Coma on Busted Heads. If you like Monolith-era Amebix and Motorhead and newer Tragedy, you gotta get this sucka.

Def Choice are a fast SE Hardcore band from Chicago, with a new 7" on Underestimated. They just toured with ETA. After they stayed at my house I got this cool Necros shirt. Unfortunately the next time they played here they remembered and I had to give it back.

Artimus Pyle just toured the USA to support this sick as fuck 7" on Prank. Pulverizing, industrial meat grinder hardcore, which is sort of like trying to mosh inside the trash compactor on the death star. Crushing!

Kylesa is a metal-tinged brutal hardcore band also on Prank, who were supposed to tour with Artimus Pyle, before their van broke down. Nothing to fear, they bought another van, and it broke down too. When they aren't buying and selling used vans, Kylesa plans to do another tour this fall. In the meantime, there is an LP and 7" on Prank, and a split 7" with Memento Mori on Hyper Realist. This features Phillip from Damad, but I like it more than Damad as it seems a little less spooky and metal and a little more riff heavy and brutal. The Prank releases have some excellent artwork by the master himself, Pushead.

Ruination have upstaged the Locust and all emo bands who produce funny shaped records with their 7" which takes the form of these United States. I played it on the Fourth of July and it filled me with so much American Pride, I had to polish my boots and dig out my bleached jeans and suspenders. Critical hardcore that I think totally surpasses their earlier work. Side two reminded me of a scud missile attack on downtown Toledo during a tornado. This is on Youth Attack records, which is run by this kid who I heard started doing wacky limited edition records just so he could

pay for this "special" operation he wants to get.

DFA is a sick crossover band from Toronto, at least it says sick crossover on the sticker. This is really good, like 1987 all over again. Now when you say "metal hardcore" people think you mean Bane or Brothers Keeper. Remember when metal hardcore meant the Accused, Cryptic Slaughter, Dr. Know or English Dogs? Well, if you miss those days check out DFA's LP on Ugly Pop.

Dread 101 are an awesome D-Beat HC band from the Czech Republic, who remind me of Doom crossed with Swedish Discore. Check out their new split LP with Social Insecurity on Insane Society records.

Kontrovers from Sweden have an LP out on Putrid Filth, which is some dark and heavy crust core. It sounds like these guys went into a deep dark cave like Luke did in Empire Strikes Back, and there they embraced the dark side and wrote some brutal heavy Swedish hardcore songs to express their allegiance to the Sith lords.

Accursed also have an LP on Putrid Filth Conspiracy. I swear these guys used to play a lot faster. This sounds like Skitsystem after some Quaaludes and Night Train, brutal and punishing crust core grinding slowly and powerfully towards you like a mile long train full of coal pushing its way up a mountain and through a dark tunnel.

One of my favorite bands in the 80s was Icons of Filth, I think these guys got overshadowed by Crass, Conflict and Discharge. Along with Anti-system they were blasting out some mad HC in the early 80s to protest Thatcher and Breznev's inevitable rush towards mutual assured destruction. Their demo is a lost classic and personal favorite of mine going back to when I mail ordered it in 9th grade. Finally, the full demo sees the light of day on vinyl thanks to Italy's Get Back Records. To tell the truth, I almost bootlegged this as a 12" back in '92, but didn't after talking to some people in the UK, who said it wouldn't go down well with the ex-members. I still have the DAT master I made from the tape and a quote from the pressing plant in my files. Not that I would ever advocate bootlegging a record when it is so easy these days to track down ex-members and do a legit re-issue from the master tapes, which is what we have here. Don't let the "demo tape" origins of this record fool you, this is excellent early 80s UK anarcho-thrash power. I must note that since it was recorded, Brezhnev is dead and Thatcher long out of office, so clearly it was effective!

Speaking of anarcho-punk, Selkkaus is an anarcho-punk band from Finland who will please those who miss pissed-off raw punk like early Conflict and early Oi Polloi. Total steel toe in a cop's groin aggro-punk from these guys, like a 1988 issue of *Class War* set to music. On Kamaset Levyt, who also have released some great stuff by Viimenen Kolonna (interviewed in this zine a few months ago).

Down in Flames are on tour with Tear It Up right now, I can't wait for their show here on the 28th. Until that day there's the new LP on 625 to keep the pit going in my living room. Fast hardcore, a lot like Tear It Up or Dragnet. Now that the Snobs are going, we can't pick on these guys for being young anymore.

Speaking of the Snobs, check out their new 7" "Control" on My War records; the ultimate expression of underage skate angst. Hopefully their interview will be in this issue. I was stoked to see these guys at PosiFest; I wanted to see them before they were corrupted by adult influences. Raw, fast 80s hardcore which reminds me of JFA and the Faction, but mainly because the kids in the band are so young and pissed off and skate to destroy. You know these guys are dedicated when their dad had to take them on tour because they are too young to drive!

How about some seriously delirious, pissed off, tough hardcore from the streets comin' at you with a meat cleaver and some brass knuckles? Sound cool, sounds like the A Team, who remind me of Shark Attack in a rumble with Big City comp-era Sheer Terror, on the aptly named Stab and Kill records.

Scholastic Deth have a third and last(?) 7" out on 625 called "Killed By School." I like this one more than "Revenge of the Nerds," but not as much as the first 7". Still great fast energetic thrash core from these over educated Bay Area ragers.

Well, the buzzer at MRR HQ is going off, telling me I've maxed out my column allowance once again. Arwen brings the ruler down onto my desk and snaps me out of my stream of consciousness record ramblings. Fuck, I was supposed to be addressing the fucked up situation in the Middle East! Well, I might fail political science this semester at MRR, but I'm going for straight A's in thrash! I'm off to the record store. I heard this one band put out a new 7".

Mr. Smith

So, a guy at my job tells this story about when he was a kid and his grandmother died. On the way home from the funeral, he was sitting in the back seat of the family car with his brother. Thinking about how his father was dealing with the death, he asked, "Dad, what's it like with both Grandma and Grandpa gone?"

His father paused for a minute, shrugged, and replied, "Well, no more parents."

Mint. I always liked that fucking story.

So Long, Distro

So, yeah, after about seven years of lugging boxes to shows, and filling mail orders, the Traffic Violation Records Distro is kaput. I sold it to my buddy Steve Andolpho, who used to be in CONTRA. That dude has sweet nicknames like "Big Black Africa" and "Rod Fabulous." I think his mailorder/distro will be called Go Fall in a Well Distro.

Anyway, I always had a sort of weird relationship with the distro. There have been times in my life where I really don't know how I made it through without the distro. And, of course, there are times like now where the distro feels more like a cancer than anything else.

Motherfucker, I'm being way too dramatic about a fucking pile of records in my room. Oh, well. This column has always been about the DIY record trading network and mental illness. And believe it or not, this shit ties into both. Just let me explain.

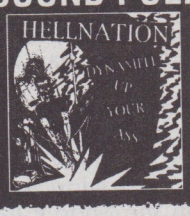
As long as I've been doing the label, I've done the distro. I always thought the most righteous way to distribute punk was through the underground network of trading with other labels. I mean, if you want to subvert the greedy music machine, what better way to than not only use a *separate* system, but one completely *different* too.

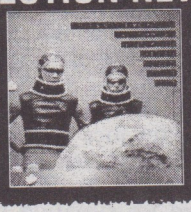
So, from 1995 to 1999, I'd trade Traffic Violation stuff for tons of cool DIY releases from around the globe. Mostly I'd sell stuff at shows in Long Island, New York City, and upstate New York. I did a few catalogs that resulted in sporadic mail orders, but the bulk of the work was going to shows and hanging out, talking about, and selling records.

As shit began to crap out with my Panic Disorder and Agoraphobia, I was making it to less and less shows. Finally, in May of 2000, I just broke down and became totally fucking housebound with panic. I moved back in with my parents. I quit my job. It wasn't just my head, either. My whole body was fucked. I was twitchy and distracted. I shit out bizarre liquid about 14 times a day. I couldn't sleep right. It was a fucking total mess.

So, I had about 18 hours a day of free time (I guess 15 if you count the time I was spending shitting out weird jellyfish stuff and grease), only a few friends left, and a huge pile of distro records. I had just put out the CONTRA *Boys Club Anthems* LP, so I started fucking trading like crazy. I amassed

SOUND POLLUTION NEW RELEASES





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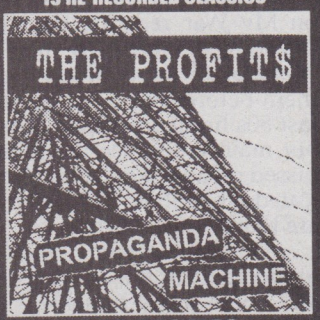

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so many records from trading, that I had to really start dedicating myself to doing mailorder. It was the only way I could make the distro sustainable.

I totally immersed myself in running the label and distro. Trading records, talking to labels and bands on the phone, listening to records, filling mail orders, and answering e-mails became my only real link to the world outside my neighborhood. I really don't know what the fuck I would have done in my room for all those hours with out punk and hardcore. All the work made my life bearable. I drew from it a sense of community, purpose, and achievement, which would have been impossible just watching television or whatever. I don't know if punk saved my life, but it sure as fuck made it bearable.

So, now it's a couple of years later. I've made some modest progress towards rejoining the world. I work full time, I do shit, and I get along pretty normal in my 25-minute radius of where I feel safe from the panic. Now, the community and purpose I drew from the distro feels like a cheap substitute. I see my friends touring, going to shows, and just living life. That's where punk's at; me running the distro is more like fucking homework.

I mean I don't want to send packages to fucking Germany. I want to go there. I don't want to write e-mails to my pals in San Francisco, I want to show up and hang out. I'm sick of listening to records. I want to see these fucking bands play. Whatever, man. I don't know.

All the work that the distro requires these days just feels like a copout. It seems like all the hours of tedious tasks are just this distraction from the fact that I can't do real shit. Where as before the distro was a lifesaver, now it seems like a life substitute. Staying in my room countless hours working on boxing up records is too safe. It's too easy.

This stuff made my life bearable when I needed it to, but now I don't want a bearable life. I want a real fucking life. I want to get the fuck out of here and live it, dude. I'm getting rid of this fucking distro, and all its hours, and dedicating that time to getting the fuck better.

So, here I am. Steve picked up the last of the boxes of distro shit the other day. He asked me how I felt. I just shrugged my shoulders, how I imagine Mr. Smith did and told him, "well, no more distro."

"DIY Because We Want To, Not Because We Have To"

Communichaos Media is a fucking mint label from Sweden. At least that was my guess after looking at their website. When the package from Amyl arrived a few weeks later, I was definitely sure. Totally fucking mint. Of course that package didn't show up here until I made myself look like a dick by writing to Amyl as "bro" when in reality she is a "sis." I'm not sure what was worse, assuming that she was male, or realizing that I use the word "bro" in e-mails. Sheesh.

Anyway, after e-mailing the folks at Communichaos Media some questions for a profile, I got some answers back from Kenko. I don't know if that's a man or a woman or what, but here are the facts about some fucking rad Swedes.

The record label itself started in 1994, but prior to that Kenko used the name for a few years designing record sleeves for bands and labels. The label continues in that tradition by trying to be "more than just a label," by focusing on stuff like website design, sound production, pins, gigs, and other stuff. The mission of Communichaos Media is to be a platform for any media that punks use to express themselves.

Like a lot of labels, Communichaos Media started off as a band putting out their own records. For these folks, that band was BURNING KITCHEN. They still have three BURNING KITCHEN EPs available that make up a sort of trilogy. It's really pretty neat. But the real Communichaos house band is IMPERIAL LEATHER, which includes four members from the crew. The description of the CD on the site boasts that the band includes ex-members from, VARUKERS, SPIDER CUNTS, MEANWHILE, SKELETOR, BURNING KITCHEN, ZOMBIEFIED, DISCHANGE, and tons more. Wow.

So who are the people at Communichaos Media? Kenko does trades, wholesale, design, and sound production. Danny fills orders, makes pins, and does design. Jon does the website and runs a subdivision for CD-R releases called CD-aRse. Amyl does trades, wholesale and keeps the books in order. Nina, who just joined up, jumps in wherever and handles mailorder.

Communichaos Media uses trading with other DIY labels as it's almost exclusive method of distribution. The regular traders are Combat Rock Industry (Finland), Yellow Dog (Germany), Six Weeks (USA), all the local labels like Really Fast, Elderberry, Död & Uppsvälld, and Insect.

Like most labels that trade, they've accumulated a large pile of records that will probably never move. As a result, they are trying to get into doing more wholesale, to combat the plague of dead inventory.

Communichaos Media operates on the philosophy that DIY doesn't have to mean shitty photocopied sleeves and lo-fi recording. Their idea is to pose an alternative through attractive, neatly packaged, and great sounding records. Kenko says it better: "I believe that people who are actually professionals are mostly blaggers anyway, we (the DIY scene) can produce even better stuff." Right on.

Upcoming releases for the Communichaos crew include a MEANWHILE 7" and an 86'D 7". After that is more shit from house band IMPERIAL LEATHER. Out now on the label is stuff like two 7"s from SKELETOR, a DEMON SYSTEM 13 7", a TOTALT JÄVLA MÖRKER 7", a 7" from ZOMBIEFIED, a 7" from the US band SEVERED HEAD OF STATE, and a bunch more.

Communichaos Media is on the web at www.communichaos.com. You can write 'em at Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, Sweden. Fuckin'-A.

Midwest Center for Stress and Anxiety

I know I've mentioned the Midwest Center for Stress and Anxiety a couple of times in this column. A few people that wrote in recommended it. Anyway, I've been hearing commercials for it on the radio around here. It's actually pretty funny, because it airs on the afternoon "shock jock" radio show along with ads hawking penis enlargers and pills that make your ejaculate taste like candy. So, just like the other products, I called the toll free number. I ordered the "free trial" for 14 bucks. It's an ass-load of audiotapes, videotapes, pamphlets, and books. If I don't return it in 30 days, I get charged tons more. So, I'm going to be trying it out over the next month. I don't have much hope for it, but I'll probably writing about my experience with it next month or so.

***

Past "Oh Man What The Fuck!?!??!" columns are available on the web at www.trafficviolation.com.

Destroy all the cool kids now: Wells Tipley, P.O Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at wells@trafficviolation.com.

***

END NOTES:

1. I've been listening to tons of DANIEL JOHNSTON. I downloaded a bunch of it from the Internet. I first heard him when I was working with this guy Dave who liked him. The story I got from Dave was that he's schizophrenic. I'm not sure if that's true, but his songs definitely convey a lot of grief and frustration, which are emotions I would guess you'd have in that condition. Anyway, I really like him a lot, if anyone can point me to a discography, or has any info on where he's at now, I'd appreciate it.
2. I got a small boat and named it *The San Pedro*. I named it after the town where the MINUTEMEN were from. Runners up were, *Wake Together, Rock Together, Boaty Call, Bass Ackwards*, XknucklesX, *The Striped Basstard*, and *Osama Boat Ladin*.
3. There is a big debate about violent dancing at hardcore shows going on here on Long Island. What do you guys

think about this shit? I'm not sure where I'm at with how I feel about it.

4. CARLY and DONNA are some girls I know from around here that play acoustic music at punk shows. I thought it was going to be horrible, but it wasn't. They have a CD demo out. Phil from LATTERMAN recorded it at his basement studio. I've been listening to it pretty regularly. There's no contact information on the CD, but if you're interested, you can e-mail me and I'll get you in touch with them.

5. Hey, thanks for telling me that I mixed Idaho up with Ohio a few columns back. What the fuck do I know? I can't even make it out of my county.

The Dog Days Of Summer.

It's really a very punk time of year. Punk because lots of bands are on tour—there tend to be lots of shows—and when the heat settles in, the memories flow.

I've always admired writers from the South who could somehow make the heat and humidity sound seductive and tantalizing and appealing in its romanticism. But I am a Northerner—and I really hate this kind of Southern heat. For that matter, the height of summer heat anywhere is usually too much for me. It zaps my energy and sucks the motivation right out of me. In the heat of the moment of it, I am miserable. And yet, as time passes and the actual discomfort of the miserable heat wears away, I am always left with fond memories. Memories of shows in squatted empty lots in New York City. Backyard cookouts. House shows in sweaty basements. The dazed acceptance of sitting in a stinky van full of sweaty people. Eventually the heat wins out and you just have to deal with it. Sometimes we can even get used to it. And once you give in, and stop fighting it, and accept the dripping sweat, the soaking wet clothes, the writhing bodies, and the confined spaces, sometimes it can be even near euphoric. Summer shows, summer tours, summer travel, summer freedom can be among the best of the best of fun things to experience and surrender to. Sometimes it zaps you, and you sprawl out on the cool grass or concrete and just give in. Or perhaps, you just keep on running or biking in the hot blazing sun. But there is nothing like sunset, when the most intense of the heat dwindles and hopefully a cooler breeze brings some relief. This is my favorite time of day right now. The one time when I feel that I can soak up the most of the great outdoors. And it always seems such a waste when the punk shows start so early—before the sun has even set. I fight the urge to get there early, and I feel the need to savor the dwindling day, when night comes so late into the evenings. I think that is why some of my favorite shows are the outside summer shows. I do not know if there are all that many places that have outside shows these days, but once upon a time in New York, it seemed like they were happening all the time. For me, those were some good old days.

So when it gets hot, and I get miserable, I try to daydream about those euphoric moments when the band that I was watching in that sweaty basement was so amazing that it didn't matter how hot and uncomfortable I was. I try to think of the romantic picture painted in a zine of sitting around on a porch in Richmond while the temperature pushed over 100 degrees, or some sultry sleazy tale outta New Orleans where the heat and humidity manage to seduce you. I try to remember the exuberance of riding in a van across the sun-baked highways, watching the waving heat blur the horizon as the beautiful landscapes unfolded before me. I think about running barefoot through the fields and hiking in the mountains; of all the camaraderie and fun associated with summer. Cause while it is hot, and as I've made perfectly clear—it's often miserable—there is no denying that this is a time to get out there in the world and be around people. I think that is why when the heat subsides, happy, fun, and enjoyable memories are often left behind, cause this is a season of being on the go, of new faces and new places and energy and momentum. And maybe if we can move fast enough—we'll catch a breeze at our backs. Have fun out there.

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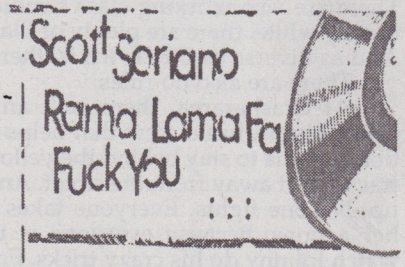


"The CHP helicopter came over, but I'm not in handcuffs. I figured I might as well get the car stunts out of the way before the police came. How are the strawberry, lemon, and orange freezes? They come from Gunthers..."

The man speaking those words is Jumpin', Johnny. He is speaking to a crowd of over 200 people, from the bed of a flatbed truck. Minutes before his announcement, Johnny was performing a stunt called the Steel Wall, in which he rams into the back end of an Oldsmobile with an old Buick. Oh yeah, the Olds was balanced on its ass end, the front tip of the car pointing toward the sky, the whole thing held still by two 2x4s. That is, until Johnny came barreling down the street in his Buick, smashing into the Oldsmobile's trunk. Johnny's Buick scoots underneath the Olds as the Olds flies into the air and comes crashing down on its roof about twenty feet from the rear of Johnny's stunt car. The effect is not unlike the old yank the tablecloth from under the dishes routine, except that it involves twisted metal, lotsa noise, and a guy with more guts than a bowl of menudo.

As soon as Johnny gets done with his trademark ending, the motorcycle firewall (he drives his Harley through a burning wall of fire), Crasharama will be history.

So who is Jumpin' Johnny, and what is a Crasharama?

Jumpin' Johnny is one Johnny Wisner, a "retired" stunt driver, living in Sacramento. Way back in 1973, Johnny started his career flipping over cars and driving into things, on the east coast. For a number of years, Johnny worked for one of the top stunt driving teams, Kochmen Hell Drivers, touring the country, smashing up cars at racetracks and county fairs. As Johnny told Rust magazine, "We traveled everyday, not just once a week. We used to do seven shows a week, seven different places, several hundred miles between." Johnny's career took him to a where's where of cowtowns and crossroads.

Johnny "retired" in the early 1990s, but had a hard time giving up stunt driving. He had his health, his nerve, and his skills. He also lived on a street, though well within Sacramento's urban limits, that might as well have been in the middle of nowhere. "Hell," Johnny thought, "There ain't nothin', out here except me, my cars, and a few warehouses." So Johnny picked a Sunday, put out the word through friends that he was going to wreck some cars, and proceeded to play.

For a couple years, Johnny crashed cars, and then the police told him he would need insurance and a permit to keep doing his DIY stunt shows. Johnny stopped doing his shows...well, kind of. Instead of doing them in front of hundreds of people, he would do a stunt crash in front of a dozen friends and videotape it. A few years ago, he went "public" again.

There is no notice of a Crasharama, no ad in the local alternative weekly, no flyers, no radio spots. You find out about Crasharama via word of mouth. Johnny calls you up,

a friend mentions it to you, or you get an e-mail that says "Crasharama, this Sunday, 4 pm." No directions, no other info, you know or you don't. That is the way the Crasharama has to be. If it weren't, then it wouldn't be.

So when you do know and you do show up to the Crasharama, what could you expect?

First off, there are the people. Hundreds of misfits come to the Crasharama, hundreds of people that Yuppified Sacramento would like to see gone. Wandering around behind the yellow tape that separates the audience from the crash site are punk rockers, hot rod hipsters, outlaw bikers, skaters, and lowriders. There are tattooed women and drunks. There are scooter boys and a Lesbian biker gang. There are also working class families. Though the crowd is mostly white, there are plenty of Blacks, Asians, and Latinos. And as diverse as the crowd is, there isn't any tension.

There are also no rules.

At Crasharama, there isn't any security, there are no cops, Johnny, has a crew that helps with the stunts. He cautions people to stay behind the yellow tape, off the Light Rail tracks, and away from the street. And that is it. No one fucks up. No one fights. Everyone takes responsibility for his or her actions, because everyone is there for one reason: to watch Johnny do his crazy tricks. From its unauthorized status and its lack of rules, Crasharama is anarchy in action, that is, if you look at anarchism as freedom, as the most positive expression of human interaction.

One of the great things about Crasharama is that is neither Left nor Right. Liberals would hate it because it is not safe and is violent. The state is not there to protect us from it. Conservatives hate it because it is illegal and pretty much says, "Fuck you" to authority in as many ways as you can.

Crasharama is like the blues, jazz, and rock 'n' roll when they were the Devil's music. It's like punk rock and hip hop before they became acceptable trends. It's like tattooing, motorcycling, and skateboarding back before they became acceptable and mediated.

Crasharama is the Sacramento that was funky and fun, and not concerned with image.

And Crasharama is gone.

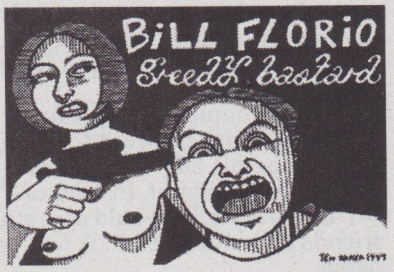
On June 24, 2002, Jumpin' Johnny did his last Crasharama; the land around Johnny's house was bought up by a storage-unit company. Where empty fields are, cinder blocks and chain link fence will be. The area that spectators stood to watch Johnny's spectacular stunts will be gone.

To his credit, Johnny has not sold out. The storage company tried to buy his house, but Johnny has stood fast and firm. As a result, they have to build around him. Even so, Crasharama is gone.

Thanks, Johnny for eight years of outlaw entertainment. It was great. It was fun. It was incredible. With Crasharama's passing another bit of Sacramento dies. The Yuppie money lords have won another one. Someday we'll get them back.

I will take your records, tapes, CDs, zines, and letters. I don't want your ads, playlists, or spam.

Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento, CA 95814 USA.
scotts@sl.net



I was just thinking this week about a few things that I don't think have much in common, but I'm gonna shove them all in here anyway.

First of all, there are some bands that everyone remembers and there's not much of a valid reason why they're remembered. It seems there are some bands which tour the world and play hundreds of shows, release tons of records and no one knows who they were 3 years down the road. Then there are other bands that existed for a year or two, didn't do anything all that interesting and every kid on the street has their patch on their jacket. Whatever forces of nature control this, it doesn't seem to have any rhyme or reason. I'll mention something about a band like ALL YOU CAN EAT, and nobody knows who that is, but a band like BROKEN BONES gets requests on the local street corner boom box. ADRENALINE OD gets a puzzled look while NEGATIVE APPROACH gets 5 tribute records. Sure you can nit-pick, "ALL YOU CAN EAT isn't a very catchy name", "Well, NEGATIVE APPROACH was the first band that ran out of 7"s before anyone who wanted one could get one, thus everyone wanted it", or "POISON IDEA were just too fat to tour".

I was hanging with Chuck Loose of CHICKENHEAD/CRUMBS fame, and we came to the conclusion that drunk punk bands will always outlive crusty hippie bands. The reason is that leather jackets get passed on from suburban mall punk to the next generation, but those canvas army jacket things that hippie punks wear smell so damn bad and are so lice/flea picked and booger infested at the end of a summer squatting in the New York heat that no one will ever want to inherit them. So, some band like THE CASUALTIES always seems to overshadow NAUSEA, and THE EXPLOITED gets recognized before A.P.P.L.E.

Having a cool name definitely makes a difference. Of all the ABC NO RIO bands of the early 90s, I checked on ebay and BORN AGAINST had five items for sale; CITIZEN'S ARREST had three; GO! had two; PUZZLEHEAD, YUPPICIDE, HELL NO, and BUGOUT SOCIETY each had one; and RORSCHACH, ANIMAL CRACKERS, and HUASIPUNGO had none.

None of these bands ever drew more than 50-60 people in NYC, and they all suck pretty equally. GO! has the most releases and YUPPICIDE probably toured the most. I'm trying to figure out who's the best looking, but that's really fucking hard. Maybe YUPPICIDE except for the Lynch factor. Okay, HELL NO is the best looking, on a good day with some dim lighting.

Anyway, there isn't any set way to get your band recognized and if you do catch a buzz for a while there's no telling why or how you'll be remembered.

The other thing I was thinking about was setting up shows. Who the fuck would want to set up shows? It's a really thankless job. I guess it would be fun if you just had shows in your house, but to deal with venues, bouncers, bartenders, and stupid kids bum rushing the door, it takes somewhat of a saint to put on shows on a regular basis and not steal all the money at the door. Artie Philie used to do it for like five years in Long Island. I guess it was fun having all these kids relying on you to be the only responsible soul putting on shows in the suburbs, but when I think of all the shit he had to deal with week after week, I really wonder if there's something seriously wrong with him. Great, the guy's singing for THE SHEMPS now, and he can't even make it to practice on time.

I tried helping to schedule bands once for about a week at ABC NO RIO. Neil Robinson, the English guy who sorta reminded me of a pirate, told me he was looking for bands to play with PANSY DIVISION and RANCID. I figured I'd book PANSY DIVISION with this garagey band from Connecticut called SORRY EXCUSE. Their claim to fame, besides having silly songs like "Touch Butts", was that they liked to play naked. They sort of got banned from every club in New England and resorted to leaving some clothes on, but I told them that at ABC they could do whatever they wanted. I also booked some sXe band from Staten Island and IRON PROSTATE or something like that.

So Artie had booked a show for BUGOUT SOCIETY on Long Island the day before the PANSY DIVISION show. A week later he decided to change the date to Saturday, the same day I'd booked PANSY DIVISION. MC Chuck had already planned to go to Atlantic City that evening, so we had a big problem. See, BUGOUT SOCIETY don't fess; we

don't say we're gonna play a show and then cancel on someone like that. So I put Plan B into action. SORRY EXCUSE finished their set at ABC NO RIO around five. They'd drank lots of malt liquor, and I explained to them that they have to play a show on Long Island. The Gamp and I load into our cars, and the car full of kids who'd played naked drunks followed. They failed to bring drums, amps, cords or straps with them to the show, and Chris, the guitar player, broke three strings and had no replacements. We decided to stop at the Gamp's house in Kew Gardens on the way to pick up strings and guitar straps. A naked band without guitar straps is some sort of lawsuit waiting to happen, indecent exposure, paternity whatever…

So, after his third 40 of OE, Chris asked Gamp if he can run up and use the bathroom. Andy realized *he* needs to piss five minutes after they leave, and decided to relieve himself on Gamp's stoop whilst Gamp's neighbors looked on in horror.

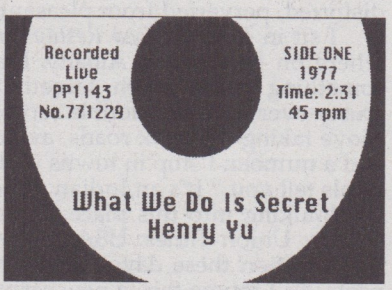
We made it to Artie's show. SORRY EXCUSE borrowed a Marshall stack off VISION OF DISORDER and drumsticks from the Krishna band, 108. They pelted the crowd with a very full Marshall stack sound with zero distortion and let their clothes hit the floor. Everyone seemed to be trying to hold on to their eyes and ears at the same time as the band started hopping up and down. The club door is behind where the bands play; it was so great to see Long Island hardcore kids in big pants and Hare Krishnas walking into three naked butts. I overheard someone say, "Hey, BUGOUT SOCIETY got naked and sucked tonight!"

Speaking of Hare Krishna and oddball hocus pocus things, my girlfriend, Margo, got on a Fisher Price Little People kick last year after we were cleaning out the basement of my parents' house and she came upon a (Bob) Mouldy Little People Castle. She managed to rescue some of the original wood inhabitants, but the castle was long gone to the forces of mildew. A month later there is a bookshelf full of Little People paraphernalia that she'd bought on ebay. A year later she'd sold a lot of it back on ebay and moved on.

Then we were at a Walgreen's in a sketchy neighborhood and we came upon some pretty good Jesus candles. Margo has always had a few laying around, I never thought much of it. There were some odd home remedy things like garlic shampoo and weird soapy bottles of things with Spanish writing on the sides. Anyhow a month after this shopping trip, small packages of mummified reptile feet and raccoon foreskins starting coming in. Then more little bottles and bath salts and vials of scented holy water. All I can say is I'm very glad she's a vegetarian, or I'd expect some live chickens to show up someday, and knowing how she always asks me to open soda bottles for her, I'd be the one popping their heads off.

Oh yeah, write me at bill@candids.com. I'll send ya presents.

Drugs Are For Thugs

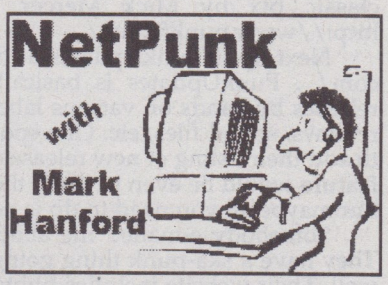


Bob Richert, at the revived Gulcher Records, is continuing his reissues streak with a string of tasty treats, including a formidable internet presence, www.slippytown.com, which was done up by ex-GIZMO member, Eddie Flowers; even if you've had the opportunity to check it out, keep checking. It gets lovingly updated with unearthed ephemera. During a recent surfing expedition there, I found a scan of a postcard from Gene Simmons griping about a middling KISS review by chief GIZMO and oft rock reviewer Kenne Highland. *The Red Snerts Compilation*, a straight reissue of the 1980 LP, is a welcome delight. THE JETSONS' track "I Bet Not" has made it into many a mix tape as my token clunk rock tune. The AFRIKA KORPS, probably my favorite post-GIZMOS Highland outing, gets very deluxe digital treatment for their *Music To Kill By* LP, originally on the Iron Cross label. A logical progression from Highland's O. REX, who released the legendary *My Head's In '73* 45 on the Oral label, the AFRIKA KORPS is oodles of badenoidal garage rock. I remember tracking down the vinyl in the mid-80's at the House Of Guitars in Rochester, NY. My only faze was a split seam in the LP jacket, which I later learned was as ubiquitous as a dog-eared STIMULATORS or a ringworm LA PESTE 45. I've never come across a cardboard jacket with such self-destructive tendencies! It weren't till 1992 or so when I finally got a superclean unsplitseamed copy (from a collector in Greece, no less). The new version's got eight extra tracks, thick liner notes, and lots of great photos, so even if you got the orig., this is a must. Meanwhile, AFRIKA KORPS *Live at Cantones 1977* is an enjoyable live set first seeing the light of day. The inimitable Highland stamp is all over it. The supergroup took the stage and shook their unruly hairdos. On the less thuggier side of things, MX-80 SOUND come at ya with their *Live at the Library*, a twisted late 70s tour through their wiggy lenses. It's artistic. The second GIZMOS incarnation push forth with *Never Mind The Gizmos, Here's The Gizmos*, which compiles their *Never Mind The Sex Pistols* EP with the fab *Hoosier Hysteria* side (a split LP they did with DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS) and a demo or two. Finally, the hardcore edge of the WALKING RUINS, featuring a very much post-PANICS John Barge is found on their reissue of their 1996 release *Fall in the House Of Ruin*.

Top of the Pops

There was a buzz about the REZILLOS reunion, so we all got tickets. You remember them, that B52s-ish party band from Scotland, circa you know when. They were playing the Justice League with THE STITCHES on a usually cold windy summer night in the City. Fueled by some Ethiopian food, we treaded forth and mingled with the old punk crowd. THE STITCHES were amazing, their spastic frontman popeyed out, thrashing like Ian Curtis. It was a ferocious set. THE REZILLOS were marred by shitty sound, but they were fun. Fay still looked pretty hot for a 50 year old and she could still belt it out. Eugene looked thicked out from middle age; he wore these lame sunglasses and sang like dirt. The skinny little twerp on guitar was the guy who'd been in HUMAN LEAGUE in their heyday. He looked like he'd seen better times. After the show, a bunch of skinheads broke out into a fight and some people walked out with blood gushing out of their heads. The next big reunion gig is MISSION OF BURMA coming up at the Fillmore in a couple of weeks.

Ask me jerky questions. Send detritus and you'll get mentioned: Henry 4309 23rd St., San Francisco, CA 94114, henry@killedbydeath.com.



One of the coolest things about the net is discovering new bands by listening to internet-only radio stations. Quite often these stations are nothing more that someone with a computer with a CD player, and a fast connection to the net playing his or her favorite tunes. Unfortunately, due to a June decision by the Library of Congress, many of these stations will be forced to stop broadcasting, unless they pay a couple of thousand dollars in licensing fees, as well as 7 cents per song for every 100 listeners.

Of course, all this trouble stems from the money-grubbing pigs at the Recording Industry Association of America

(RIAA), who are claiming that the airing of a CD on an Internet radio station hurts CD sales. The fact is, most stations don't even stream music at CD quality levels, so this argument is pretty much bullshit. In addition, many of the radio stations out there are playing music they love. They aren't charging for it, and sure the hell, are not making any money off of playing it to a handful of listeners. In fact, some figures have shown that the money that the RIAA is hoping to collect is over 100% of the total revenue of all online radio stations.

As a result of the June ruling, many online webcasters (including myself) have decided to take down their Internet radio stations rather than risk having the RIAA nipping at their heels like rabid dogs, trying to extort fees from them. What the RIAA doesn't seem to get is that the net isn't just about business. There are tons of people with sites that are (or were) playing music and weren't making a cent. They are playing music because they like to be DJs, or because, like myself, they have a bunch of rare records that they think other people should hear, or simply because they think everyone should share their love for Madonna, or whatever...

One thing that I have yet to hear (or read online) is the indie and punk labels' response to the fees. It would be interesting to hear from labels that would let their music be played royalty-free, at least by stations that are broadcasting without pulling in any cash through subscriptions. As such, I've put up RoyaltyFreeRadio, a website where people can come and give their opinions on the fees. And I've also put up a section for labels to state what side of the fence they are on. If you have something to say on the issue, please visit http://www.royaltyfreeradio.com/ and leave a comment.

My ultimate vision, though it may or may not happen, is a listing of labels that will let their music be played by non-commercial webcasters without those webcasters having to worry about paying royalty fees to anyone. I would think many labels would recognize the wisdom of having their music available to the Internet masses.

Probably the largest website that is working on a way to allow small webcasters to continue broadcasting is SaveInternetRadio.org (http://www.saveinternetradio.org/). They have a petition you can send to Washington DC, as well as updated news on what is happening with Internet webcasting and royalty rates. While you're there, sign up for the Radio and Internet Newsletter so that you can stay informed.

And now, here are a handful of other sites for you to peruse while you're waiting for the man to take away more of your rights. I first mentioned PunkFix about a year ago, and I recently got e-mail from Ryan, the webmaster, telling me his address had changed and that I should check out the site again. I did, and I'm happy to report that there is a lot of great stuff at PunkFix, including some pretty decent interviews with members of GI, The Dead Boys, Bad Brains, and a bunch more. They've also got a photo section, including classic pix by Mick Mercer. Check out PunkFix at http://www.punkfix.net/ .

Next up is PunkUpdates at http://www.punkupdates.com/ . PunkUpdates is basically a listing of upcoming releases by bands on various labels, as well as a handful of reviews, sound files, etc. One cool thing they have is a way to add their listing of new releases to your own website. This feature would be even better if they included smaller labels, but maybe all you need to do is ask.

Somebody e-mailed me about the Scottish band PMX. They have a ska-punk thing going on, and they do it pretty well. Their website includes photos, a message board, and a bunch of mp3 files of their songs. Take a listen at http://www.pmxtv.com/ .

Gonna cut it short this month, but I have to mention the passing of Dee Dee since the last column I cranked out. His recent album on Conspiracy Records (http://www.conspiracyrecords.com/) wasn't vital, but it showed a guy who was still sticking to his punk roots. Fucking heroin took him away. His website has a decent tribute to him, so visit http://www.deedeeramone.net/ before you shut off your computer today.

As always, you can send me your website for possible mention/review in this column to netpunk@diehippiedie.com, and you can find all of my columns online at http://www.diehippiedie.com/ in the netpunk section. Later.

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

Little Mary Fotzeleib sits cross-legged on the couch. Yellow Pikachus dot her red pants. Blue stars dance across her yellow blouse. She watches something on television. Dad's not exactly sure what it is. It looks like a cartoon about a giant piece of bread with a chunk of cheese as a sidekick.

Dad sits down next to Mary.

"So," he says, patting the girls knee, "what are you watching?"

Dad's smile turns to horror as his daughter slams her hand on his.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" she screams. Then, "Mommy! Mommy! Daddy tried to touch me!"

Mom comes tearing into the room. Her face is pale. White as a Klansman.

"What have you done?" she screams. "You leave her alone!"

"I just patted her knee!" says Dad, standing up.

"You touched her?" screams mom.

"He touched me!" cries little Mary.

Mom walks up to dad. They stand facing each other. Nose to nose. She whips her hand across his face. He stands there, numb.

"Get out!" she yells, pointing to the door. "Get out! Don't ever come back."

****

An exaggeration? I donno. We're entering a time where touch is sex. Sex is bad and everybody's guilty. On today's news, it was a rabbi. Accused of "fondling" a girl 19 years ago. She just happened to remember recently and file a lawsuit.

You probably know about "false memory syndrome." Legions of people have had "memories" implanted by psychiatrists willing to testify (for a fee), to reality of their patient's suppressed recollections. You can read about it at www.fmsfonline.org/.

That's not what I want to talk about today. I want to talk about TRUE memory syndrome. Real events: interpreted, distorted, perverted from pleasant to painful.

I sit in *Red's Seafood Restaurant* in Coxsackie NY, somewhere on the way to Albany. I'm not eating seafood, just something yellow with something else hard, brown and crusty over it. And a double espresso. It's my driving break. I love taking the back roads, avoiding anything with an "I" and a number. I stop in towns with weird names. If you ask, locals tell you, "It's an Indian word."

Walking into this place, I passed the paper racks: The Albany Union Times. USA Today. Catholics are getting all the attention these days. Mostly priests and their little boy pasts. As I retype this, a new scandal emerges. A priest with a buncha housewives. In Connecticut. He resigned.

It's so tempting— and so easy— to kick the Catholics when they're down. The Pope is such an asshole on homotude and abortion, you just love to see him get press that would embarrass Larry Flynt.

But let's really consider what happened in these cases. Let's look. Listen. Then judge.

Little Timmy McBride is alone with Father O'Hara after mass. They're in the priest's office. It's a sparse place. A desk, a chair, a padded bench along one wall. Along the opposite wall, a bookcase filled with leather-bound volumes.

Timmy's red hair and matching cheeks make him look younger than his 13 years. Father O'Hara isn't very old either, though he's double Timmy's age. He's got a long face topped by a thick crop of jet-black hair. His deepset eyes catch Timmy's wandering blue ones.

"Yes, Timmy," says Father O'Hara, "what's the problem? You look bothered."

Timmy breaks his gaze away from the man and looks down at the floor. He scrapes his Adidas against the carpet, like an impatient bull.

"This is hard to talk about," he says. "It's something..." His voice drifts off.

Father O'Hara sits down on the bench. He pats the seat next to him.

"Come here, Timmy," he says. "Sit down here and tell me about it."

Timmy walks to the bench and sits next to the priest. Still staring at the floor, he stutters.

"I...it... it.. it's my body," he says. "It's doing things I don't understand. It's making me think things... touch myself... I don't know. I think it's a sin."

Father O'Hara looks at the boy, his eyes finally pulling the gaze of the young redhead toward his own.

The older man rests his hand on the boy's knee.

"Now Timmy," he says, "you're not strange. What's happening to you is normal. It happens to all boys your age. It happened to me?"

"To you?" asks Timmy, blinking back tears.

The priest nods.

Timmy puts his hand on the priest's. A little shiver runs up his spine. "But I'm afraid," he says. "I'm afraid God will punish me. I'm afraid he'll be mad at my body for this!"

Timmy pulls the priest's hand to his crotch. At first the priest pulls back. Then he lets his hand rest outside the boy's pants.

"See?" says the boy. "See what God is doing to me?"

The priest presses the hard asparagus stalk beneath his hand.

"That is not a sin," he says. "That's a special gift from God. I'll show you."

Father O'Hara unzips little Timmy's pants and pulls the boy's turgid little tuber through his fly. It pops up like a lightswitch suddenly turned on. Timmy gasps.

"You see Timmy," says Father O'Hara, rubbing that little skingrowth up and down, "God made us to feel good. It isn't a sin. It's a blessing. It's part of the greatness of God's way. It feels good because God made it that way. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Oh Father! Father!" says the little boy. "That feels so good. It *must* be a sin."

"No!" says the priest. "We are not Protestants. We don't believe that good feelings are sins. Look at wine. For Protestants, it's a sin. For us, it's God's blood. Look..."

Timmy's body shakes violently with his first orgasm ever. He rolls his eyes, leans his head back, breaths heavily.

"I'm going to pee! I'm going to pee!" he says.

"It's not pee," says Father O'Hara. "Go!"

A tiny seminal drop comes out of the uncircumcised tip of Timmy's young stalk.

"That was God," says the priest. "What you felt was God."

"Oh Father," breathes the boy, barely able to talk, "bless you. Bless you! I feel God."

Father O'Hara smiles. Timmy zips up and leaves the priest's office.

Twenty years later, Timmy remembers something different when testifying in court.

"Did he touch you?" asks Marjorie Shyster, his lawyer.

"Yes, he did." answers Timmy, now Timothy, owner of a small fleet of carting trucks.

"Did he touch your penis?" asks the attorney.

"Yes, he did." answers the 33 year old man.

"Why didn't you complain about this at the time? Why haven't you mentioned it before now?" asks the attorney, speaking to the jury more than to Timothy.

"The doctor said I suppressed it. She said that it was such a horrible strain on me that I forgot about it... But it stayed, giving me nightmares. Making me impotent. Robbing my peace of mind." A pained look crosses his face as he speaks. Tears come to his now slightly less-blue eyes.

"It was awful," he continues. "I was innocent. I came to the priest in innocence... I left in horrible guilt. He abused me. My therapist told me. I didn't realize it until now. I dropped out of college. Started drinking. Got divorced. All of this because I was abused."

Timothy stands shaking in the witness box. He glares at the priest sitting in across from him at the defendant's table.

"That man! That man!" he says pointing wildly at the now elderly man. "I trusted him and he destroyed me."

Let's leave Father O'Hara, Timothy, and Red's Seafood and enter cyberspace. Here's a forwarded email from my pal Ted. I've condensed the article, originally from the NY Times:

In 1999, Dr. Harris Mirkin published an article in an obscure academic journal likening the "moral panic" surrounding pedophilia to the outrage of previous generations over feminism and homosexuality. Now, Dr. Mirkin, the chairman of the political science department at the University of Missouri's Kansas City campus, finds the panic swirling around him.

Last week, the Missouri Legislature voted to cut $100,000 from the university's budget, saying taxpayers did not want to finance such perversity.

The university chancellor Martha W. Gilliland, issued a strong statement supporting "the right to hold unpopular views," as did the president of the four-campus University of Missouri system. The faculty senate passed a resolution on his behalf, as did the American Association of University Professors.

Dr. Mirkin questioned whether some people accusing priests these days were making up stories in search of a payday,and he said he believed that much of what was called molestation was really harmless touching.

He said he resented that teachers were leery of hugging children for fear they might be accused of abuse. He imagines, he said, most adolescent males have fantasies similar to his, as a 12-year-old delivery boy, of being seduced by a female customer, and he wondered whether it would have been so bad had it come true.

In the article, an 18-page essay with 38 footnotes published in the Journal of Homosexuality, Dr. Mirkin argued that the notion of the innocent child was a social construct, that all intergenerational sex should not be lumped into one ugly pile and that the panic over pedophilia fit a pattern of public response to female sexuality and homosexuality, both of which were once considered deviant.

"Though Americans consider intergenerational sex to be evil, it has been permissible or obligatory in many cultures and periods of history," he wrote.

"I don't think it's something where we should just clamp our heads in horror," he said of pedophilia. "In 1900, everybody assumed that masturbation had grave physical consequences; that didn't make it true."

"These things that you're sure of," he added, "you really ought to check out and test."

I've been saying as much for years. But now a college professor— a department head— has climbed with me on granpa's lap... and seems to be enjoying the ride.

Human beings are the only species that can achieve orgasm before puberty. We're the only ones who fuck in any season. Who have no time "in heat." Who enjoy the nook from birth to death.

Now I sit in Antarctica. The bar, not the continent. It's on Hudson and Spring Street in Manhattan. My laptop is on the table in front of me. In my right hand is a Sierra Nevada. Half of the six TVs show the Yankee game. The other half, The Mets.

As I sip the tasty pale brew, I wonder about this age thing. Someone, maybe you, would not be allowed to sit next to me drinking the same thing I'm drinking. Too young.

During the 1970s, here in NY, McSorley's was a *Man's bar.* Not homo, but no girls allowed. It was a place where women were "protected." They couldn't enter because they'd be bothered, molested. Watch out for the boisterous fratboys! Who knows what they'd do to a lady? Besides, there's only one bathroom. What are they going to do? Piss in the same room the boys piss in?

Ho ho, those bra-burning women's libbers. They didn't like being protected. Oh no. They went into the little bar. Sat on those well-worn stools. Folded their arms. Waited to be served. And waited. They would not be moved. And McSorleys changed. It opened. Now girls-a-plenty drink with the boys.

Why is it different for kids? Why aren't there sit-ins? Why aren't there marches? Protests? Why don't kids organize for their rights?

The most cynical of the answers is that kids can't vote. That means nobody will listen to them. Except the small block between 18 and 21 kids can't exert political pressure. And even that small block has an awful voting record.

Still, kids can make noise. Sometimes they do. Every time NAMBLA marches, 15 and 16 year olds march with them. But that's rare and it never makes the papers.

Kids aren't supposed to do that. Our society says there's something GOOD in kids. Something BAD in sex, drinking and those other things Protestants don't like. The two shouldn't mix.

Our society thinks it's okay to prevent kids from doing "adult" things because they won't always be kids. They'll have TIME to do "bad things" later. Now, they shouldn't. Sex is a nasty dirty activity and only adults should be allowed nasty dirty activities.

Then, there are the psychologists. Those smarmy psychopaths implant thoughts of exploitation and abuse where there was joy and hope. They're muckrakers who don't rake muck, but create it in the first place. Unlike the kids themselves, people listen to the psychologists.

Let's get this straight, buckaroos. MOST cases of adult-child sex are initiated by the child. The law, in its infinite stupidity, won't realize this. Psychologists, and others tainted by the Protestant hatred of sexuality, won't realize this. More likely, they realize it and ignore it because it's more profitable to sue and collect. Who has deeper pockets than the Catholic Church?

I end this column with two quotes. One is from my pal, David Steinberg.

There is a fundamental, passionate cultural war going on between the people who see sex primarily as a marvelous, expansive, vitally pervasive, diverse opportunity for relationship, self-expression, and personal growth, and the people who see sex primarily as a dark and dangerous force, largely responsible for the ongoing decline in traditional family patterns, gender roles, and moral absolutes — a dangerous force that will envelop us all in moral and social chaos unless it is firmly and strictly constrained and controlled by church and state alike.

As for quote number 2: I never thought I'd be quoting G.W. Bush. But like him, I gotta say. "Pick your side. This is war."

ENDNOTES:

[*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Speaking of kids dept:* I'm back from the UNDERGROUND PRESS CONFERENCE in Bowling Green Ohio. You'll read more about it next month. But right away you should know one of my discoveries: a band from Portland called DISKORDS. They're 12-13 year old punkrockers who think they sound like The Ramones, but actually sound like The Sex Pistols. Great stuff in any case. Their single costs $4 (including postage). You can get it from Vinyl Warning POB 2991, Portland Oregon 97208. And you should.

—>*Wrath of G-d dept:*

This was sent to the BISEXUAL LIST. I've edited it slightly. *Here in the Metroplex of Dallas/Ft. Worth, we observed very unstable clouds all afternoon Tuesday, which finally rotated during "rush hour" into three tornadoes, one touching down less than a half mile from a string of CUSTOMER FILLED "porn shops" on the eastern boundary of Ft.Worth, in what formally was an unincorporated area of the County.*

About the same time, another tornado demolished much of the old downtown section of another eastern Ft. Worth neighboring community less than five miles from the porn epicenter, and leveled a church in the process. Thanks to the "Grace of God," as quoted by the news media, no one was in the church at the time, and there were no injuries.

The point of all this, is my question: if things had been reversed, and the tornado had struck the cluster of porn shops instead of the church, how quickly would that same media have called it, the "Wrath of God?"

—>*Speaking of bisexual dept:* The bisexual list has been really anemic lately. The stimulating discussions of the past have dwindled to almost nothing. The list needs some... er... prodding. Join it by sending a message to LISTSERV@LISTSERV.BROWN.EDU the entire content of the message should be: SUBscribe BISEXU-L

—>*Government supported kiddie sex dept:* Look in your newsgroup reader. You'll find a strangely named newsgroup called: ALT.BINARY.PICTURES.ASPARAGUS. Who would click on that? Wanna see green stalks? Well, the stalks aren't exactly green, but they are young, sapling-esque and obviously illegal. Why would legit services like Earthlink carry such a newsgroup? Why aren't they busted? I'm not saying they *should* be busted. I'm talking about the law, not what's right.

Easy answer: It's a setup. A government plant. The US Government is the world's largest distributor of child pornography. All reproduced to put you in jail.

Many of the pictures have website addresses attached to them. See how many cookies pop into your browser before you own fleshy pop-up pops up. You have been warned.

—>*Gym-listening CDs dept:* I've been goin' wild with SPOITS "Free Sex" CD, especially the funny first 10 songs. OK, there's a bit too much poetry, but it's worth it for stuff like "Dead Girls Don't Say No!"

My only complaint is that the lyric sheet says "all words & Music (c)2000 Scott Corkern."

Uh uh! "Double-fucked by Two Black Studs?" I know a KING MISSILE tune when I hear one. Come on Scott, give it where it's due!

—>Oh yeah, I should mention you can subscribe to David Steinberg's sex writing. Send your name and email address to: eronat@aol.com. Past columns are archived at: www.sexuality.org/davids.html

"Sleepin' in the Shithouse"

DEADLINE and the FILAMENTS from England have a good split EP available called *Punk Unity*, courtesy of New Blood Records (England) and DSS Records (Austria).

DEADLINE starts the festivities with "Liar", from their New Blood CD, *More To It...* that came out earlier this year. Good stuff! After "Liar", DEADLINE cover the SPECIALS song "Do Nothing"—and this is very good! Turn this EP over and the FILAMENTS hit you with two tunes from their current New Blood CD, *Skulls and Trombones*, "Punk Unity" and "Throw Away". This young

band has made quite a splash in their native England with their street punk-meets-horns approach. Very strong medicine! Contact DEADLINE and the FILAMENTS, c/o New Blood Records, PO Box 52, Gravesend DA 1192 L, England, email: newbloodrecords@hotmail.com; and DSS Records, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria, dss@telecom.at.

Also available on DSS Records this month is the new EP by THE FRANKS called *Treadwheel*. This is good melodic street rock n' roll with solid vocals, good harmonies and a chugging guitar support. The FRANKS sing about "Life Is An Eternal Treadwheel", " Get Up And Stand On Your Own", and the cycle of work and play that almost every working class man and woman goes through. The cover of THE PRESS song "It's Not What I Want", is really good!

The EP by COUNTERATTACK is the third DSS Record out on the racks this month. These skinheads from Washington DC are in your face from the first notes of "No Regrets". COUNTERATTACK plow through "Cloak and Dagger", "Broken Man", and "Widowmaker". This is good gruff Oi! with skinhead street credibility in the songs. The guitars compliment the deep vocals. Good shit!

ASSERT from England and SWELLBELLYS from Scotland have teamed up with veteran Mass. USA punk rockers THE FREEZE for a three way split EP called *Tearin' It Up*. ASSERT blast your eardrums with "Way" and "AAA=Self Parody". Very Good! SWELLBELLYS, fresh off a success with an EP on Scottish label Intimidation Records , play good punk rock on "Nude Nation" and "Scab". Read the sentiments in "Scab": "You've crossed the line/Greed is your crime/No code no honor/Fucked our tomorrow/Scab, scab, scab/Motherfucker/Sold out your kin/Never work again/You've broke the line/Pay for your crime/Chorus". Good lyrics for defending the union solidarity. The FREEZE tracks on this slab don't work with the energetic punk rock supplied by ASSERT and SWELLBELLYS. Contact ASSERT, 45 Chiltern Gardens, Hawley, Telford, JF CK UK; brittassert@brush internet.com. Contact SWELLBELLYS, 109 High Street, Dalkeith, eye lax, UK; needles@syllables.net.

FUCKED UP from Toronto, Ontario, Canada have a riotous new 45 on Deranged Records called *No Pasaran*. This is fast and heavy punk rock with shouted political lyrics concerning Madrid, Spain in the nineteen thirties. *No Pasaran* has a historical spoken introduction before the punk rock starts. Flip this over and FUCKED UP hammer on your skull with "Circling the Drain". Read these words: "I went to my job even though I hate it/I need the money or else I'll get evicted/they said 'We're Sorry', there's no room for me/Onto the curb with no money no dignity—I'm circling the drain/I went to my friend's , thought that they could bring happiness—they looked the other way/Pretended that I did not exist, so I looked around hoping someone new could be found/But they're all circling like me, nervously staring at the ground/I went downtown looking for something to get me stimulated/But there's no adventure here, it's all been recuperated/There's nothing new to do, so I broke down in my room/The world is flushed just like I will be soon." Fucking great! Get this record! FUCKED UP contains one RUINATION member. Contact FUCKED UP, 34 park Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, MOW 80S, Canada. Contact Deranged Records, PO Box 543 Station D, Toronto, Ontario, 1ST 24TH, Canada.

Epileptic Terror Attack [ETA] also has a screaming new EP out on Deranged Records. This fucker is called *We Are the Attack* and this is fast, entertaining hardcore—1980's west coast U.S.A. style! On the first side of the EP, ETA tear through "Looking for a Spot", "Hopeless Generation", "Why Try to be Something", and "I'm a Bore". Side "B" starts with "Out of Focus", segues into "Lose My Mind", which is followed by "None Thinking Youth". For the grand finale, ETA covers the classic Texas punk song "Dicks Hate the Police", changing it to "Otto Hates the Police". Fucking great!! Write to Deranged for this EP! ETA rocks! These punks came to the San Francisco bay area and played three killer shows! When this Urea, Sweden hardcore unit comes near your town—go see them!

Mad Butcher Records from Germany, brings you HEROS AND ZEROS from lovely Amsterdam, Holland. This fine EP brings you some good street punk with saxophones sprinkled in. The politics of HEROS AND ZEROS are right on their shirt sleeves with songs like "Slob" and "Left Behind", dealing with the fascist pigs who oppressed the Serbians. The lyrics to "Workers Power" go like this: "We're not giving up/Freedom fighters—put behind bars/But the darker the night, the brighter the stars/Release 'em—put bankers in the jail/We're not giving up/Fighting for workers' power ". This punk rock has rough Oi! flavored vocals with good choruses and ringing guitars. In "Rights" the HEROS AND ZEROS sing out against rich kids who think they can be part of the scene, "fighting the system", while getting money from their parents. This is a good record. Contact: Mad Butcher Records, Queries Geismarstr. 6, D-37073, Gottingen, Germany.

WALKING BLADE from Madrid, Spain have a good Oi! /street punk CD prepared for you knuckleheads. This new effort is called *On the Streets*. These guys roll through gruff originals like "Change the Revolution", "Discharge", "We Hate You", "Hate Will Tear Us Apart", "No Choice", "Oi! Song", and "On the Street". WALKING BLADE covers two timeless punk songs, "We Bite" by THE MISFITS and "Taken by Surprise" by POISON IDEA. This is good street punk for you skinheads and punk rockers. Write to Action Records, ADO. 19167, 28080 Madrid, Spain; action@liquidator music.com.

Lingua Armada Records has some hardcore excitement for you punks! The new EP by PUNCH IN THE FACE is ten songs of pure energy by this crew of Chicago punk rockers. This shit is rock hard! The first song has some words that ring true. "Don't Hurt Yourself" goes like this: "There's too many kids/That wanna tell you how to live your life/I hate to break the news to you/But real life's not so black and white/You dorms think you're better/Because of what you fucking eat?/Do you wanna really help?/Or are you trying to feel superior to me? So save the fucking sermon and go 'educate' someone else/People who truly care/Don't have to wear their causes on their sleeves/And they can accept the fact/That there are people who don't agree".

PUNCH IN THE FACE power through song after song with a strong message: "I don't need some fucking hippies telling me what's right for me," the band sings. The boys surge on with "Worst Episode Ever", their theme song "PITF", "My Dear, I Haven't Learned a Thing", and then end this excellent EP with, "Cut the Shit, Start the Pit", which has pertinent lyrics: "So many of you stupid kids/Are wound too fucking tight/Without a sense of humor/How do you get through life?/You're so serious/About everything you do/So now I've got no choice/But to laugh at you/Just cut I can joke around/You question what I'm about/If you don't lighten up/All you'll do is burn out/So self righteous/In all your seriousness/It's too fucking bad/You don't see how funny that is". This band contains ex-members of DEARBORN SS, LOS CRUDOS and CHARLES BRONSON. A very strong record! Write to PUNCH IN THE FACE, PO Box 220352, Chicago, IL 60622 USA.

Mike Josephson from the SUBWAY THUGS and Fergus from the eighties UK Oi! band THE STRIKE have gotten together in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, to form a new punk band called EMERGENCY. After hearing a few rough mixes of new songs by EMERGENCY we are looking forward to a live show and a record!! With any luck we will get some vinyl product from these punks soon—possibly on Mike's Longshot Records- we'll have to wait and see!

Kevin, from the brutal Australian street punk band APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER [AVO], has a new zine out for you skins and punks. The title is *Harbour City Hooligan* and the first issue as almost a year in the making—this shit was worth the wait! Issue Number One featured

interviews with great Australian veteran punks THE ROCKS, and fucking tough contemporary Australian punkers THE BLURTERS. Also featured was interviews with US bands, THE TEMPLARS, TERMINUS CITY, and FIT FOR ABUSE. Great! There's lots of good reviews too: RANDUMBS, NIBLICK HENBANE, OUT COLD, REDUCERS SF, BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS, DUCKY BOYS, THE BODIES, THOSE UNKNOWN, and the excellent LIMECELL/BLURTERS split EP! Issue Number Two has more good shit! Here you get interviews with BULLDOG SPIRIT, DOC EVIL [a great Australian band!], DEADSTARE and SEWER CIDER. There's lots of excellent record reviews here too! You get reviews of THE BELTONES, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, ANTiSEEN, and BONECRUSHER-kings of Orange County street punk! You'll read about the phenomenal Various Artists *We're the Blood Vol. 2* CD, featuring THE BLURTERS doing "Sleepin' in the Shithouse"—an immediate classic!—GOSFORDS CHANGE, CHARTER 77, and RIOT 99. There's also a nice write up on the Various Artists' *Beer and Bile* CD, which includes great tracks by USA's ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS and great Australian material by THE BLURTERS, STANLEY KNIFE, and BULLDOG SPIRIT! This is good shit! Write to Kevin for your copies of *Harbour City Hooligan* at 6/21 Tupper St., Enmore, NSW, 2042, Australia; harbourcityhooligan@hotmail.com.

Until next month-

I'll see you fucks down at the bar!

Fuck Off and Die

Wednesday, June 26th 2002: In a two to one decision, the Ninth US Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco—the nation's largest federal appeals council, which covers Arizona, Alaska, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and, of course, California—found the Pledge of Allegiance to be unconstitutional, due to the phrase, "one nation under god". This, it said, is clearly a government endorsement of religion, which is a violation of the Constitution's establishment clause which requires a separation of church and state.

As we all know, the church and the state are supposedly two separate entities. However, history has shown time and time again, all over the world, that this has actually never been the case.

Here, in the good old USA, our Declaration of Independence references "god" on four separate occasions. The ceremonial recitation of, "God, save the United States, and this honorable court," at the start of every supreme court session and the phrase, "In god we trust" on our currency are testament to the fact that if you aren't christian, you may as well fuck off and die.

The frightening part is that christian rhetoric is so prominent in all things American that it either goes unnoticed or it just gets accepted by the general public. But why the fuck should we pledge allegiance to a country which would rather we didn't exist? Why should anyone be made to pledge allegiance to anything for that matter!

In any case, the Ninth Circuit's decision was soon revoked, due to a huge reaction from the government and, for the most part, the entire country. At least, that's what the papers would have us believe.

Our government wasted no time letting the press know how shocked it was. Politicians shamelessly showed up at public schools to recite the Pledge with grade school kids for the news cameras, with extra passion and emphasis on "one nation, under god."

Senate majority leader, Tom Daschle, was quoted in multiple papers as finding the ruling "Just nuts!" while the only quote in any paper of George W.'s opinion was "Duh, it's ridiculous." Well done boys, you totally cut us down to size with those stunning rebuttals.

It's pretty fucking scary how nationalistic, how oppressive, how male, rich, white, and christian the people who control our lives are. Not to mention old and stupid. Constant christian rhetoric in all aspects of American politics seems irrelevant at best and, at worst, downright offensive. These people just can't seem to comprehend that not everyone thinks the same way they do. Or more likely they just don't care. Which is just more proof that any talk of America being proud and accepting of its diversity is basically a bunch of bullshit.

Footnotes:

1) The phrase, "one nation under god," was added to the Pledge during the Eisenhower administration, in 1954, at the height of the Cold War. Their intention was to distinguish the US's pledge from those of "godless" communist countries.

2) The Pledge was written in 1892, by Francis Bellamy, a socialist, for a children's magazine. Originally, it read: I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands: one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

3) If our government blatantly changes the Pledge, then what other historical documents have been tampered with to achieve their ends?

TO THOSE WHO SAMPLE, HERE'S YOUR WARNING...

All right, stop what you're doing, cuz I'm about to ruin the system of pressing records that you're used to. It sounds funny, but yo, it cost me money see. So, you punks, I hope you're ready for me...(big ups to Digital Underground)

For more than two decades, people in the punk underground have enjoyed a pretty welcome neglect from the monitors and legal eagles guarding against the use of samples and sound clips. While provocateurs like Negativland and Crass each found themselves in the crosshairs of litigious suits (from U2, Pepsi, Scotland Yard...), for the most part, your average punker who wants to release 500 copies of her band's demo onto vinyl, historically, have been able to get away with cramming TV and movie samples and dialogue before songs or in the middle of those hard to resist bass breakdowns. Antischism basically built a career on it. Human Investment cluttered up an amazing album with it. Lifes Halt made us all laugh with it. And now, I've been busted for it.

But don't cry for me, Aggroteeners. The point of this article is to give everyone the heads up on some new developments that affect the way indie records can be produced and manufactured. For those not in the know, the United Record Pressing Company of Nashville, Tennessee, has been one of the main manufacturers of small-run, indie, seven-inch records, since the early 80s. While the company has a horrible reputation for mastering things like shit, its prices for small-run 7" pressing are hard to beat. While Europa and Music Hall are also commonly patronized by punks starting up their labels, United is probably hands down the most popular one because of its cheap pressing costs.

As of July 15, United will gain official accreditation as a certified pressing plant from the International Recorded Media Association (IRMA). As part of the accreditation process, United is required to take procedures to safeguard against piracy (the use of unlicensed, unapproved samples from other works of film, songs, TV, etc.). Early this summer, United instituted a new policy to run an audio check on every job it runs. This means United will be listening to

everything you send them. If and when (most likely when) they hear a sample or a sound clip, they will check this against your paperwork. Most punks just sign the waiver swearing all the material on the record is of their own creation and contains no samplesbecause, we're the punks right? Fuck asking permission from Warner Brothers to pay some exorbitant fee to use a few seconds of shitty dialogue from their shoot 'em up movie!

When United catches an unlicensed sample, they will refuse to proceed with the job until the matter is resolved costing you valuable time, adding considerable delays to the release of your record, which can be a big problem in matters where money is tight, or bands are counting on releases for upcoming tours.

Now, essentially, the people at United are just doing their job. New anti-piracy laws pushed through congress by groups like IRMA (who purport to be acting in the interest of artists, but more often act as watchdogs for the deep pockets of publishing companies and corporations who "own" artistic property) target manufacturers, holding record pressers like United liable for the little bits of piracy, people like us punks, try to sneak through.

However, because many people who have their records pressed at United have their records mastered separately at companies like John Golden (California), Masterworks (Philly), or Alan Douches (NJ), this can spell out some rather sticky and expensive consequences. If United receives a job that has already been mastered, it is receiving lacquer prints of a grooved record discsomething you cannot listen to, but you use to create metal stampers, which will actually stamp the grooves onto a vinyl record during the pressing process. If United begins working on a job with an unlicensed sample, and doesn't catch the sample until some part or all of the pressing work has been done, than you or your label might very well find yourselves responsible for paying for the work, while your records won't be allowed to leave the pressing plant unless you obtain permission to use the sample.

Here's a story to illustrate the danger...

My partner, Andrew Martini (Cheap Art Records), and I, decided to put out a 7" of some friends' band here in Philadelphia who we felt were an important group to document. They are called the Great Clearing Off, and also appear on a split 7" with The Sound of Failure (Ed Walters Records). They are nice folks and decided to include an eight-second sound clip of Denzel Washington delivering some lyric-related dialogue in a Warner Bros. movie called Fallen. Having put samples on records before, without asking for permissionand having several friends who had done the same as recently as a month or so beforewe didn't think much of it, and decided just to not "claim" or "declare" the sample, hoping no one would notice or think much of it. We sent the recording off to get mastered by John Golden Mastering Company in California (who do wonderful work and who genuinely care about their customers and music). Golden in turn sent the mastered lacquers off to the United pressing plant to get pressed onto vinyl. We signed some waivers saying, "We'll pay for this, we understand your terms, there are no samples on this record, etc."all standard procedure. We soon received a test pressing, which sounded great, so we approved it, assuming, since United hadn't mentioned the sample, obviously there was no problem.

Well, we soon had a very big problem. A few weeks past, with no records on our doorstep, so we called United to inquire what was afoot. That's when United explained their new policy of running checks on all their jobs to check for pirated samples, etc. They recognized actor Denzel Washington's voice almost immediately and had threw up a big red flag on our job, locking it in a vault, forbidding it to be mailed out until we resolved the uncleared sample. To make matters more complicated, United had already pressed all 1,000 records and collected our payment for that work in full. Legally, we were fuckedwe'd signed an agreement saying there were no samples on the record, and sent in our certified check. The plant refused to mail out the records and told us they'd have to destroy them unless we produced proof that Warner Bros. said it was cool to use the sample. This is an ugly situation to be in, especially when most of us are just barely scraping enough money together to get a record pressed, and don't have the funds to pay for the same thing over again if a pressing gets destroyed. I've since learned that this has happened to at least one other small punk label in California.

I'm not insinuating that the people at United are doing this on purpose as a scam, allowing records to be pressed and collecting money, then preventing the records from being shipped. But I think it's a situation people now need to look out for. It took me and Andrew a haphazard combination of wit, stubbornness, patience, customer pressure, legal investigation, poking around Warner Bros.' infrastructure, and luck to ultimately get our records sent to us. And while I was able to find a volunteer art lawyer interested in taking on the case from a Fair Use/poor little guy up against the big evil corporation angle, in the end, it was an arbitrary customer service angle that saved us.

WHAT THIS MEANS...

This means that punks (or anyone pressing a record on their own) need to learn a little bit about the new anti-piracy laws going down, and be aware of the trends affecting manufacturers involved in the record or CD making process (the mastering, the plating, the pressing). Ask plenty of questions in advance to the people who will be mastering your record and the people who will be pressing your record to find out if anything on your release might cause a problem, or require some notice. With United specifically, I'd say honesty is the best policyaside from avoiding samples all together. For more information on trends in artistic ownership laws/anti-piracy legislation and the effects of business and law on independent music, visit the Future of Music Coalition website. The FMOC is a non-profit group, co-founded by former Simple Machines/Tsunami frontwoman Jenny Toomey, and tries to provide a voice for indie artists in corporate or legislative dialogues to which we historically have had little access.

Be safe and best of luck, young labels!

Mike McKee, Philadelphia
Mike@Cheap-Art.com

It's funny how in these kind of interactions, most of what is being said isn't coming from either of our mouths. The pretext may be raw space and affordable rent, but the subtext is *just what would happen if you caught us living here? And do you have plans for this lot that don't include the building on it?* A comedy of push and pull occurs as I ask questions like, "What's located downstairs?" "Are people around at night?" "Is the unit heated?" and the most important,"Where is your office located?"

The property manager's answers come padded in the language of liability and contracts, never really telling me what he thinks, but more what he *has* to say. There's a huge gap between what gets voiced and what is *said*, almost as if one of us expects the other is hiding a tape recorder. "So what's the opinion of live/work around here?" *(I say "the" opinion, not "your" opinion because I try to keep these things impersonal, occurring in a theoretical realm where no one is implicated; I say "around here" to be as vague as possible. I could mean this particular unit or I could mean this part of town.)* He says, "Well, of course the key word is 'opinion'; of course this building isn't zoned residential...it's zoned commercial...but

at the same time, it has sprinklers and alarms hooked up to the fire department, so if there were a fire, it's well protected...but like I said, it's not zoned residential."

This is the language of stepfathers and rock concerts on weeknights. It's understood that property owners in "hot" parts of town are going to be as opportunistic as they can get away with. It's also understood that young "artist types" are indeed looking to live cheaply in non-residential buildings. It is mutually beneficial that the tenant doesn't get caught, unless you're outright squatting the place (In that case, it's only beneficial to you to not get caught, duh). The only foist you're pulling is achieved through time and consistency. If you can appear to be, and in the process, you actually are, a good tenant—pay your rent on time, keep all the glass intact, no police visits—your wiggle room increases. Soon, you can have an art studio, meth lab, and arms plant in the middle of an industrial park.

There is a certain transgressive satisfaction to living in these spaces that exists beyond cheap rent. There also comes a reordering of consequence and conscience; you don't get what you deserve, you get what you get away with. However, in the end, it's essentially about paying the landlord. That's the comedy and tragedy of non-commercial living: you're going without amenities and lawns and all the comforts of your web designer friends for the sake of a place to make noise and spill stuff for cheap, but the property manager could just as easily have an empty room on his hands, depreciating on paper.

Mill buildings are increasingly just future sites of other structures as the century stretches further into late capitalism. Take a trip to your town's library and check out land use reports on industrial sites. Demolitions come in waves, as does development. Capital treats its infrastructure like baby teeth, always making room for growth and redefinition. The only fallacy in this line of thinking is the built-in notion of endless growth. In terms of population and employment, cities like Providence had their heyday in the 30s and have, in a sense, been shrinking ever since. However, the city planners insist on building and building as though there were a burgeoning population boom ripping at the city's seams.

The basic line of urban punk sophistication is a rudimentary, opinionated understanding of gentrification.[1] However, in many cities, when punks or artists move in it's more or less an historical aside to the life of the building in its totality. It feels like a coup to me, signing another rental contract, but all the giggling and plans for *all the awesome shit we're gonna make* is essentially inconsequential to capital, industry, or the owners of the building who have to do little more than spend a few days in court to turn the building in which you live into a vacant lot. While "we" exist on the cultural, and sometimes economic fringes of civic life, the power structure has patience, time, and resources. While many punks grow up and move into their ordained insouciant slots, capitalism isn't a phase. You don't tend to grow out of it once you start to profit from it. The opposite of gentrification is community (and yes, it's the second most overused word in the vernacular; the first is "amazing." But still–), and as long as the parties being evicted are transient, it's really hard to garner popular support.[2]

As the property manager goes into detail with me about his problems with those sonofabitches down at the DEM, he glances at his watch and his combover blows in the wind. It's a beautiful spring day in Olneyville and we're on the verge of *closing a deal.* The neighborhood isn't officially residential at all, but I know tons of people who call it home. We're not agents of gentrification in any way that can be charted, because the city has long since written off Olneyville as it stands. It's no longer the bustling Irish industrial area of its heyday in the late 1800s. I'm sure, however, that there are maps tucked away in some city office downtown with the whole neighborhood shaded in with some color that denotes something bad and irreversible. That's the other central tenet of punk urban philosophy: *everything falls apart;* we all exist, as we are, in the meantime.

Footnotes

(1) I'm kind of hesitant to admit the first time I saw that word was in these very pages, reading Larry Livermore's column in high school. Larry: you are old and like totally out of style.

(2) In all fairness, there is an interesting case illustrating the possibility of popular support for transgressive spaces that has recently concluded here in Providence. There's a ton written by more qualified sources on the Eagle Square/Ft. Thunder case, so definitely check it out. Although the compromise reached in the end was far from a victory and displaced some pretty committed folks, at the very least it made the demolition process way trickier for landlords, as well as put the public eye on the case for artist space and historic preservation.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

The old man's spectacles are held together with paper clips and bits of twine. His brown corduroy coat, too small for his shoulder-heavy frame, is patched at the elbows. Sprigs of white twist off of his head and sprout abundantly from his ears. Once a week he comes to the record store where I work to browse the 60s soul LPs, reverently thumbing their spines. He doesn't buy these, however—he buys a big stack of laser discs, obsolete and hence cheap.

Watching him in line holding this week's stack of dubious titles, I think he looks as cumbersome and archaic as his cargo. When he pulls his bank card out of his wallet, it nearly disintegrates on the spot. An ID card for my old high school falls out among the detritus.

I look again at his face. It's been ten years, but no, I don't recognize him. Faculty in the Oakland Public Schools can move through pretty fast. Wood shop? I wonder. No, too bookish. And too sentimental for English. History, perhaps?

"I graduated from that school," I venture, as I'm ringing in his lasers. "Do you teach there?"

Unexpectedly, his face lights up.

"No—I'm the principal."

The principal. A bit of wire falls onto his cheek and he has to pause mid-gesticulation to tuck it back over his ear.

"I just like to make the rounds to the stores and pick up movies for the kids. We just upgraded from VHS, you see, this past year," he says.

"So you're buying lasers now?" The most current film in the stack is probably from 1986. *Romancing the Stone,* or something.

"Well Berkeley upgraded last year, and they got DVD players. I tried that, but it didn't go through, Downtown. Budget, you know... I did get laser disc players for some of the classrooms, though."

He is optimistic. I congratulate him and watch him, as he leaves, nearly collide with a pack of hip, young afternoon shoppers. I can't help but wonder how the kids at school feel about these piles of laser discs, lovingly selected and paid for out of their principal's pocket. Against my will, I picture them neglected, tossed in a corner to be consumed by the dust.

I know the old man will be back, though, next week, undaunted. I'll look forward to it.

• • • •

Everybody knows the public schools—especially in low income areas—are garbage, right? The rhetoric is practically Dickensian. Practically bursting with screaming inepti-

tude, terrible danger, machine guns, lice. I've been responsible for some of this rhetoric myself. But I went to those schools, and so would my children, if I had them.

At the end of June this year the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of Cleveland's voucher system, which would funnel public tax revenue to the school of a family's choice—including, for the first time, parochial or other private schools. Bush called the decision "a great victory to parents and students," and compared it to Brown v. the Board of Education, which outlawed school segregation in 1954.

An uproar of support for the decision from the right and a slow nod from the center ensure that the Cleveland precedent will be exploited as much as possible in future battles to extend the voucher system. In fact, vouchers are no longer widely considered a right wing proposition. They are gaining wider support, including that of the majority of Black parents.

But in Cleveland, suburban schools generally will not accept vouchers. The $2,250 provided by the vouchers is roughly half of the annual tuition for secular private elementary schools, and about a fourth of the average tuition for high schools—that path is no more available to the non-rich than it ever was. More affordable, private religious schools remain the best option for voucher students, and 96% of them take it.

The voucher system is touted as giving freedom to poor families. But as Derrick Jackson puts it in his article "The Realities of School Vouchers," the funneling of kids into religious education "hardly represents choice."

So what other choice is there? How else to escape the overcrowding and beaurocracy of public education? Punks and other lefty types often suggest homeschooling as an alternative. In this scenario, parents would be able to offer their wisdom and protection, and children would avoid being institutionalized, at least until they enter the work force.

Except, of course, that the family is an institution, too—a very particular one, with its own rules and idiosyncracies. It seems to me dangerous and unfair to expose a child to only one way of looking at the world. I think homeschooling, like lefty alternative schools, contribute to this unnerving disconnection that college kids sometimes reek of—like the rules don't apply to them, like their actions have no consequences, like society is someone else's.

In the public schools, kids have to learn to deal with other people outside of their families and neighborhoods. It's true that the schools are starving for resources, but kids can learn to humanize the blankness of these environments. They can carve out hiding places, to play as small children and smoke as teenagers. They can counter the oppressive boredom with miracles of the imagination.

Public school kids observe how they are treated by each other and by the system, sense their privileges, are stung by indignities. They watch how their peers are treated, begin to fathom other worlds, and in the process develop a sense of justice.

Perhaps most importantly, not being catered to by a sympathetic (private) administration, public school kids learn quickly about power and their relationship to it. United against a common, oppressive administration, which constantly works to restrict them, they inherit or create the many small subversions that contribute to an understanding of freedom. This shared mistrust of authority is good and has to survive. Without it we're doomed, really, and by "we," I don't just mean Americans. We need it in order to be outraged at the very idea that the federal government would make spies out of PG&E guys. We need it to talk to very different people about better ways of organizing the world.

I know there are problems with the public schools—many of us were miserable there. But that's no reason to kick aside one of the only institutions that is, for better or worse, still public domain. It's dusty, yes, falling apart all along the seams, staffed by the incompetent, populated by the menacing, but obsolete? I hope not. And even if it is, that doesn't mean we should embrace this policy of abandonment. Let's build on what we have, not follow where they point, and not retreat into the safety of our rooms.

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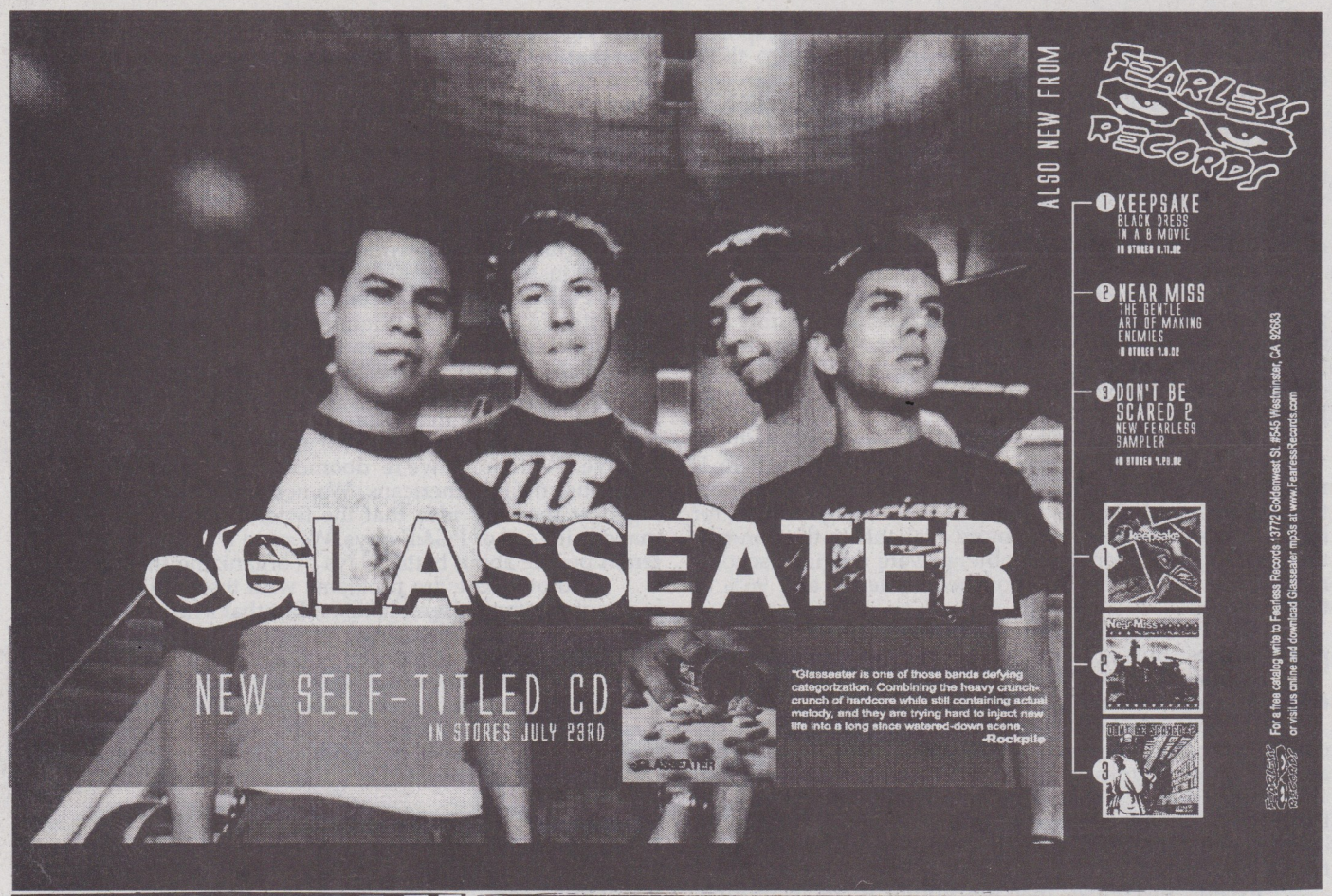

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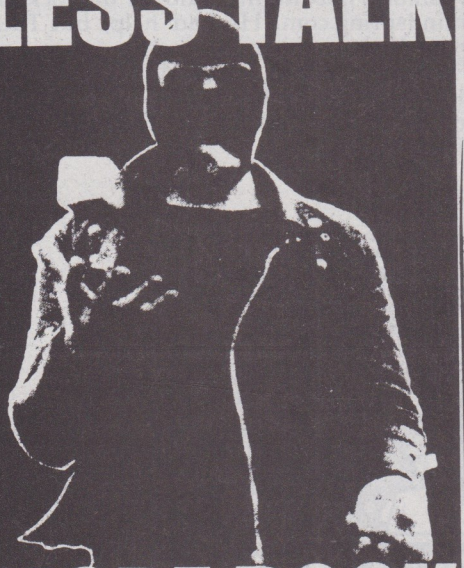

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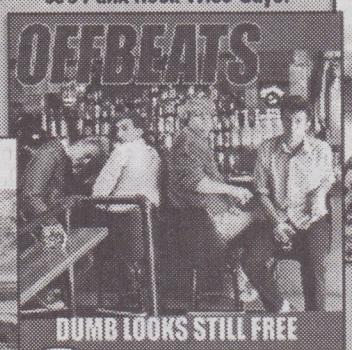

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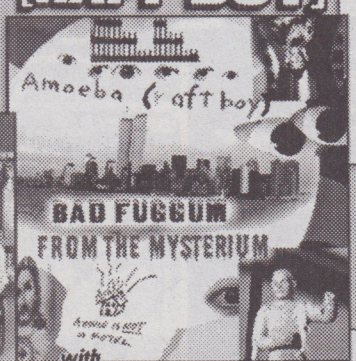

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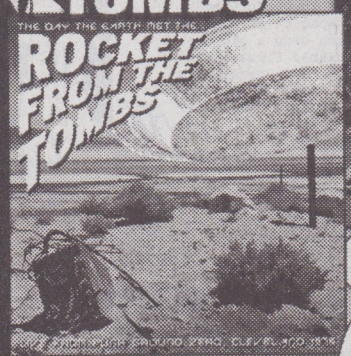

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compiled by:
Arwen Curry

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THE WAR ON IRAQ BEFORE IT BEGINS

If the debate is delayed until the eve of action, it will influence nothing

by Hugo Young
Published in the Guardian of London

The fiercest debates about war usually take place after the slaughter has begun, and sometimes only when it's over. Vietnam crept up on Kennedy, and then Johnson, and even in 1965 when their private deliberations concluded with American military intervention, the public argument was nugatory. The mainstream media gave it near-total support. Somewhat later, opinion turned, and war fury both ways dominated the whole of politics. By then it was too late to save anyone from catastrophe.

The case of modern Iraq is different. We can see war coming. A better analogy is the second world war, which was preceded by epic argument between appeasers and warriors here, and then by pro- and anti-war debates in America both before and after Pearl Harbor. More telling still is George Bush I's Gulf war against Saddam Hussein in 1991. This too had a long build-up. In the course of it, the American debate was troubled. Despite the obvious pretext supplied by Saddam's invasion of Kuwait, the Senate approved military force by only 52 votes to 47. Among those who voted against Operation Desert Storm was Senator Sam Nunn, the hard-nosed chairman of the armed services committee.

George Bush II's Iraq war is being prepared in different circumstances. The political build-up is intense and almost unchallenged. There are virtually no naysayers in mainstream Washington, though they have plenty of opportunity to speak. Last week the US seized on Iraq's rejection of a new team of UN weapons inspectors, and with electric speed cast aside Kofi Annan's offer of mediation. A detailed battle plan was leaked to the New York Times, evidently by someone who thought it wasn't good enough. The momentum towards war is palpable, and to anyone who read Bush's speeches since he became a national politician it should not be surprising.

The absence of challenge can also be seen in Europe. The other day Jon Snow pressed Tony Blair on this point, and extracted an extraordinary response. Could you foresee yourself committing British troops to a ground war in Iraq, Snow asked. "I suggest we have that discussion when the decisions are actually about to be taken," Blair replied. In other words, when the discussion can influence nothing. Blair's suggested timing is precisely wrong. Any serious debate taking place after Washington has decided where it's about to go can only be destructive to the alliance. The time when a European argument might be useful is now, before the stone is set.

For a start, it would put salutary pressure on the Europeans. European nations need to formulate some positions or, ideally, one position. What do they propose to do about Saddam? How do they think about his weapons of mass destruction? What is their view on the balance between terror and freedom? How do they propose to counter the virulent American voices which remark that Europe is simply failing to address the threats it faces from terrorist-harboring states? Europe slinks silent in the shadows of this crucial discussion.

But in the absence of any real discussion in America, a more public European debate could perform an urgent service to the world. Major European leaders should be asking these questions in public places, even if one makes the charitable assumption that none of the issues are lost on the American actors. They fall into two categories. Might war work? And is it right?

There's more to hear, for example, about some of the working premises of the warriors. Are they banking on Saddam caving in fast, and his armies disintegrating? Since Washington is signaling skepticism about either an internal coup or an effective local military force of dissidents, the more likely plan envisages some 250,000 US troops, with Britain and few others possibly alongside. Have they worked out the scale of the collateral damage likely in such a big war? "No one can say whether a war will last five days, five weeks or five months," the skeptical Nunn said in 1991. With a smaller alliance to depend on, and a more tenuous casus belli , the question is more urgently worth asking today.

What, then, of the region? Is it the case that Washington, after paying lip-service to a Middle East peace process, will use the failure of its own one-sided approach as justification for the real agenda of the Pentagon hawks, who've been thirsting to devour Saddam ever since Bush I failed to do so? If Saddam is dethroned but not destroyed, what then? How deeply have the consequences of any failure in this enterprise been considered? Are such questions inappropriate for mainstream European politicians to ask or, instead, an essential contribution from allies who will be expected to go along with anything that eventually happens?

Just as pressing are the issues of justice and proportionality. Even if one accepts the contested claim that Saddam has deliverable weapons of mass destruction (WMD), how valid are the scenarios that predicate their use? If he can reach Israel, why would he dare to try if he knew the entire world would then respond in kind? Some say the most convincing explanation of his WMD is, as Tariq Aziz once confided, to prepare for revenge against Iran. It seems at least possible that the only scenario in which these weapons become a threat to America and her allies is in some last-ditch act of desperation as the Iraqi tyrant faces the build-up of an invasion army. Is it not time such perversity broke through the wall of acquiescent silence, and was coolly evaluated by informed public people in the public realm?

More largely, how will the envisaged campaign fit into the frame of international law? How stale is the thread of old UN resolutions that America—and Britain—seem determined not to try to refresh? Where might the unfolding of a long and bloody campaign fit into the doctrines of morality? That question could be as inflammatory as it was at Suez, among both officers and men. John Major, in his autobiography, recalls summoning his Anglican archbishop and Catholic cardinal to secure their approval for the Gulf war. They "gave me their public and private support," he writes, "and in so doing their reassurance that this would be a just war." The same blessing will be far harder to buy in 2003, even if the issues have been properly explored beforehand.

Germany is precluded from such discussion until and perhaps after the September election. France, on anything to do with the Middle East, has no credence in Washington. But Britain has a position and a special voice, and now is the time to make use of them, before these severe anxieties are buried under the juggernaut of a son's revenge for what happened to his father. To say that they're only worth discussing "when the decisions are actually about to be taken" is to say that everything must be left to the leaders. If these then suffer the fate of Lyndon B Johnson, booted out of politics for a war the people decided they didn't want, they will deserve it.

BUSH'S ECONOMIC PLAN: MAKE MATTERS WORSE

by Marie Cocco;
Published in the Long Island, NY Newsday

Happy Anniversary, everyone.

The little-rebate-that-could came into our lives a year ago, a special introductory offer of prosperity from the CEO who promised to run the country just like a business.

The $300-per-person checks were mailed last summer, when we fretted less about terrorism than about a transition from boom to what's turning to bust. The checks were a down payment on the first, and apparently only, economic policy in the briefing binder of the first MBA president: A $1.4-trillion tax cut, most of which is to be doled out in the future to those of the class who need the money now to pay their lawyers.

"I believe when you cut taxes it spurs economic growth," President George W. Bush said during an appearance in Alabama yesterday that his aides hoped would pump up sagging economic confidence.

This was a do-over of the shot the president missed on Wall Street last week. Yesterday the made-to-order White House backdrop changed from blue to red. Its made-for-TV slogan switched from "Corporate Responsibility" to "Strengthening Our Economy." That's where viewers' eyes were supposed to focus, anyway. Who could blame them for staring instead at the plunging Dow?

"The economy is coming back, that's the fact," the president declared.

Anniversaries are a time for taking stock. So looking back on the year since Bush's only economic policy was put in place, here are some snapshots from the country's economic album:

A year ago, the federal budget was running toward a year-end surplus of $127 billion—so much money that Washington contemplated spending some on changing Social Security from a system of guaranteed benefits to a collection of private accounts to be invested in the stock market. This was so ordinary workers could become rich retirees.

Now, the White House says the current budget is heading for a deficit of $165 billion, a dazzling turnaround the president's team blames on everything but the revenue drain from the tax cut. The real villains are the dropping stock market and congressional spenders, the White House said. The non-partisan Congressional Budget Office differs, citing the tax cut for a drop in income-tax revenues.

Maybe you took your $300 check and went straight to Wal-Mart. But maybe you saved and invested in America—trying, perhaps, to become a rich retiree. The Standard and Poor's 500 closed on July 16, 2001, at 1,202. It's down about 25 percent since then. So a $300 check socked away in an index fund now would be worth about $225.

If your check is long since spent, perhaps you take comfort, as the president does, in the way consumers like you manage to maintain robust buying habits despite slow wage growth and the corporate crime spree that robs them of their savings.

It's good to spend your money on a "good and service," the president told us. This is supposed to translate into jobs for Americans who make goods or at least find work stocking shelves with imports.

In fact, unemployment rose slightly last month to 5.9 percent—up from 4.6 percent a year ago. The number of people out of work for month after month grows. Last June, 728,000 laid-off workers had been without jobs for 27 weeks or longer, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. That number now has more than doubled, to 1.7 million.

The median length of time an unemployed worker is looking for a job has stretched from about six weeks a year ago to 12 now. Except for one month during the long and deep recession of the early 1980s, the search for new work has not been this long since 1948, said Jared Bernstein of the Economic Policy Institute.

Of course, the president said interest rates and inflation are low. Thank you, Alan Greenspan. And economic growth in the first quarter zoomed up more than 6 percent. That will tumble as quick as a dot-com stock later this year, most economists predict.

But do not fear, the president said. Help is on the way.

Now that his tax cuts have failed to create jobs, cheer investors, boost wages, prop up profits or keep the government's fiscal house in order, he has a plan for the future. More tax cuts.

PLANNED VOLUNTEER-INFORMANT CORPS ELICITS '1984' FEARS

by Ellen Sorokin
Published in the Washington Times

As part of the country's war against terrorism, the Bush administration by next month wants to recruit a million letter carriers, utility workers, and others whose jobs allow them access to private homes into a contingent of organized government informants.

The Terrorism Information and Prevention System (Operation TIPS), a national reporting pilot program, is scheduled to start next month in 10 cities, with 1 million informants—or nearly 4 percent of Americans—initially participating in the program.

The program will allow volunteers, whose routines make them well-positioned to recognize suspect activities, to report the same to the Justice Department, which is running the project. The Justice Department will enter the information into a database, which will then be broadly available within the department, and to state and local agencies and local police forces. At local and state levels, the program will be coordinated by the Federal Emergency Management Agency.

Operation TIPS is one part of President Bush's new volunteer Citizen Corps program that urges Americans to keep their neighborhoods safe. The program is described on the government Web site www.citizencorps.gov.

"This broad network of volunteer efforts will harness the power of the American people by relying on their individual skills and interests to prepare local communities to effectively prevent and respond to the threats of terrorism, crime, or any kind of disaster," the program's description on the Web site states. The program has already alarmed several civil liberties groups, including the American Civil Liberties Union and the Rutherford Institute, which say the administration should not allow TIPS to become "an end run around the Constitution."

Critics say that having Americans act as "domestic informants" is reminiscent of the infamous Stasi, the new-disbanded communist East German secret police service that snooped on dissidents and ordinary East German citizens for more than 40 years, compiling a huge catalogue of notes.

Rachel King, an ACLU legislative counsel, said yesterday the organization is concerned that law enforcement will use the volunteers, especially those whose occupations allow them to enter homes and monitor residents—to search people's residences, without a warrant. She said that the organization is also worried that the program will adversely affect the fight against terrorism by wasting resources on useless tips and that the program will encourage vigilantism and racial profiling.

"The administration apparently wants to implement a program that will turn local cable or gas or electrical technicians into government-sanctioned peeping Toms," Miss King said.

John Whitehead, executive director of the Rutherford Institute, agreed.

"This is George Orwell's *1984*. It's an absolutely horrible and very dangerous idea," he said. "It's making Americans into government snoops. President Bush wants the average American to do what the FBI should be doing. In the end, though, nothing is going to prevent terrorists from crashing planes into buildings."

A Justice Department official in charge of answering questions about Operation TIPS was out of the office yesterday and not available for comment.

Bush's Gay Gambit: Does Silence = Support for Gay Rights?

by Richard Goldstein

"A milestone," crowed the Human Rights Campaign, America's most prominent gay political group. Yet this major moment went by with hardly a note of official fanfare. Few bills whisk past the president's desk as quietly as the Mychal Judge Act, signed on June 24 and announced by the White House in a one-sentence email posted at night to attract the least possible attention. Nor does this landmark legislation ever mention the word gay. Imagine a civil rights law that doesn't include the word race and you can see the significance of this omission. Ronald Reagan's refusal to say AIDS inspired one of the most important political slogans of our time: "Silence = Death." But these days, silence is taken as a sign of progress.

Not that the Mychal Judge Act, named for the chaplain who died at Ground Zero, is meaningless. It allows police and firefighters to designate a $250,000 death benefit to the survivors of their choice. If you look at the glass as half full, you can see a precedent, since this is the first time a same-sex partner can qualify for any federal benefit. But looking at the glass another way, Donald Manzullo, the anti-gay Illinois Republican who co-sponsored the law, describes it as "a bill of general application" that has nothing to do with what he would no doubt call special rights. After all, Father Mychal's beneficiary is his sister.

Deniability is what it takes to pass even the most modest pro-gay legislation these days. Yet George Bush gets a gold star for signing a phantom civil rights act. What a cheap date HRC turns out to be. It falls for the grandest of romantic illusions: seeing a wedding in a wink.

Ever since the inauguration, homocons have touted W. as a gay-friendly president. But what has Bush actually done for us?

His most positive gesture is preserving policies and executive orders put in place by Bill Clinton. These protections against discrimination affect tens of thousands of gay federal workers. The Judge Act, worthy as it may be, applies only to the partners of cops, firefighters, and chaplains. Not many of these folks have same-sex spouses. What's more, not even the lucky few covered by this law will be eligible for Social Security and other benefits that married survivors get. And the great majority of gay workers (those who haven't hooked up with a firefighter or a cop) won't see any change in their situation at all. What kind of milestone is that?

If anything, this faux flirtation highlights the difference between the left and right when it comes to gay rights. Liberals back legislation that will move the whole community toward freedom from discrimination. That's what the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA) would accomplish. The right remains opposed to this bill—and as for the gay right, its attitude toward ENDA can be most charitably described as ambivalent. Though the Log Cabin Republicans claim to support this legislation, they're engaged in an ongoing campaign to convince us that it isn't really necessary. "I can tell you anecdotally that as I travel all over the country, I almost never hear from anyone who was fired because they were gay," notes Log Cabin chief Rich Tafel.

Of course discrimination isn't a burning issue in Tafel's prosperous circle! But queers who are poor, black, too butch, or too femme are discriminated against all the time—and these people are the silent majority of our community. The heart of Bush's domestic program will make life harder for many of them. His faith-based initiative would subsidize the sexual bigotry of religious institutions that offer social services. His school-voucher plan would funnel funds to churches that teach homophobia and refuse to hire gays. His pro-marriage welfare initiative would penalize gay parents, none of whom are considered married. These programs may not be explicitly anti-gay, but their effect shatters the contention that Bush is a friend to the friends of Dorothy.

Unlike HRC, fundamentalists know the difference between a Cracker Jack prize and the real thing. That's why they've held their heavy fire on the Judge Act. There's been just enough carping from mega-phobes like Lou Sheldon to create the illusion that Bush is standing up to his right flank on gay rights. But consider the deal he tried to make with the Salvation Army. It would have exempted faith-based charities from local gay rights laws. If The Washington Post hadn't blown the whistle, this arrangement probably would have stood. Yet we're urged to overlook such glaring evidence of Bush's real intention. He will do the right thing only when he risks the least capital to get the greatest return.

It's not hard to figure out why the Republicans are sending coy signals to the gay community. Homosexuals are one of those larger-than-life minorities: politically active, generous (giving some $18 million to the Democrats in the 2000 race), and located largely in key electoral states. Some 25 percent of gay voters went for Bush, a number far less significant than the Log Cabinites claim, since about 70 percent voted for Gore. But Republicans are convinced they can make inroads into this Democratic base by throwing a wishbone to the gay community while feeding an entire carcass to the right.

We live in a time when expectations are so low that it's possible to confuse the pretense of tolerance with the will to change. All John Ashcroft has to do is permit a gay-pride forum at the Justice Department and his slate is wiped clean. Never mind the beliefs he brings to making judicial recommendations or his longtime opposition to gay rights. Indeed, Ashcroft opposed the Judge Act, warning that it would have "unintended and unfortunate results." His unintended consequence is our equality.

Yet, to Chris Crane, who runs a syndicate of gay papers, Ashcroft "just isn't the nightmare we were warned about, at least so far." That's true if you judge a threat solely by the noise it makes. As for Bush, Crain writes in the Washington Blade, "his brand of 'compassionate conservatism' at least appears to be generally sunny and benign, looking at sexual orientation through something like the 'colorblind' perspective that Ronald Reagan viewed race." This is an all-too-apt comparison, since Reagan's "colorblind" policies had a devastating effect on the poor. Bush's benign neglect could have a similar impact on the least fortunate gay people, those who need civil rights protections most.

His program will pass, homophobia and all, if the Senate reverts to the Republicans next fall. On the other hand, if the Senate remains as it is and the House goes Democratic, ENDA will very likely appear on the president's desk. Then we'll see what substance there is to the sunshine.

The real question is why the gay community settles for so little when we can achieve so much—if only we keep our eyes on the difference between a wedding and a wink.

Richard Goldstein is the author of The Attack Queers: Liberal Society and the Gay Right (Verso).

Russia Blasts US, British Air Strikes on Iraq

Published by Reuters

MOSCOW—Russia has condemned British and US air strikes on Iraq, accusing them of complicating peace efforts in the Middle East and the Gulf, amid mounting speculation over US plans to oust Saddam Hussein.

The US armed forces bombed what they said were military targets in Iraq's southern "no-fly" zone on Saturday and Sunday, striking a mobile radar unit and air defense facilities.

Iraqi spokesmen said one person had been killed and six were wounded when allied planes struck civilian targets on Sunday. A further seven were hurt in strikes the previous day.

"Russia is convinced that such operations in illegitimate "no-fly" zones complicate the efforts of the international community to find a political and diplomatic solution to the Iraqi problem, and to ease tensions in the Middle East and the Gulf region," the Russian Foreign Ministry said in a statement late on Monday.

US and British jets patrol "no-fly" zones in northern and southern Iraq set up by Western powers after the 1991 Gulf War. The Iraqi government does not recognize the zones, ostensibly set up to protect minority populations from possible attacks by Baghdad.

Russia, which has close economic ties with Baghdad, has long spoken out against US plans for military action against Iraq, judged by Washington to be part of the "axis of evil" along with Iran and North Korea.

Washington, which accuses the "axis" of seeking to obtain weapons of mass destruction, says Iraq has been a threat since it invaded Kuwait in 1990, triggering the Gulf War.

'GODLESS AMERICANS' PLAN MARCH ON NATION'S CAPITAL

By Rick Docksai, CNSNews.com Correspondent

Washington—Atheists, secularists and humanists from across the United States are planning a "Godless Americans March on Washington" this fall to protest what they see as the growth of religion in US culture and government, especially since the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

"We are participating in this march to reclaim the American nation as a secular nation because we feel it's being moved more and more to a religious nation," said Katherine Bourdonnay, a spokesperson for the Council for Secular Humanism.

"While America has many religious roots, it was founded as a secular nation, with a distinct separation of church and state," she said.

The Council for Secular Humanism is one of 71 organizations planning to participate in the Nov. 2 march. Others are African Americans for Humanism, American Atheists, Mind Over Madness, and the Atheist Alliance International.

According to American Atheists, the march will be the first of its kind held in the nation's capital.

The group states that, "Just about every political and social 'cause' organization has done it—gays, blacks, women, even the Promise Keepers. Groups of every ideological coloration have spoken out and demanded a seat at the table by mobilizing their supporters for a march or demonstration in our nation's capital. Now, it's our turn."

The Promise Keepers is an evangelical men's movement whose members commit themselves to religious faith, family values, and personal morality. The group conducted its Washington, DC assembly this past weekend as part of a sixteen-stop tour.

The Godless Americans March will feature guest speakers, a rally, and various activities for children. "It will be a very kid-friendly event, said Joe Zamecki, office manager at the American Atheists Center, "and we're planning on keeping this very positive. [It's] not going to be a religion-bashing fest."

The march will provide atheists and agnostics the opportunity to talk about many of the social issues important to them, Zamecki said, "the civil rights of nonbelievers being the number one thing." Other issues will include "the Pledge of Allegiance, the [school] voucher situation, also ... what it's like personally to be in America as a nonbeliever."

Zamecki said the hostility toward Godless Americans has increased in the aftermath of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

"Now of course we mourn right along with religious people in America," said Zamecki, "but there [were] a lot of people in the media and in the government who took advantage of that to go ahead and promote religion ... A lot of them also felt that that was a reason to slander nonbelievers."

Zamecki said an example was Secretary of State Colin Powell's denunciation of the terrorist hijackers of Sept. 11 as "people who had no religion and no belief in a faith."

Organizers of the Godless Americans March claim they are working to restore the original secular nature of the United States government, which they say was displaced as organized religion began to play a larger and larger role in American society.

Conservative Christian opponents, however, counter that the opposite is true—that American society originally had a deeply entrenched religious devotion that became diluted over time.

"Government and religion [have] always been intertwined since the founding of this nation, especially when you look at the many, many quotes from our Founding Fathers in which they relied on God for the establishment of our nation," said Ray Sharp, director of special projects at the American Family Association.

Sharp quoted James Madison's statement: "Religion is the basis and foundation of government," and said numerous early state constitutions required those who assumed public office to make a profession of faith in God.

As for Bourdonnay's insistence that a religious revival is underway in America, Sharp said, "I think there's been a renewal of the recognition that Christianity is well entwined in our nation as a whole, and as well in our government. You cannot separate the two."

According to the most recent American Religious Identification Survey (ARIS), approximately 30 million people in the United States identify themselves as atheist, humanist, freethinker, or agnostic. That number amounts to about 13 percent of the US population.

POSTAL SERVICE WON'T JOIN TIPS PROGRAM

By Randolph E. Schmid
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Postal Service has decided not to take part in a government program touted as a tip service for authorities concerned with terrorism, but which is being assailed as a scheme to cast ordinary Americans as "peeping Toms."

"The Postal Service had been approached by homeland security regarding Operation TIPS; however, it was decided that the Postal Service and its letter carriers would not be participating in the program at this time," the agency said in a statement issued Wednesday.

The project is promoted by the Justice Department (news-websites) as a means for workers whose jobs bring them in contact with neighborhoods, highways and businesses to report suspicious activities.

But it has drawn the wrath of the American Civil Liberties Union (news - web sites), which charged it would result in Americans spying on one another.

Attorney General John Ashcroft (news-web-sites)'s spokeswoman said that the program, still in the development stage, would set up people to spy upon one another in their homes and communities.

Barbara Comstock said the agency had no intention for people—such as utility workers—to enter or have access to the homes of individuals. The idea is to organize information from people whose jobs take them through neighborhoods, along the coasts and highways and on public transit, she said.

Said Homeland Security chief Tom Ridge: "The last thing we want is Americans spying on Americans. That's just not what the president is all about, and not what the TIPS program is all about."

The ACLU said the concept was worrisome, nonetheless.

"The administration apparently wants to implement a program that will turn local cable or gas or electrical technicians into government-sanctioned Peeping Toms," said Rachel King, an ACLU legislative counsel.

The ACLU said it was concerned that these volunteers would, in effect, be searching people's homes without warrants, that resources would be wasted on a flood of useless tips and that the program would encourage vigilantism and racial profiling.

It would provide a central reporting point for reports of unusual but non-emergency situations. Among those involved in the voluntary program could be truckers, mail carriers, train conductors, ship captains, utility employees and others.

On Tuesday the Postal Service said it had held preliminary discussions with homeland security officials on the project but had not make a final decision.

That decision came Wednesday with the announcement the agency would opt out, at least for now. Officials did not elaborate on the decision.

"It is important to note, however, that the Postal Service has established processes for our postal employees nationwide to report suspicious activity to the Postal Inspection Service and to local authorities," the agency pointed out.

Ridge told radio reporters that people in certain occupations are ideal observers. "They might pick up a break in the certain rhythm or pattern of a community. They may pick up in the course of their daily business something that's very unusual."

He noted that the program is voluntary.

"There's a big difference being vigilant and being a vigilante. We just want people to use their common sense," Ridge said. "It is not a government intrusion. The president just wants people to be alert and aware. ... We're not asking for people to spy on people."

Operation TIPS is a part of the Citizen Corps, an initiative announced by President Bush (news-web sites) in his State of the Union address.

On the Net:
Operation TIPS:
http://www.citizencorps.gov/tips.html
American Civil Liberties Union:
http://www.aclu.org/

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WHOOPS, OUR BAD MARAUDING US MILITARY LEAVES MESSY TRAIL OF COVER-UPS AND CASUALTIES

War is hell. War is fog. The Pentagon seems committed to proving these axioms in Afghanistan. On July 1, the US military attacked a compound in the village of Kakrak, At least 54 people were killed and 120 wounded. They were civilians; many were women and children attending a wedding celebration. 25 members of the bridegroom's family were destroyed.

The event was horrible, the latest in a string of US military mishaps that have caused the deaths of Afghan civilians—the total estimate of those killed ranging from hundreds to several thousand. It is probably sadly true that major military action is not possible without what's euphemistically known as "collateral damage"—especially when that action consists of air attacks and bombing raids. But throughout the war in Afghanistan, the Pentagon has been loath to acknowledge errors and to deal with the supposedly unavoidable and supposedly unintentional consequences of its operations. The Defense Department refused to concede that in December it had wrongly hit a convoy of tribal elders on their way to the inauguration of interim president Hamid Karzai. In January, US Special Forces raided two compounds and killed over a dozen troops loyal to Karzai's government and captured and held almost two dozen more (some of whom claimed they were abused). Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld eventually conceded the US troops had killed and grabbed the wrong people, but he refused to characterize the US actions as a mistake. No one apparently was disciplined.

With the most recent event—the worst known case of civilian casualties of this war—the Pentagon, once again, tried at first to duck responsibility and to explain away the slaughter. But as more information became available about the attack in Kakrak, it became harder for the Defense Department to hold the line. A look back at its changing story is instructive.

On the day of the assault, US military officials told reporters that a 2,000-pound satellite-guided bomber dropped from a B-52 had strayed off course and slammed into the village. They noted that an Air Force AC-130 gunship operating in the area had returned fire after receiving sustained antiaircraft fire. One US military officer scoffed at the initial report that a wedding party had been hit, noting that the last time such a claim was made, "even the 'bride' had a beard and an AK-47." This unidentified officer further told Thomas Ricks of *The Washington Post,* "This group is masterful at disinformation." In other words, don't believe what the locals say about this incident.

The day after, the Pentagon rejiggered its story and said the 2,000-pound bomb had struck an uninhabited hillside. It refused to accept responsibility for the civilian deaths and injuries. Defense Department officials could not explain what happened, though they now focused on the AC-130 gunship, again saying it had attacked targets in this area after being shot at. As the Post reported, the US military officials "insisted that US forces ... were responding to a deliberate attack by antiaircraft guns or other weapons." At a Washington press conference, Marine Corps Lt. General Gregory Newbold, director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said, "This is an area of enormous sympathy for the Taliban and al-Qaeda." He and Victoria Clarke, the Pentagon's chief spokesperson, pointed out that it was a common tactic for the Taliban and al-Qaeda to place weapons and troops in civilian areas. Military officials also suggested that locals might have been harmed by falling antiaircraft fire. Rumsfeld said it would take up to two days to come up with "useful information."

The whiff of justification was in the air. But as reporters were able to speak with survivors of the attacks, an awful tale emerged. Villagers said that at about 2:00 am a warplane blasted them at the wedding party. Some saw family members cut in half. Body parts were flying. Survivors spoke of fleeing through rice and corn fields as the aircraft seemed to chase after them, firing away. Some said the attack went on for several hours and also targeted other villages. Some reported that American and Afghan troops arrived shortly after the assault ended and remained on the scene until about noon. (Presumably, these US troops were not in a position to send "useful information" to Rumsfeld.) And local villagers maintained they were supporters of Karzai and explained they were from his ethnic Pashtun tribe. As one said, would we be having a wedding celebration with music and dancing, if the Taliban were around?

Two days after the attack—and as it became more clear a massacre had occurred, intentional or not—the Pentagon began to acknowledge errors might have been committed during the raid, but it asserted the US forces had cause to attack the compound. Major Gary Tallman, a US spokesman in Afghanistan, said that US aircraft had flown over the area repeatedly the two days prior to the attack and each time had encountered antiaircraft fire, and, he added, the antiaircraft gun was firing when the AC-130 attacked on July 1. He acknowledged, though, that no trace of the gun had been found. Pentagon officials would not confirm that the airstrike had caused civilian casualties. But Tallman also said that US Special Forces had "reliable information" that senior Taliban officials were being sheltered in Kakrak. At the same time, US military investigators told reporters, off the record, that they had not found evidence that many people had been killed and injured. "There should be more blood," one said.

It looked as if the Pentagon was attempting to wiggle its way out of this mess—to dodge responsibility, as it had become accustomed to doing. One problem was, the Afghan government could not join its American allies in this mission. With the villagers protesting—and other Afghans outraged—Foreign Minister Abdullah decried the raid, noting, "This situation has to come to an end. Mistakes can take place ... but our people should be assured every measure has been taken to avoid such incidents." President Karzai blamed the US military for the deaths and declared, "People should not be hurt, and the campaign against the Taliban and terrorism must not become the cause of harassment of the people."

Though Karzai had raised questions about civilian Afghan casualties in the past, his government was more forceful this time. With a tenuous claim to power, his administration had to address the controversy and demonstrate to its constituents it can serve and protect them. (Who cares about helping the US war on terrorism if that means a gunship can blow away you and your family?) Karzai's comments were a gentle but clear warning to the United States: don't think you can get away with this.

President George W. Bush expressed his sympathies—without apologizing or assigning blame. And five days after the strike, Lt. General Dan McNeill, the US commander in Afghanistan, conceded that civilians were indeed killed in the airstrike. He announced that a "formal investigation" would be conducted to determine what transpired. "It is important that we keep this coalition together," he remarked. Yet he asserted there were "ample indications" the assault was mounted in response to antiaircraft fire. Maybe so, but there were "ample indications" by this point that the wrong target—and people—were struck.

Meanwhile, back in Kakrak, human flesh was still hanging on the trees. And local Afghan officials were telling journalists that American commanders had informed them that US forces had acted on faulty intelligence. Apparently, the Americans had received word that Mullah Omar, the number-one Taliban, was hiding in Kakrak. After Osama bin Laden, he's next on the get-him list. That might explain why the AC-130 attacked with such ferocity, why it may have strafed people running from the compound,

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and why it also attacked nearby villages (could every one of these villages have had an antiaircraft gun firing at the gunship?).

On July 8, as the Pentagon announced an investigative team was heading to Kakrak in a day or two (no rush there), Victoria Clarke was claiming the Defense Department had no solid information regarding what had happened: "The issue of the number of civilian casualties and civilians killed is much less clear. We know they occurred, and we regret every one of them, but we do not have hard and fast numbers from what we have seen thus far." And Lt. General Newbold was still claiming US forces were shot at first. But he produced no evidence of this. No communications tapes ("we're taking fire"), no reported on-the-ground sightings of antiaircraft weaponry in Kakrak.

Could the US military in an entire week not figure out what had happened in Kakrak? After all, US troops were present right after the raid. This seems a bad sign for the war on terrorism. If US forces cannot gather information on an attack they mounted in territory they control, how can they be expected to discover and effectively handle reliable information on the location of al-Qaeda and Taliban remnants?

The bloody assault upon Kakrak raises another matter: compensation for Afghan civilians. For months, I and a few others have been proposing that the United States ought to make payments to Afghans who have lost relatives, homes, businesses, and limbs because of US mis-attacks and errant bombs. The CIA did quickly dispense cash to the innocent victims of the January raid, but hundreds, if not thousands, of Afghans injured have received nothing. The latest blunder has prompted additional calls for compensation—and not only from Afghans. "If American forces prove to be responsible for the deaths of innocent people, compensation should be paid and US commanders should give a public accounting of how and why such a tragedy occurred," the *Post* editorialized. And *Post* columnist Jim Hoagland suggested the same.

Will the nightmare of Kakrak lead the Bush administration finally to agree to compensation, the lousy but only remedy available for redressing a lethal raid gone wrong? There's reason to be pessimistic. If the Bush administration paid to ease the suffering of the villagers of Kakrak, it would have a tough time arguing that all other Afghan civilian victims should be ignored. The money is not the issue. We're talking tens of millions of dollars—barely an asterisk in the budget for the war in Afghanistan. Rather, the Pentagon and the Bush administration do not want to enter the business of evaluating claims and determining guilt (their own). That can only distract from the mission at hand and create one helluva precedent for a war on terrorism that Bush and Rumsfeld say may last as long as the Cold War. Truth is the first casualty of war, goes another axiom. Accountability may be the second.

David Corn is the Washington editor of The Nation.

GENETICALLY ENGINEERED CROP GENE FOUND FOR FIRST TIME IN BACTERIA IN HUMAN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, July 17—New evidence from British scientists raises serious questions about the safety of genetically engineered foods. A study published by the British Food Safety Standards Agency (FAS) showed for the first time that a gene inserted in a genetically engineered crop has found its way into bacteria in the human gut. Many engineered crops have antibiotic resistance marker-genes inserted in them, and there are fears that if material from these marker genes passes into humans, people's ability to fight infections may be reduced.

Researchers fed a single meal of a hamburger and a milk shake that both contained genetically engineered soy to study participants. According to the FSA gene uptake study, entitled "Evaluating the Risks Associated with Using GMOs in Human Foods" (pp. 22-27, http://www.foodstandards.gov.uk/science/sciencetopics/gmfoods/gm_reports), an herbicide resistance gene from a Roundup Ready variety of engineered soy was found by researchers in bacteria from the small intestines of three out of seven study participants (pg. 24).

Adrian Bebb, GM food campaigner for Friends of the Earth UK said, "This research should set alarm bells ringing. Industry scientists and government advisors have always played down the risk of this ever happening, but the first time they looked for it they found it."

The biotech industry has long maintained that DNA is destroyed during digestion and that there are barriers to incorporation of genetically engineered crop genes by bacteria. According to a March 4, 2001 news release by the multi-million dollar biotech lobbying initiative called the Council for Biotechnology Information, "the DNA contained in food—including the antibiotic-resistance gene—is broken down in the human gut during the digestive process." (http://www.whybiotech.com/index.asp?trackid=7&id=1726#1726). However, these assertions crumbled under the FSA findings, which showed that engineered crop genes can survive digestion long enough to be incorporated by bacteria.

The new evidence raises safety concerns for people eating genetically engineered foods. In particular, if antibiotic resistance genes used in some varieties of engineered crops are being picked up by bacteria in the intestines of people eating engineered foods, this could increase bacterial resistance to life-saving antibiotics.

According to Michael Antoniou, a senior lecturer in molecular genetics at King' s College Medical School in London, the study "suggests that you can get antibiotic marker genes spreading amongst the bacterial population within the intestine which could compromise future antibiotic use. They have shown that this can happen even at very low levels after just one meal."

Given the research results, Friends of the Earth is calling for the immediate withdrawal of genetically engineered crops containing antibiotic resistance markers from the market. The organization also calls for further research into the effects of gene transfer to bacteria.

In May 1999, the British Medical Association also called for a ban of crops with antibiotic resistance marker genes stating, "There should be a ban on the use of antibiotic resistance marker genes in GM food, as the risk to human health from antibiotic resistance developing in micro-organisms is one of the major public health threats that will be faced in the 21st Century."

FORCE ABOVE LAW: THE NEW INTERNATIONAL DISORDER?

by Carah Lynn Ong
Published by CommonDreams.org

The US has historically been one of the most resolute advocates of the Rule of Law. However, current trends indicate that it is moving dangerously towards completely shunning this approach, resulting in US reliance on Rule of Force as the principal means for solving global conflicts. While on the one hand the US disavows current obligations under international law and refuses to participate in new international legal mechanisms, it expects other countries to adhere to such laws and to US directives. Continued US attempts to increase its military domination combined with its withdrawal from international legal processes are eroding national and international security in an already unstable and unbalanced international environment.

Security in the Post-September 11 World

President Bush has used September 11 to define a new dichotomy dividing states-the states with the US and the states for terror—an overly simplistic dichotomy that had been missing since the dissolution of the USSR and the end of the Cold War. In the aftermath of September 11, the US made an appeal to the international community to join in the fight against terrorism. On the surface, the anti-terrorism campaign initially offered a chance for many countries, including countries subsequently labeled by the Bush administration as part of an "axis of evil," to realign themselves to be on more friendly terms with the US.

As a result, many countries have changed their political priorities, diverting large amounts of resources and attention to the US-led war on terrorism. Furthermore, many countries in critical regions such as the Middle East, South Asia and North East Asia are following the US example, countering domestic and regional disputes with force and rejecting multilateral diplomacy and arms control. In fact, the war on terrorism has only added fuel to fire in escalating regional crises.

September 11 also reinvigorated concerns about the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction and their means of delivery. There are legitimate fears regarding terrorists acquiring or making nuclear, chemical, biological or radiological weapons. However, the US-led response to these fears has been to offer solutions that would counter rather than prevent proliferation.

New Nuclear Policy: First Strike

Serious concerns about US plans were raised this year when portions of the classified US Nuclear Posture Review (NPR) that was released to Congress in January 2002 leaked to the media in March. Despite treaty commitments to reduce its reliance on nuclear weapons, the NPR reaffirms the role of nuclear weapons in US national security policy. In the past, nuclear weapons have been viewed as a deterrent against the use of nuclear weapons. However, the NPR reveals that the US intends to integrate nuclear weapons into a full spectrum of war-fighting capabilities, including missile defenses. The NPR unveils that nuclear weapons are no longer weapons of last resort, but instruments that could be used in fighting wars. The NPR also raises the possible resumption by the US of full-scale nuclear testing and plans to develop and deploy new "earth-penetrating" nuclear weapons.

Furthermore, the NPR calls for the development of contingency plans to use nuclear weapons against seven states-Iran, Iraq, Libya, Syria, North Korea, Russia and China-constituting a disturbing threat in particular to the named states and in general to international peace and security. Contrary to long-standing US assurances not to use nuclear weapons against non-nuclear States, five of these named states are non-nuclear states.

The Bush administration announced in June that it will release a document outlining a strategy of striking first. The doctrine will be incorporated into the National Security Strategy that will be released in Fall 2002. President George W. Bush argues that the US needs such a strategy in order to counter "terrorists and tyrants," a phrase that encompasses both states and non-state actors, because Cold War policies of deterrence and containment do not fit the post-September 11 world. The argument also extends a justification for developing new low-yield, earth-penetrating nuclear weapons that could be used preemptively to destroy deeply buried targets and bunkers. While there remains an opportunity to address the prospect of terrorism from weapons of mass destruction (WMD) and legitimate concerns about WMD and missile proliferation, this opportunity is being rapidly squandered. When the US reserves to itself the right to strike first with nuclear weapons, it relinquishes the moral high ground and the right to tell other nations to give up their weapons of mass destruction.

Arms Control: Significant Nuclear Reductions or Maximum Nuclear Flexibility?

Presidents George W. Bush and Vladimir Putin signed the Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty between the US and the Russia during a summit in Moscow on 23 May. The treaty calls for the reduction of strategic forces of each country's arsenal to 1,700 to 2,200 by 2012, the year in which the treaty expires. It also does not require the destruction of a single missile launcher or warhead and each side can carry out the reductions at its own pace and even reverse them to temporarily build up its forces. In other words, the treaty allows either side to worry more about protecting their own nuclear options than constraining the options of the other country. A senior US administration official stated, "What we have now agreed to do under the treaty is what we wanted to do anyway. That's our kind of treaty."

Under the terms of the treaty, either side can temporarily suspend reductions or even build up forces without violating the treaty. This will allow maximum flexibility to the US, which insists on continuing to rely on nuclear weapons in its national security policy. The US Nuclear Posture Review, released in January 2002, stated, "In the event that US relations with Russia significantly worsen in the future, the US may need to revise its nuclear force level and posture." The new treaty will allow the US to do so. Rather than completely destroying the strategic weapons, the US has repeatedly stated that it will shelve or stockpile the warheads.

Abdicating Law

The alternative to a rule-by-force policy is the Rule of Law. Since its founding, the US has historically sought to create a legal framework to foster national and international security. Under Article VI of the US constitution, "all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land." A treaty becomes US law when two-thirds of the US Senate give "advice and consent" to its ratification. Although treaties may not be perfect, they are critical to articulating and codifying global norms and standards. Among other things, treaties contribute to national and international security by establishing mechanisms to enforce articulated norms, measure progress, and promote accountability, transparency, and confidence building measures between countries.

Although US support for international law and institutions slowly began to decline as the 20th century progressed, since the Clinton administration, the US has been more hostile toward international law and international legal mechanisms. And the trend has only accelerated during the Bush administration. Under the Clinton administration, the US refused to sign the Treaty Banning Anti-Personnel Mines (Landmines Treaty); the Senate failed to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT); and the US attempted to obstruct completion of the Rome Statute to create an International Criminal Court (ICC), although Clinton did sign this Treaty at the final moment. Since President Bush took office, among other actions demonstrating its disdain for international law, the US has:

- withdrawn from the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) treaty;
- resisted the idea of a standardized procedure for reporting on nuclear disarmament obligations under the Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) and, in fact, increased the role of nuclear weapons in US national security policy;
- sought to terminate the process to promote compliance with the Biological Weapons Convention (BWC);
- spurned proposals from Russia and China to ban weapons in Outer Space and Space-based weapons;
- withdrawn its signature from the International Criminal Court Treaty;
- withdrawn its support for the Kyoto Protocol on global warming, even though it played a key role in its creation.

Conclusions

The shift in US policy to rely on force first and consider itself above law is detrimental to its own security as well as to international insecurity. Unless this process is reversed and unless the US begins to cooperate with other countries to ensure a global Rule of Law above the Rule of Force, international disorder will gain ground

Carah Lynn Ong (research@napf.org)is the Director of Research and Publications for the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation

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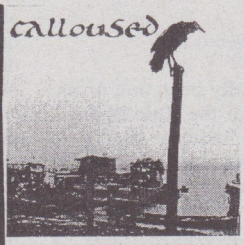

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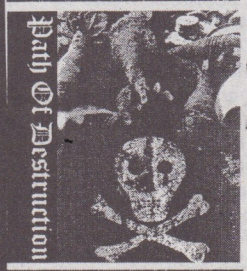

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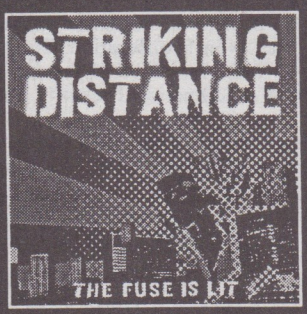

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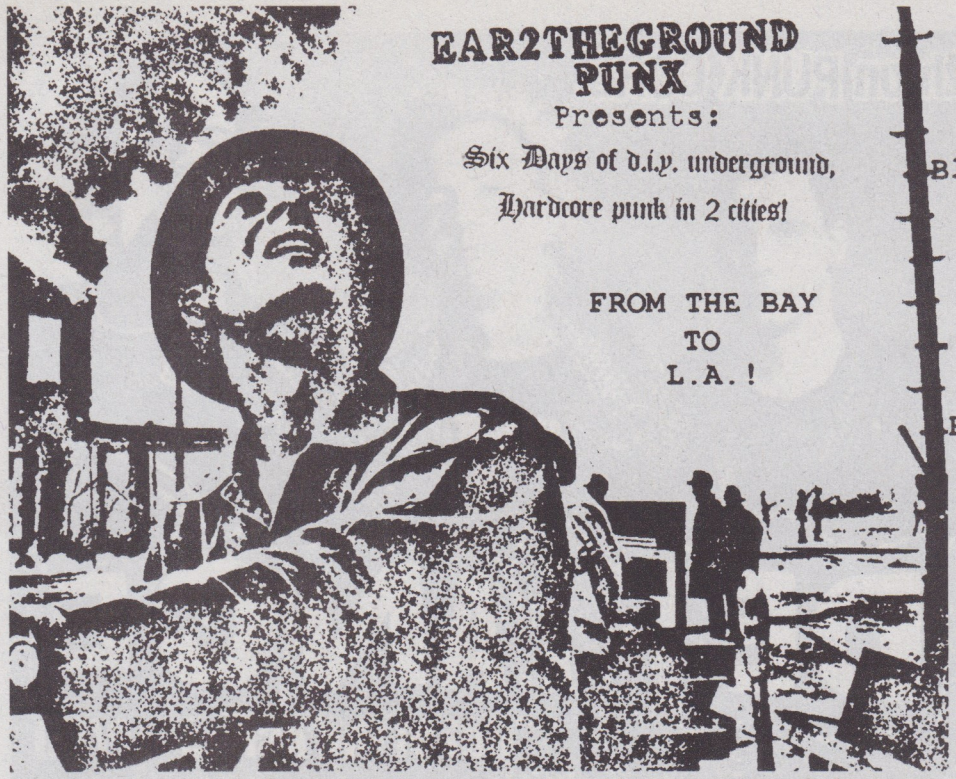

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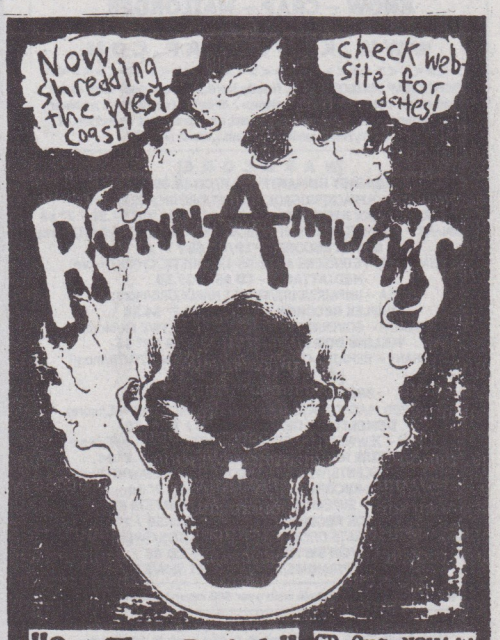

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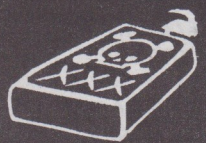

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America Targets Sustainable Development

by Sam Tracy

It takes a special kind of concentration to ignore the growing chasm of America's new isolation.

Like a drunken hunter loose in the zoo, the young Bush administration habitually busts off shots at anything resembling a viable international agreement. The ballistic missile treaty, the Kyoto climate protocol, the biological weapons convention, and the International Criminal Court have been among targets. George Bush II has only just begun travelling abroad, but he's already virtually alone among world leaders in suddenly understanding why decades-old multilateral treaties should suddenly go to the shredder. The dares he makes range beyond any scope or dimension. We are really out there. Not in a fashionable, daring sense; more in a paranoid, crystal meth kind of way. Brand new tariffs on steel imports even contradict the very trade agreements the corporations fought so hard for. Yet President Bush's greatest gift to any future generations might still be seen: things will come to a head at the World Summit on Sustainable Development in Johannesburg, South Africa in August. The meeting is important to many, for vastly different reasons. The United States will muster what allies it can to suggest 'free' trade is more important than environmental agreements. A vast coalition within the developing world will instead call upon the rich nations to begin financing a global turn towards more sustainable patterns.

The World Summit on Sustainable Development (WSSD), also known as Rio + 10, was originally conceived to provide for an update on the Earth Summit held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil in 1992. The Rio Declaration, the culmination of that meeting, made a series of hopeful new promises to the natural environment. It became the world's first truly international environmental treaty, seeking nothing less than "agreements which respect the interests of all and protect the integrity of the global environmental and developmental system." The document came together under the watch of George Bush the first; it provides a useful measure on just how far to the right American leadership has drifted.

The Rio Declaration broke things down to 25 Principles, most all of which would be troublesome for the current Bush administration. The very first Principle, oddly enough, resolutely confirmed (an obvious) anthropocentrism—the authors were probably more concerned with establishing a broad, moderate appeal for the Declaration than with the possibilities of space aliens—as progressive as it was, the document represented only a lowest common denominator among world nations. It remains a fine translation of all the basic, no-brainer environmental common sense anyone might reasonably come up with, outlining in detail just how we might go about saving the world. Unsustainable technologies should get shitcanned; more appropriate ones should be passed around more freely. Popular participation in environmental issues was explicitly encouraged, as was the pursuit of "international consensus." Women were recognized to "have a vital role in environmental management and development," and warfare was considered "inherently destructive of sustainable development." The precautionary principle—the precious idea we shouldn't fuck with things we don't even understand—was explicitly emphasized. Says Principle 15, "where there are threats of serious or irreversible damage, lack of full scientific certainty shall not be used as a reason for postponing cost-effective measures to prevent environmental degradation." Poverty is also identified as a primary obstacle to sustainable development; it factors in to "the special situations and needs of developing countries." Only the rich countries have the means to start the ball rolling; those of us here are also the ones impacting the environment beyond any proportion. As the Declaration tactfully puts it, "States have common but differentiated responsibilities."

The Rio summit's work was codified at the United Nations level as Agenda 21, which the UN describes as "an unprecedented global plan of action for sustainable development." It would be fair to guess the first Bush administration signed on in Rio for reasons of political utility. The coming storm in Johannesburg will determine if the signature means anything.

The US has since led the forceful charge to replace the internationalism Rio represented with neoliberal economic imperatives, but others kept the ball rolling. The Rio event gave birth over the next few years to a series of meetings on similar subjects, from population to biodiversity, known as the Rio Cluster. Popular understandings of what is needed for ecology became more developed and practical.

Unfortunately, further progress on this track has been blocked by the emergence of the recent neoliberal 'free' trade agreements, which subject environmental programs—like anything else—to the whims of transnational capital.

Neither the World Trade Organization nor its surrounding controversies featured as prominently in 1992. The stage has been set for a basic and inevitable showdown. Among the US and its allies, specialists and professionals have been drafted to produce the legalistic cloud-cover required to mire international environmentalism within endless negotiations. It's more than unusual that questions ultimately so simple could somehow become so complicated: the waves of bureaucratic mystification have substantially slowed progress on Multilateral Environmental Agreements (MEAs) of any kind. Balancing such diplomatic efforts, of course, is the United States' propensity for firing on anybody important who sticks their head up too far. The young Bush administration effected the removal of Dr. Robert Watson, the popular chairman of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), in March of this year; Brazil's Jose Bustani was forced out as head of the 145-nation Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons in April. (Watson was critical of the United States on soaring emissions levels. Bustani had solicited Iraq's involvement in the OPCW, which would have undermined Washington's forthcoming war plans. Dr. Watson is a highly respected atmospheric scientist; Bustani had been reëlected to his post unanimously the previous year.)

A series of four Preparatory Committee meetings, arranged to hammer things out before the actual Johannesburg Summit, began in New York in April, 2001. Not much at all was resolved over the course of the first three. The fourth and final meeting in Bali, Indonesia became especially important. But cynicism was common among non-governmental organization (NGO) workers going in: many considered the deck already stacked by an 'environmental axis of evil' consisting of the United States, Canada, and Australia. As things unfolded, pressing and immediate concerns were indeed bottled up for later explosion. The bulk of the developing world, once again, was reduced to trying to bend and cajole for hopeful signals from their former colonial masters. The Group of 77—which now represents 130 nations in the developing world—put real concessions on offer towards reaching a useful agreement. The gesture was not reciprocated: sailing right through the gathering went the large, unresolved and centrally important issue of corporate accountability. Ongoing proceedings from the Convention on Biological Diversity, as well as the parallel climate change process, also whistled through unanswered.

While the UN and developing nations were both reluctant to see the Bali talks as failure, NGOs enjoyed the freedom to evaluate things more critically. Writing to WSSD Chairman Emil Salim, environmental group Friends of the Earth welcomed the failure to compromise "on an insufficient and weak action programme." Bali is an upscale resort island; the conference transpired under heavy guard. "The blame for the collapse of the talks was put on rich countries, led by the US, who refused to compromise in several key areas including trade and finance," the *London Guardian* wrote. As described by Oxfam International, "the US came with more than 200 delegates and tried to water down or rewrite agreements already made and to avoid all binding commitments." The bewildered creature emerging from the Preparatory process, euphemistically termed the Johannesburg Plan of Action, lacked any sense of direction. Greenpeace International termed the Bali meetings "a disaster for the poor and the environment."

Its ultimate results aside, the Bali meetings did become the occasion for at least one important gesture: Japan and the European Union nations ratified the Kyoto climate protocol, all at once. The commitment's timing is unmistakable. Concerns over climate change, as they relate to the world's energy future, represent one of the Johannesburg Summit's key challenges. The Europeans will cut their pollution to 8% below 1990 emissions levels, as per the climate treaty; Japan will cut 6%. The 1997 climate agreement had, on earlier occasions, already been chopped down to a fraction of its originally miniature scale—mainstream climate science says we need to reduce emissions ten times as much to counter global warming—such is the steep price of attempting to include the United States. It is broadly understood that greenhouse gas emissions need to be drastically reduced to counter the effects of a corresponding warming in the atmosphere. For many throughout the world, America's failure to act on the issue has been absolutely breathtaking.

The Bush administration responded to Japan and the EU's ratification of Kyoto with something called the US Climate Action Report. It managed the unique trick of endorsing current policy by saying precisely the opposite things. Washington, which at most had lent flaccid lip-service to the climate issue since the IPCC began releasing reports 15 years ago, suddenly realized global warming really is happening: unfortunately, it just as suddenly considers the problem too big to do anything about. The Report, which recommends no cuts in emissions, considers potential climate-related problems in the United States in some detail. It resigns itself to predicting the construction of improved sea walls. As the authors carefully put it, "some of the goods and services lost through the fragmentation or disappearance of natural ecosystems are likely to be costly or impossible to replace."

The Bush administration... suddenly realized global warming really is happening: unfortunately, it just as suddenly considers the problem too big to do anything about.

That Bush would try a bait-and-switch on something of this scale says something unfortunate about his estimation the public. (He nearly got away with it domestically; the world press roasted him.) Yet the new position is, arguably, a step forward. As author Bill McKibben put it for *Newsday*, "since virtually every scientist now accepts the reality of climate change, his denials were starting to make him sound like someone communicating with aliens through his braces." (We can discover which industrial concerns own the few who don't at The Center for Science in the Public Interest's useful new website, www.integrityinscience.org.)

It's clear enough how climate change could impact hopes for sustainable development. Reinsurance giant Munich Re reports the economic losses associated with climate-related floods and disasters increased eight-fold from the 1960s to the 1990s; extrapolation from the present forward would, by 2065, see global warming's costs overtake the value of the gross world product. The United States produces

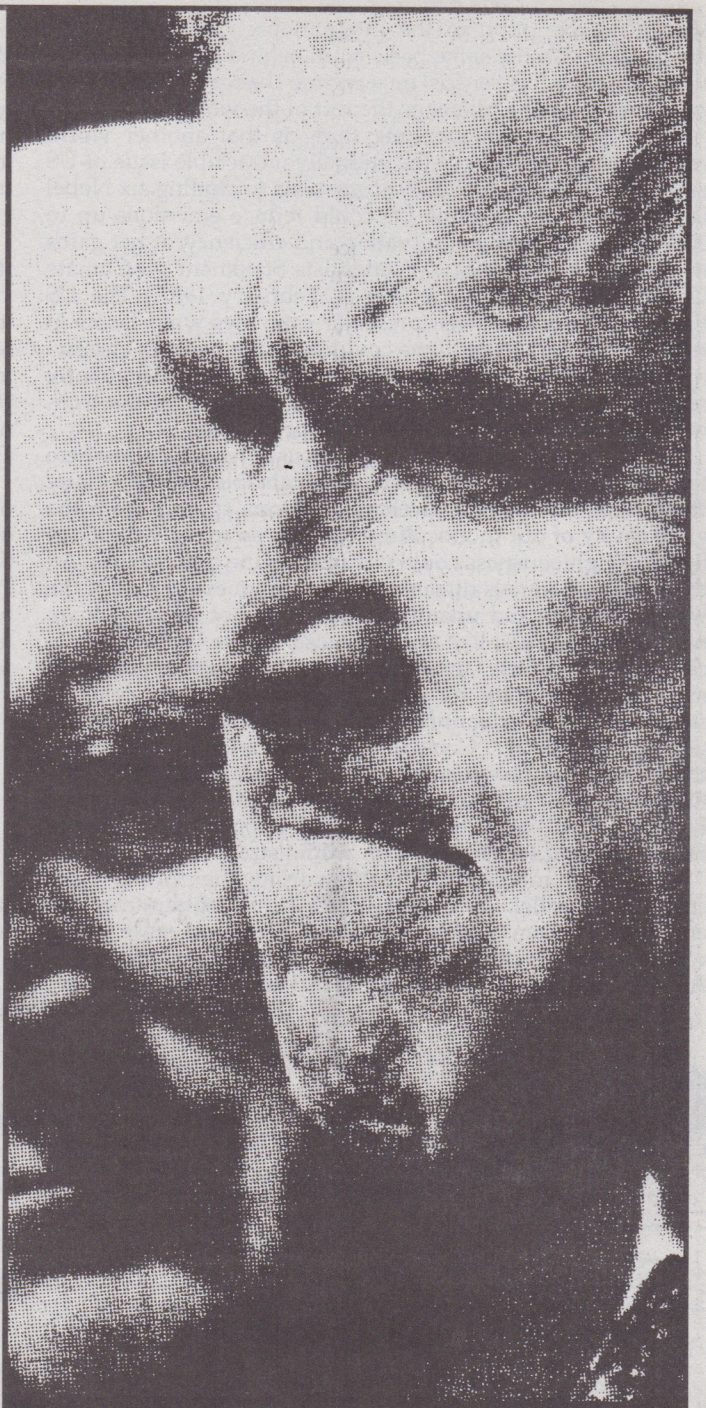
more than 36% of the world's greenhouse gas emissions; Washington predicts our emissions will increase 43% by 2020. (Americans comprise 4% of world population. The developing world, lacking the enhanced infrastructure enjoyed in richer nations, already bears 96% of all natural disaster fatalities.) Signing on to the Kyoto Protocol might have cost fossil fuels interests $45 billion annually, largely by reducing our oil dependence 25% by 2020. The UN's Environment Program figures the disappearing coastlands, storm damage and habitat destruction filling out the "worldwide cost of inaction" on climate change at $300 billion annually.

For those attending the WSSD, the ongoing stresses on the climate system are only one thing people might talk about. Jo'burg could play host to discussions on a wide series of concerns. Locally, the Land Access Movement of South Africa (Lamosa) identifies chronic landlessness throughout the developing world as a root cause of poverty. (The Johannesburg Summit would be an ideal place to raise the issue—South Africa's new democracy has been curiously slow to redistribute white-owned land—yet the issue of landlessness is absent from the WSSD agenda. Warns Lamosa, "the outcome of the WSSD will tell us whether or not we need to follow the Mugabe option here.") More, access to fresh drinking water will most likely continue to become more contentious: the dynamic already fuels the construction of controversial dam projects. Notes the *Independent*, "the [Johannesburg] Summit will inevitably have to confront the need to control even more rivers, using dams." 800 million people presently do not see enough to eat; 1.1 billion have no clean water; 2.4 billion lack basic sanitation and electricity. The commonality such problems often share is, in fact, the way they relate to wealth and power. They don't. The dispossessed of the South suffer the most. Where compassion fails to motivate, perhaps self-interest will: the less desperate people out there, the more likely any of us will see stability.

The US still presumes to make its entirely meager aid conditional on 'good governance,' as defined by very rich people. Says the International Institute for Environment and Development, a non-profit research center in London, "third world debt pales into insignificance in the face of the ecological debts of industrialized countries... A new mood of humility on the part of rich countries needs to characterize their negotiations with less developed countries." Much like the question of reparations in America, the ecological debt is an intriguing idea that will, for less than noble reasons, be given little consideration. On questions like these, the vaunted conception of 'realpolitik' is exposed as less of a sophisticated academic understanding than the name of a basic sickness.

The Johannesburg Summit will draw tens of thousands of people, governors and activists alike. The Guardian predicts "the world's largest-ever meeting on poverty and the environment." (Reminds *Grist* magazine, "in the spirit of post-Seattle summit meetings, access to the main meeting will be tightly controlled.") Everyone involved knows where the battle lines will be—the financing of sustainability; the world's energy future; the relationship between trade and ecology—most will have an understanding of what is at stake. The essential conflict comes through in the United Nations' hopeful 'Proposed Elements for the Political Statement of WSSD.' While the UN finds in globalization "the continuing relevance of the principle of common but differentiated responsibilities," it also looks to "ensure that further trade liberalization should contribute to sustainable development." The UN must say everything at once, to everyone; their position certainly commands sympathy.

Those wishing to stay current on greenwashing opportunities in Johannesburg will want to invest in what are being called 'type 2 outcomes.' The Preparatory meetings invented these as a means to compensate for globalization's emergence since 1992. To put it bluntly, those few nations



profiting supremely from neoliberalism are no longer interested in meeting everyone else at the same old base line. The 'type 2' option was never officially intended to replace real multilateral deals, but realistically the community of nations can expect their rendering to be bent in support of cruel and cynical projects. Where type 1 would represent the original idea of MEAs, type 2 'partnership agreements' can mean right about anything: their lack of specific criteria thus far means nuclear power itself could be considered ecologically 'useful.' (We might also look forward to broad, parallel assurances that all is well in the world.) Some 'type 2' agreements may still represent small progressive achievements—their diminutive, individual scale could escape the attention of globalization's champions—but to celebrate the arrival of such table-scraps would be to lose grasp on the situation entirely. Type 1 MEAs will represent the only real, substantial progress. Don't hold your breath. The United States fears binding international commitments for the same reason it

sought an exception to the International Criminal Court's jurisdiction. It's the same basic truth behind Bush II's failure to arrange any 'consensus' on a regime change in Iraq: we are barely on the same planet as the rest of the world.

The truly maddening thing is that another world really is possible. To take the eternally intractable issue of US emissions, for example, 2500 economists (including six Nobel laureates) have found the US could reduce emissions up to 30% through simple conservation and efficiency, at net gains in jobs and productivity. (Economists Statement on Climate Change, IPCC working group II, February 1997.) The US Energy Department itself presently estimates wind farms in the Dakotas and Texas alone could meet the nation's electricity needs. As UN Deputy Secretary Freshette had patiently reminded in Bali, "progress is possible now, with the technologies and knowledge already at our disposal."

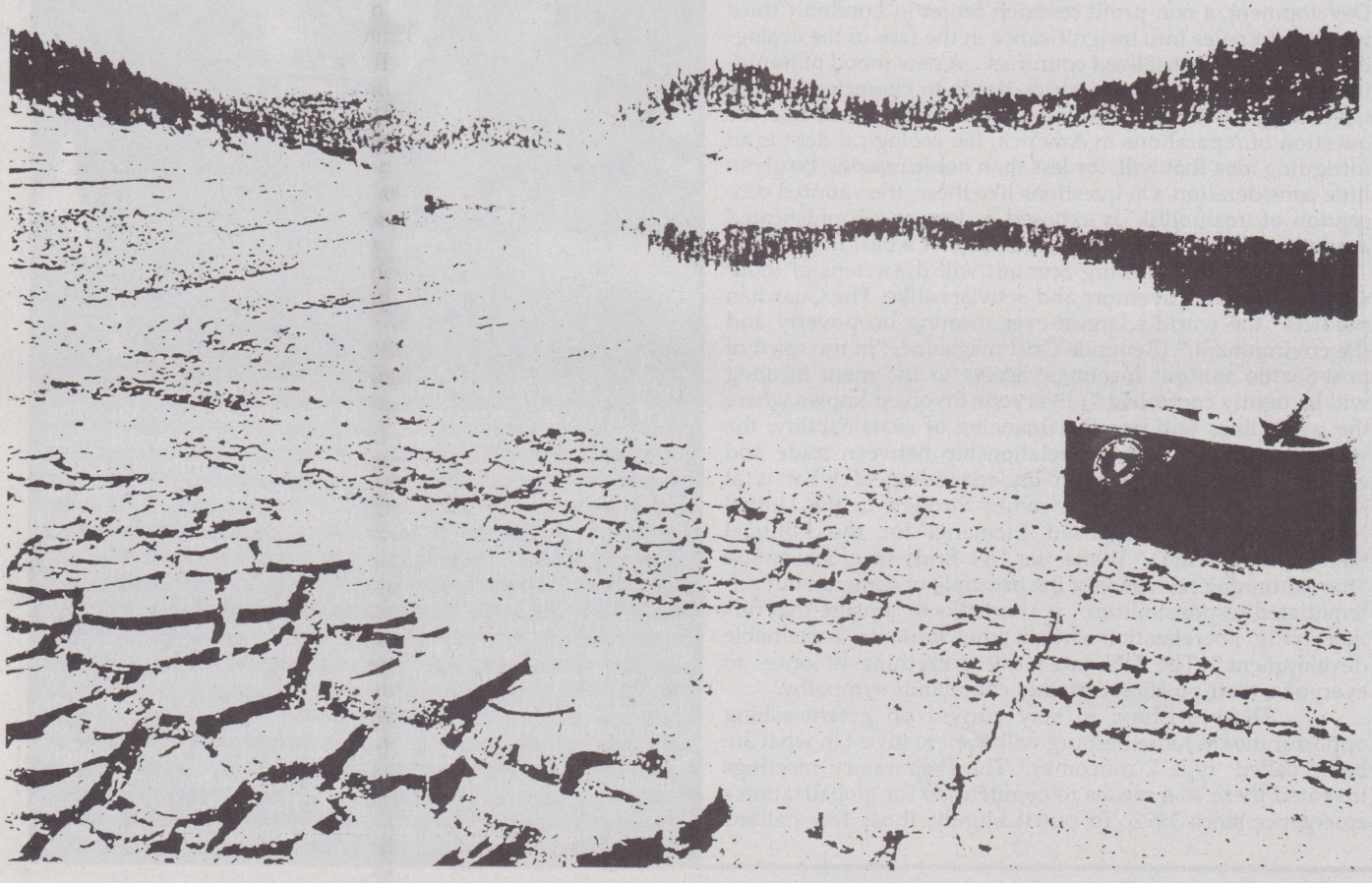
That the American press focuses its gaze elsewhere than Jo'burg is no grand mystery. Sustainable anything flatly contradicts the rows of saccharine charms spilling from the giant cavity of our monoculture itself. In so many words, the lights of righteousness could only scatter the cockroaches. All the same, the signals directed our way from every part of the world are clear and unambiguous: we're not so special; we need to pitch in just like everyone else. As the WSSD website cheerfully explains, "the Johannesburg Summit presents an exciting opportunity for today's leaders to adapt concrete steps and identify quantifiable targets for better implementation of Agenda 21." Considering their various positions on trade and environmental agreements, Japan and the Europeans will have some particularly tough choices to make. For some, the WSSD could provide an opportune occasion to finally respond to the new Bush administration.

Our media's distraction from the WSSD runs smoothly parallel with the nation's actual commitment to environmentalism. Carbon emissions, known to cause global warming, have become the new religion and politics in America: polite society knows better than to talk about them. But in a sense perfectly opposite to its expression at the WSSD, we can secretly imagine just what the stakes are—everything would have to change—we'd suddenly remember how to measure energy and distance. Economies would reflexively localize; our understandings of 'work' and 'machines' would flip back around. Most trips by car and truck could not realistically happen. It would be trading forever for permanence.

The past might be a guide to what is possible. Given the political will to move, the Second World War could provide some especially useful models to consider. Motor vehicle use in WWII Britain declined 95% from 1938 to 1944; coal use fell 25%. In the United States, unions and managers came together in ambitious industrial-conversion programs to provide for the fight against fascism. Unfortunately, the fate of nature has yet to achieve the kind of jet-setting currency once afforded the fight against the (original) Axis.

American Death Culture has no future in mind. As our process spirals towards the horizon line, the real question might just come down to how things happen. Solutions will be coming; the question is whether they're forced upon us. People can be resilient, if nothing else—knowing all we do, it becomes incredibly pretentious to somehow presume our livelihoods must by nature pillage the planet—everything we need could run on clean energy. Does our leadership really value hegemony more than survival?

Sam Tracy is author of *How to Rock and Roll, A City Rider's Repair Manual.* Available through stores or online at www.howtorockandroll.net/.



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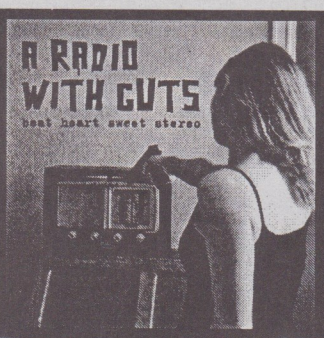

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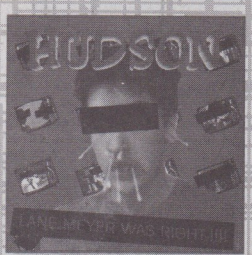

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LOST

This interview was prepared by one our friends from Lodz Wiktor, who is a member of one of the most known industrial punk bands in Poland, "Jude," and the editor of an independent underground zine called Plus Ultra. Interview with Agnes.

MRR: What is the story of Lost—why does it exist and who are the people that create this band?
Agnes: Lost is a relatively new band created in September 2001. I guess this was my response for lack of activity in last years of Homomilitia. It seemed burned out and I did not see enthusiasm in other members of the band for further playing. I decided to influence other people who were also open for something new. With new people we started something fresh and honest, aggressive and true, which I was missing in last few years of Homomilitia activity. We have already played several gigs in Poland and abroad and people have started appreciating the new form of our activity. We are all punks from Lodz, a city in the middle of Poland which is currently going through significant crisis, in the punk scene as well as in other areas, like economy, politics, and so on. We all see a lot of wrong things around us and we all want to make new music.

MRR: What are the Lost songs about?
Agnes: The lyrics are partly about well known problems (such as system fear, sexism, racism, ecology awareness, etc.), which I did not want to abandon, and partly about very personal matters like feelings and other relations between people which I missed a lot in punk bands in Poland and abroad.

MRR: "Lost" is the only song in English on your 7", *Thoughtless*. It sounds very personal—who you are directing this song to?
Agnes: This song was kind of a protest against what I faced in my life in last few years, but it is also retrospection for the situation of many women. It talks about how the relationship between people changes with time; when a man tries to attract a woman he respects her and treats as an independent, loved person, but it often happens that after the first charm disappears, that respect for another person goes away and the weaker becomes victim of the stronger. It also happens that friendship between guys does not allow for girls to enter their space, and in many situations I faced the problem that I was ignored because I was a girl, and I hate this. Maybe these words exaggerate the problem, but that's what I noticed in confrontation with some of my friends, and I can see every day around me looking at my girlfriends and unknown women who feel lost under the pressure of stronger and often brutal husbands. It's strangely coincidental, because after I wrote this song I met one of my best friends who told me a story which would have been hard to believe if I didn't see the fear and sadness in her eyes. This made me even more conscious and angry about the problem, because she had no courage to call and talk about this problem because the pressure she was under was too strong and I did not suspect something wrong was going on there. I understand that this problem goes also the other way round and causes quite similar situations when women try to dominate men, but I guess it's less often.

MRR: "Different We," from what I understood, is a song describing the paradox of punk scene becoming opposite of what it should be (pure and honest). Please explain your idea.
Agnes: To help you understand it well, I will describe a situation which occurred in our hometown, Lodz. In the 80s it used to be the most progressive and growing punk scene, raising great bands and became very well known place for bands coming to play in Poland. Later, in the early 90s, it gave birth to bands such as Homomilitia, Mortal Tassak, Jude, Disable, Toxic Bonkers, Disgusting Lies, 19 Wiosen, Lord, Hard Life, Selfhate, and many others. We all got used to concerts in squats and other great places—we were one organism which functioned very well and suddenly with new era of year 2000 we screwed up and the scene became selfish, closed to newcomers, and more and more divided. It is in very bad state right now and people seem not to care much about that. I care a lot about this place and would like to rebuild whatever can be rebuilt, but doing it alone is hard and often makes me feel weak. That's why I wrote the song which I hope open eyes to those who just shut them.

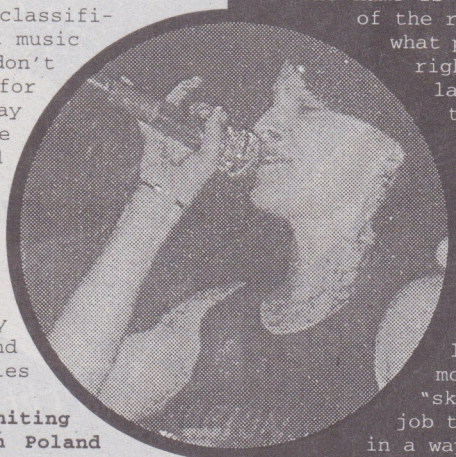
MRR: On the 7" we can hear both fast and slow songs. Are you going to amend your music into one of these types or you are planning to keep mixing tempo of

your songs? Are you influenced by any specific bands in making Lost's music?

Agnes: Starting from the beginning of the question, yes—I agree that the 7" is a mix of two styles of punk, but both suit us very well. We all like fast punk, crust, and are for sure influenced by the bands we were playing before starting Lost. On the other hand there is this slow and heavy style, which I am totally overwhelmed and fascinated with. And I guess it was my huge enthusiasm for this type of music to start playing different way then we all used to do before. My most favourite bands from this side are: 13, Corrupted, Grief, Eyehategod, Noothgrush, and Scaven, but other great influences, especially on my lyrics, are bands such as Tragedy, Dystopia, Initial State and many others. As far as our future goes, I think it's going to come out while playing. I rather look into further experimenting with heavy sound but I love jumping and dancing with fast punk so I don't think we are going to get rid of it.

MRR: What is your usual response when people argue that your type of music is not punk anymore? Has your music ever classified by anyone as metal, and what is your point of view about that?

Agnes: Well I usually laugh at any classification and at anyone telling me what music I am playing. It's funny and I don't really care what they will call Lost—for me the most important thing that I play music and sing songs which are true and go from my heart and soul and that I can look into eyes of people watching me and tell them what I think at the moment. Many of my friends were telling me this is not punk, but they are wrong and most probably are not too close with any of our band because otherwise they would know who they are talking to and would know we are not fucking hippies and metalheads, but punks.



MRR: What is your point of view on uniting Europe? Do you think that punks in Poland should protest against Poland joining EU?

Agnes: Another topic which gives rise to arguments among punks and splits the scene. Well maybe I will be unpopular, but I hope we will joint the EU. Why is that so? I think our country is in the worst possible situation since martial law—people are hungry, and this is not just a slogan, this is true and terrifies all of the society. Politicians are so stupid and busy with fraud that they don't have time and skills to help unemployed families who starve, and it seems nothing is going to change. The Polish government is afraid of looking deeply into what is going on here. I am aware of the results which are both bad and good, and I know that many foreigners would say, "you don't know what capitalism is yet," but believe me, Poland is now on the edge after welcoming the strongest form of free market and a capitalist regime. And we just need help from others to cure people's mentalities and to get them jobs so they can afford to buy bread and vegetables, not only bread. I am afraid that joining the EU will bring a lot of shit such as the Euro and bullshit about unity and so on. I know most of these countries would like to close the country of Poland and have access to Russia or wherever, and I know politicians are the same assholes everywhere, but if nothing changes here, we are going to be like a dead body—this will not make people active and aware.

MRR: What is your opinion of the current political situation around the world after the September attack on the USA? Do you think war with terrorism is what the American president is really wishing to fight against?

Agnes: I am sorry to say this, but I think the American style is a fucked one. Bush made the best he could to gain the good image of a holy father, but it is obvious that his hands are as covered with blood as those idiots killing each other in Palestine and Israel. I hate this world for its inhumanity and artificial order, which in fact hides crimes we cannot imagine that bring death and suffering to people around the world.

MRR: Please tell us something about the job you are involved in? How do you interpret the problem of activists working "normal" jobs on daily basis?

Agnes: Yes, I guess this topic can shock many people, so I'll try to say what I think about job and living among "normal" society. For some four years I have been working as a financial specialist in one of the biggest corporations in the world in this discipline. The name is not important here but I guess many of the readers would say. "what? this is not what punks should do," etc. I guess that's right, but what I found out during the last four years is that I had no better choice for the situation that currently rules in Poland. In fact, the poverty of people is increasing from day to day and having a job is something rare among young people. This of course only increases my anger and I wish I could live in a place that would not force me to do what I do. Unfortunately, the situation looks bad and I learned how to live with it. I think I can do many more things having the power of a "skilled and educated" person with a job to influence my environment to change in a way I want to live. Additionally, this gives me power of self-confidence and I want to use it in negotiations for better places for gigs and practice rooms for bands. I am still the same punk girl and remember about it in my everyday life. I remember I am doing all this because I want to be free and use whatever they give me against rules they try to teach me. Knowing capitalism from the other side gives me a lot of feedback to learn how to organize my own life and how to become independent, how to live not to hurt people and how to fight back for my rights. I hope with all this that I can try on my own one day to create an independent place to work to have money for all the things that I need. I think the most important in the area of working is not to forget who we are and what our objectives are, and most importantly, the important people in our lives. OK, so just for good bye, thanks for giving us this opportunity to talk from the middle of nowhere, I hope you enjoyed this shit. If you want more of this you can always write me, but remember, I am a busy workaholic… Lots of greetings to all of you, enjoy Lost. We hope to put out full LP in autumn.

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Interview
by John
the Baker
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MRR: When did the Fartz originally form, as a band?
Blaine: The Fartz originally formed sometime in the latter part of 1980. Our first live show was at our house in a quiet West Seattle neighborhood. I've been trying to pinpoint that exactly but haven't quite been able to figure it out.
MRR: Who were the original members?
Blaine: Steve on the three-string bass guitar-he played left handed and nobody could afford a real Gibson or Fender, so he played a copy with a big fat neck so it was just easier to plunk away on three strings. Loud played the drums, although he was more of a guitar player. He had a few drums and what was left of a few cymbals. One early show saw him simply kicking his bass drum when the bass drum pedal crapped out on him. Prior to the Fartz, loud was singing in a band called Kaos. Our first guitar player Tommy also played in Kaos for a short period of time as well. Tommy was replaced by Paul Solger, who at the time was playing with the Fags and the DTZ. Paul, of course, played in the band Solger, who released one brilliant single, a true lo-fi masterpiece. I was the one and only squealer for the band.
MRR: How long did you stay together before going on to form the Accused?
Blaine: For some reason people think that the Accused came after the Fartz. The Accused actually played their first live show with the Fartz, Poison Idea, and the Rejectors on November 27, 1982. The Accused were part of that early hardcore movement of cassette tape-only releases and a lot of letter writing. It's unfortunate that the Accused's early years have been forgotten. That show was the one and only time we played live with Duff. Shortly thereafter we changed the name to Ten Minute Warning. By then Loud was out of the band. Steve had been replaced, and I was soon to follow, so I guess that the Fartz were together for a mere two years. We did do one reunion-type show on July 4, 1983. Tommy and Loud showed up but were both too loaded to play even the easiest of Fartz songs. I do want to mention that Tommy did go on to do other music. He was in a band called Crisis Party that did release one record, I think on Metal Blade. I am happy to say that Tommy is still alive. Loud went on and had a band called Cannibal who released one single. Loud was and might still be a a very active member in the local AA/NA movement.
MRR: Did you make any records back then? Were you on a label?
Blaine: We released one single on our own. 1,000 pressed with crappy copied covers, most of which we gave away or sold for a dollar at our shows. We did bring a few boxes with us on one of our early trips to the Bay Area. That single was later released on Alternative Tentacles in the UK. The single actually made it on some of the music charts over there. We also released the 12", *World Full of Hate*, on Alternative Tentacles. A five song tape called *Survival of the Fittest* was done in November of 1982. those songs where later used to promote Ten Minute Warning.and also appeared on a few different comps, some under the name the Fartz, some under the name Ten Minute Warning. There was one other cassette release titled *Live to an Audience of One*-if anybody has one of those consider yourself lucky, as that tape contains many lost Fartz songs: "Short and Angry," "Final Threat," "United We Stand," "Heard the News," and "Beach Party," are a few titles I remember, but the music is lost. In the late 80s I put together some stuff and had Blake from Empty Records release it as a 12" titled *We See You Crawling*.
MRR: How did you feel about Duff going on to be a part of Guns 'N' Roses?
Blaine: Duff was one of those guys who was destined to be a rock and roll icon, very talented. Drummer, bass player, guitarist-after he drummed for the Fartz he played second guitar in Ten Minute Warning. He was only in Ten Minute Warning for a very short period of time before making his move to LA. Funny how he's mentioned so much when people talk about the Fartz, which is really only because of the sticker that was on the cover of the Empty Records release. Nobody ever mentions the other bands he was in. He plays on that Vains single. I was never really good friends with the guy. I've only seen him twice since then-once when Guns 'N' Roses was playing a show at the Rock Theater. And another time when I went to see one of the Ten Minute Warning reunion shows.
MRR: How long did the Accused stay together? How many albums did you make?
Blaine: The Accused formed some time in 1982. They put out a number of cassette-only releases and a split LP with the Rejectors. That was one of, if not the first thing that Malcolm released before doing all the Poison Idea stuff and way before Turbonegro. I was asked to join the Accused in March of 1984. We pressed 500 copies of the *Martha Splatterhead* EP. If we had put that out on a 7" it would probably be regarded as more of a classic bit of hardcore wax. At the time we couldn't even get any local record stores to sell it for us. I don't think that anymore than 350 or so of those records mad their way out of the Northwest. We recorded some other songs and added them to the *Martha* EP and we had the *Return of Martha Splatterhead*, released first on Subcore, then on C.O.R. in the UK, one of the first releases on that label, and lastly on the Combat label from New York. Then *More Fun Than an Open Casket Funeral*. *Maddest Stories Ever Told*-title taken from the theme song to the classic movie *Spider Baby*. We got dropped by Combat, released the split single with Morphius, did the *Hymns for the Deranged* EP on Empty. *Grinning Like an Undertaker*, *Straight Razor* EP, and finally the last recording was *Splatterrock*. We did that one for the money-when you boil that record down there's only about 18 minutes of music and a lot of filler. Don't forget the live single on Smilin' Ear. And more recently, the *Paint it Red* single on Transparent..
MRR: When did the Fartz reform?
Blaine: We got back together in 1998, shortly after I was contacted by josh at Alternative Tentacles about releasing all the old stuff. I still occasionally spoke with Paul and Loud, though there was a rift between Steve and myself-I hadn't spoken with him for years. He was pretty hard to track down.
MRR: Who is in the band now?
Blaine: We started off with Paul Solger playing guitar. His lifestyle wouldn't allow him to focus the necessary energy in the band, so after many unfortunate setbacks he was replaced by Alex Maggot Brain. I still sing. Steve still plays bass. But now he's got 4 strings. Karl's back there on the drums.
MRR: So you've got Alex from the Accused and no more Duff. How do you feel the line-up change has affected the Fartz sound?
Blaine: The Fartz sound has stabilized. We all have gear. Buying strings, picks and drumsticks isn't a huge financial blow. We were butt poor back in the day. We can afford a place to practice. Not like back in the day, were one week you're practicing in somebody's basement, the next a closet, then some hourly rehearsal studio because we got few extra dollars. The sound is more solid. Alex has a double Marshall stack assaulting the eardrums... As with anything in life, you would hope that the more time you

AT URBAN NOIZE
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dedicate to an activity the more proficient you become.

MRR: Since the Fartz reformed people have asked me when the Accused will reform. Do you think that the Fartz have a bit of an Accused edge to your sound, with Alex and you in the band? I know you've been covering some Accused songs, but I'm interested to hear what your take on it is.

Blaine: The Fartz were developing that metallic edge to the music back in 1982. You can begin to see it with the songs "Resistance" and "Police Force." Actually the Accused covered Fartz songs-"Buried Alive" and "Judgment Day" are Fartz songs. There are lot of weird feelings that exist with the guys from the Accused-a lot from the final days of the Accused, but even more so when they all went on to do grun-trock. I would really like to do the Accused-the Fartz are great, but in 2002 we're like the Fartz without the circle A. we tried to do the Accused once back in 1998, but nothing really happened with that, just a few shows, a real half assed effort. People need to remember that Fartz came before the Accused, and while there are similarities, they are really two different bands from two different eras. People are always calling for the Fartz to cover Accused songs-that's just not going to happen.The current plans for the Accused are to release the *Martha Splatterhead* EP on CD with another four-song recording we did prior to the *More Fun* release. The 38-song archives tape will make its way to CD. We've got a bunch of live video we want to weed through and put something together with. Then I think somebody's gonna "pirate bootleg fan club" release a best of the Accused CD.

MRR: What kind of things do you guys do for fun? Drugs? Alcohol? Weed? XXX? Long walks in the park?

Blaine: Living life is fun-and that's what it's all about. Drugs? I've done my share of those in the past. I don't have a taste for that stuff anymore. Drinking? There's a lot of that going on. I know my limit. I'm not 40 years old, showing up to my job on Wednesday morning with a stinking hangover-moderation is a good thing. Weed? Why is that even called a drug? It's not manufactured with a bunch of nasty chemicals-some poor farmer's not growing it down in South America. In most cases innocent lives aren't taken because of it. But,just like alcohol, the average everyday working man with a little motivation can make this stuff at home. Brewing up a few cases of beer or bottles of wine is as easy as growing one little plant on your window sill or backyard. The powers that be haven't fully developed their strategy for exploiting weed. I start every day off with a walk in the park. My sexual needs are pretty much taken care of. I've been with same person for nearly ten years.

MRR: What's your inspiration for writing songs?

Blaine: With the Fartz, I don't write many lyrics. One anti-hard drug song called "Cracked." I give my input to Steve's lyrics. As we don't always see eye to eye. The majority of the Fartz lyrics are penned by Steve, just as it was in the beginning. Personally I find my inspiration everywhere. The bus was always a good place to write some lyrics.

MRR: How do you like being on Alternative Tentacles?

Blaine: I've got no complaints. I wish that we were all a bit younger and could dedicate more time to the band. We'd love to tour and support our music. None of us can afford to give up any big chunks of time. We do need to get off our asses and do some more self promotion. A buddy of ours up in Vancouver recently did a few short Fartz movies/videos for the songs "You Gotta Brain" and "Police Force," both of which really capture our live performance.

MRR: You toured a bit last year. I caught one of your shows at Burnt Ramen and it was amazing. Do you have any funny stories from that tour?

Blaine: Well let me tell you, the drummer for the Phantom Limbs better have a chain link fence set up around his kit when we see him next-he was so messed up at the Burnt Ramen show that he kept knocking over our drum, and then Jello farted and tried to say that it was me. Watch out, Jello, I got a pocket full of stink bombs.

MRR: You are also planning a tour for July 2002. Are you excited to play any particular place ?

Blaine: Yeah man-the fucking Burnt Ramen.

MRR: And you've got a new record out on Alternative Tentacles, *Injustice*. Are you pleased with the recording? Who produced it? Where was it recorded? How long did it take?

Blaine: When we record it's live in the studio, no overdubs, one guitar track. I try to do the vocals live but may need to go back and tweak one or two things. *Injustice* was done over the course of a weekend at Private Radio here in Seattle. Engineered and produced by one Jack Endino. Jack's a great guy. He did stuff with the Accused and he also has recorded Alex's other band, the Hot Rod Lunatics.

MRR: What do you think about all the early punk bands playing these days, like the Sex Pistols, Misfits, etc.? How do you think the Fartz are being compared to that?

Blaine: I think it's great that these old bands are back and getting the recognition that they deserve-bands like TSOL and the Damned are more popular and play more now than ever before. The Fartz don't really fall into that hierarchy of hardcore symbolism. I think most people are surprised when they see the Fartz play, as we aren't a punk band, we're a hardcore band. That's probably why we aren't embraced by the local musical community. Mark Arm never calls me to have the Fartz play with Mudhoney. Its difficult for us to play at most places locally. Our role in local music lore is not widely remembered. The Fartz of 2002 are as different as the scene is.

MRR: Your songs are very empowering for people who are activists. Are there any current political/social issues that you want people to be more aware of?

Blaine: I think that people are plenty aware of what's going on in the world today. I think we need to implement some good old fashion boycotts...no McDonalds, no fast food, no Starbucks, no Pepsi or Coke products, if you've got to smoke, find a smoke that isn't part of RJ Reynolds. We can't all be part of some big movement. You can start small and at least know you're doing your part. Support the little guy.

MRR: The artwork on *Injustice* is totally awesome-who did that? Do you think people will freak out seeing OJ Simpson arm and arm with the KKK on the front cover? Or the Statue of Liberty with the Twin Towers on the back cover?

Blaine: We all brainstormed on different concepts for the cover and we came up with the Last Supper idea. Steve got busy on the color copier down at Kinkos, making a few changes due to potential trademark and copyright infringements. I hope that people get a bit freaked out over the cover and maybe they'll like the music as well.

MRR: Any last thing you'd like to say or have people know about?

Blaine: Please contact me.if you have any stuff (photos, fliers, videos, zines) relating to the Fartz or the Accused. We've started a book of sorts. Mail to: zippy@w-link.net. We want to hear from from anybody and everybody. Any stories or anecdotes about seeing or hearing either band would be greatly appreciated.. All contributions will be acknowledged.

INTERVIEW BY KLARK BAR, CO-EDITOR OF BEERCAN FANZINE. SEND A DOLLAR FOR THE LATEST ISSUE: BEERCAN FANZINE / 475 KENT AVE. SUITE #1104 / BROOKLYN, NY 11211 / BEERCANFANZINE@JUNO.COM
THE SELLOUTS ARE MARCELO S.: GUITAR, VOCALS, JONAS S.: DRUMS. THEY CAN BE REACHED AT: RUA IRACI, 340, SAO PAULO-SP, 01457-000, BRASIL

So I drag my hungover ass out of bed and throw on some clothes, getting ready to go to my fucking job. I walk down the hallway of the deserted Brooklyn spaghetti factory I'm shacking up in and into the stairwell. I look out across the East River into lower Manhattan and see flames and smoke pouring out of the Twin Towers. An hour later they've collapsed, killing 3,000 working stiffs like myself. A few hours more and I'm standing on my rooftop with some friends, slugging down martinis and watching the city burn. Later that day I exchange emails with my friend Stefan from Ken Rock Records over in Sweden. He tells me he's glad I'm safe and so is Marcelo from the Sellouts, though he has lost his record collection due to the attack. I freak out, thinking about all the records that musta been destroyed and also the fact that one of our modern day guitar gods is living here in New York Fucking City and not São Paulo, Brasil. I call him up: "I'm here in Brooklyn, safe from that shit, can't go to work for a while. I heard you lost your record collection."

"Naw" he says, "Just a package of records. I'm safe up here in the Bronx, but I'm leaving soon, 'cause my girlfriend just moved back down south. C'mon man, let's have some drinks."

Next thing I know we're sitting in the Greenpoint Tavern swilling 32 oz. styrofoam cups of Budweiser, and Kiss is blaring over the jukebox. Neither of us can think of who the band is, but Marcelo tells me that his morning was perfect 'cause he woke up to the same song. All I knew of the Sellouts were their awesome pair of 7"s: Hey Mofo/Swinging Bombs 7" on Rapid Pulse and You Leave me Cold on the Italian label Gonna Puke. So I ask him some questions about the band, as well as his life in New York and Brasil.

"So why did you move here to New York, anyway?"

"I was feeling stranded, I guess. Then my girlfriend chose to move to Seattle, we've been there before, but NYC is the place, isn't it? I couldn't move to some place remotely provincial anyway. That wouldn't make any sense to me."

"And how did you manage to get her to switch to New York?"

"I just told her I was going to NYC–'meet you there'. I arrived first, started looking for a place to rent... she didn't want roommates, so it took me a while till I found an affordable studio that would do it. Then she came after me, two months later. A year or so later she moved back. She had her reasons. NYC isn't the only place in the world."

"So you left the Sellouts behind. Did you play any music in NYC at all?"

"Not at all. I didn't even bring my guitar with me when I moved in. And we were living together for the first time, you know it pretty well. We were doing it together. Maybe it's an excuse, I don't know. But NYC have been really inspiring. We would hang out every week, every time we weren't on the floor. And then the whole thing just happened while we were here, you know, the whole NY-Detroit revival and all that shit. For me it was like leaving a vicious circle and getting to the real thing...not that there are so many great bands in New York. But the atmosphere, the lifestyle...it's a more open-minded environment. Shit, I can't talk about this...I'm too suspicious."

Marcelo continues to talk about the rich punk history of NYC and how it influenced him actually living there.

"By the time we were finishing the record everything was moving around Johnny Thunders. But on the first month in NY I came across the first three Velvet albums at a Tower store on the East Village. All in the sales bin, for $8.99. Same price for a handful of James Brown's. That was a gift for who's starting from ground zero... buying records in Brazil is a very expensive habit."

"Yeah–what is your favorite Velvet Underground song?"

"I love 'I'm Beginning to See the Light', but I don't think it matters cuz I got into it after the Sellouts stuff was recorded anyway."

We finish our beers and head back to my place to drink a 12-pack and smoke some weed. We start talking about the drummer of the Sellouts, his cousin Jonas, and get to dial him up on speakerphone. "What's you think of Marcelo leaving São Paulo, Jonas?"

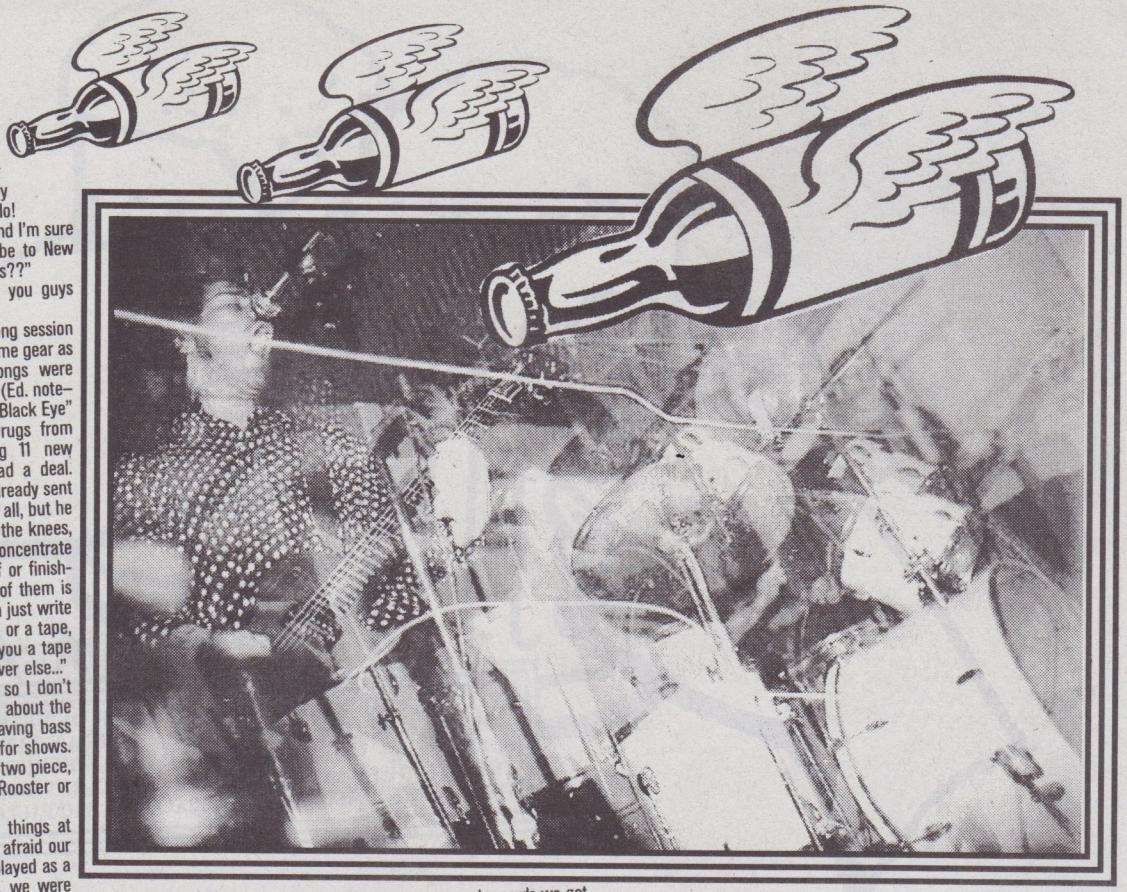
"I just thought it was meant to happen. I know it better than anyone how screwed up in the head he was at the time, and you can't imagine what a struggle it was to make him finish his singing without starting a new idea and hating what we had already done...yeah, I always thought like, 'Go man, it's certainly the right thing for you...'"

I look at Marcelo, pointing at him with my beercan, "You were pretty fucked up, then?"

"Yeh... I guess. My world was closing around me," he says, "You know, family, friends, jobs, repetition, easy living... it all zeroes me out. And I was stuck in a downward spiral. So I was really up to take chances, to go after something real. I would have torn my guitar to pieces if I hadn't..."

"Jonas," I ask "Did you want to go to New York with him?"

"I didn't feel it was my time to move, you know. I'd certainly like to go there someday, better yet if I can bring the band and do some touring. Anyway, I had my own stuff here, like playing with my other band, the Drugs, recording Drugs' shit and trying to find people to put our records out. And I finished the Sellouts 10", Songs for a Knife Fight for Ken Rock. I was happy to finish the whole thing, cuz it demanded real hard work, if ya know what I mean. We always had that experimental drive, to try different gear, different instruments and all, so we could make it sound really good and unique. And we've



always been a two-piece, so I after I sung the last chorus of the last song, which he left blank, I thought "Great!! The shit is done!" But then the mixing process came in, and then sending tapes to New York and to Sweden and dealing the record cover and the final mix... yeah it was really fun!! 'Cuz that's the kinda shit I like to do! I guess that if I didn't have my other band I'm sure I would have the urge to move... maybe to New York, maybe to South Africa, who knows??"

"Tell me more about the Drugs. Do you guys have any records out?"

"Unfortunately not. We have this 9-song session from 1999, recorded with almost the same gear as with the Sellouts. The first three songs were meant to be released by Rockin' Bones (Ed. note– Italian label that released the Sellouts "Black Eye" single) on a split 7" with another Drugs from Netherlands, so we started recording 11 new songs at the time cuz we already had a deal. Pagani, the man behind the label, had already sent the artwork and he had the master and all, but he just disappeared and that cut us off at the knees, you know? Now I don't know if I will concentrate my energies on disclosing the old stuff or finishing the new one, 'cuz right now none of them is an easy task, but anyone interested can just write me at the Sellouts address with a buck, or a tape, or some dope or a naked pic. I'll send you a tape with the Drugs, the Sellouts and whatever else..."

At this point I gotta let Jonas go, so I don't rack up my phone bill, and ask Marcelo about the band being a two-piece, but always having bass parts or an extra guy to fill in on bass for shows. "Have you ever considered playing as a two piece, like many Detroit bands like Bantam Rooster or the White Stripes?"

"Well, that's sort of how we did things at home from the very beginning. But I'm afraid our music is a little too complicated to be played as a two piece live. To be honest with you, we were never really a band, we were more like an experiment, an outburst. And if you listen to the bass lines, you'll see they play a main role in the songs."

"Have any of your bass players wanted to get more involved with the band? Tell me about these guys!"

"First there was Fred. He is just a friend who enjoyed making noise with us when he was hangin around. Then there was Diego, who played bass with us for a while. But we weren't getting along very well, cuz he's an arty type. Later he got into electronic stuff and performance art and all that shit that didn't belong to the Sellouts universe in the first place... And then there is Xandao, a bloodbrother. We share the same spirits, but he still needs to improve his chops... but now he's a tattoo maniac!"

"Yeah," I say. "Did he give you all tattoos?"

"Yeah," says Marcelo, "we all got this she-devil sitting over the left side of the chest. And this blue angel on the right one.

"The bass player thing," he continues, "they were all our friends, but they were in it for the free drinks. The trip was always ours."

"So what free drinks do you like?" I ask, halfway through the 12-pack.

"Colorful juicy drinks are not my fancy. And I had to quit drinking wine for good cuz it turned me into a psychopath. I talked about that on Shot Down #2. Now I'm developing some taste for aged whisky... it's the best. No hangover at all. Hence the price you pay..."

"You and Jonas were always friends as cousins?"

"Yeah...and we share a circle of stubborn friends that still resist from the early days."

"Did you get drunk together and listen to Black Flag?"

"Yeah, who didn't? We are children of the 80s. We played in hardcore bands as teenagers, fought conformity together, did stupid teenage things together. It's all in the spoiled royal blood. But that hardcore scene had no relationship with bands like Olho Seco, Colera and Ratos de Porão. They are from an older generation and come from a different environment. The bands from our time were all into singing in English and doing that follow-the-leader thing. I did a zine a couple years ago bashing all that shit. It made quite a noise. It was fun. I actually made more friends then enemies with that thing."

"So tell me something about the hardcore and sXe scene and bands in Brasil."

"Hardcore and sXe... fuck...they ruled the underground in the mid 90s. We never had a scene that we could relate to. At the time punk rock was limited to working class politics, and the hardcore thing was so PC they pretty much got us on the run. So we kinda backed off and found refuge in the zines and records we got from overseas. That's also how I got in touch with Jim (Ed. note – owner of Underground Medicine distro and Rapid Pulse Records, who released the first two Sellouts singles). I started buying records from him cuz I'd read about them in MRR and I wouldn't find any of that around. And diggin through all that stuff, I'd eventually find a voice on the whole "Squares Beware" scene that Estrus was pushing at the time. And the fuck-you attitude on the early Ripoff stuff. That was what really got us on. And it all came from another planet."

"And so you guys were ready to destroy it?"

"At the time we started we were just a group of losers against an entire scene, so we pretty much caved in and did our homework, playing gigs every once in a while. But after we got the hang of it, we really started fucking things up. You know, Jonas makes me want to feel proud of it all... but I can't help but feeling stupid. We had to pay for the venues' broken gear, never made a dime, and I would always end up paying extra bucks to get my guitar fixed as well... it's just something that can't stand for too long, you see? Anyway, the whole rocknroll revival has helped a lot. I guess we fit much better these days then we ever did, but there's also the vinyl factor. You know, vinyl's been dead in Brazil for ages, and the few people who buy our stuff just wanna hang it on their walls. They come like, 'cool! red vinyl!', and when I ask how did they like the songs, 'Oh, I don't know...I don't have a turntable.'"

At this point we're guzzling beer on the roof, contemplating Manhattan's skyline, and the conversation goes around rock and roll in the US as compared to South America. "I'm not an enthusiast for Brazilian rock," Marcelo confesses. "The only band that really got me impressed there was Os Mutantes, cuz even though they were hippies, they were unique. The rest... it's either mainstream pap or bands that sound too derivative and shallow. Know what I mean? It doesn't touch me... And we're always late, by the way. The underground scene in Brazil is pretty much a bad xerox of whatever happened here five years ago. Then I ask you, what's the point in going for a caricature when you can get the originals at the nearest store? It just don't stick."

"What do you think about what is going on over in Europe?"

"I don't know for sure, never been there. But as far as enthusiasm goes, Europeans were always more receptive for the Sellouts... maybe it's because they are a mix of different countries with different languages themselves... I don't know. Maybe the market logic in America is too aggressive for a band like us. Maybe it's both. But three out of our five releases came from Europe. A couple of years ago we did interviews for zines in Germany, Italy and Sweden, and we even got fanmail from over there."

"So the band is now six feet under. When you get back to São Paulo will you get back together? Have you been working on new songs??"

"Not for the Sellouts, at least not me. I had enough of knife fighting. But we ought to play and I wanna look for the right people to start a real band and help us put things out, as opposite to what we did before. I miss playing. For me it's like sex... it's addictive. I used to play my acoustic everywhere I went. In bed, on the couch, watching TV, whatever. And for 15 months I kinda forced myself not to have a guitar at hand, cuz I was sticking too much with it. I ended up developing this DJ sorta thing, you know, spending hours taping songs... nailing the right tracks. I had to play somehow, you see?

"So how long will you be gone before you have to move back to New York?"

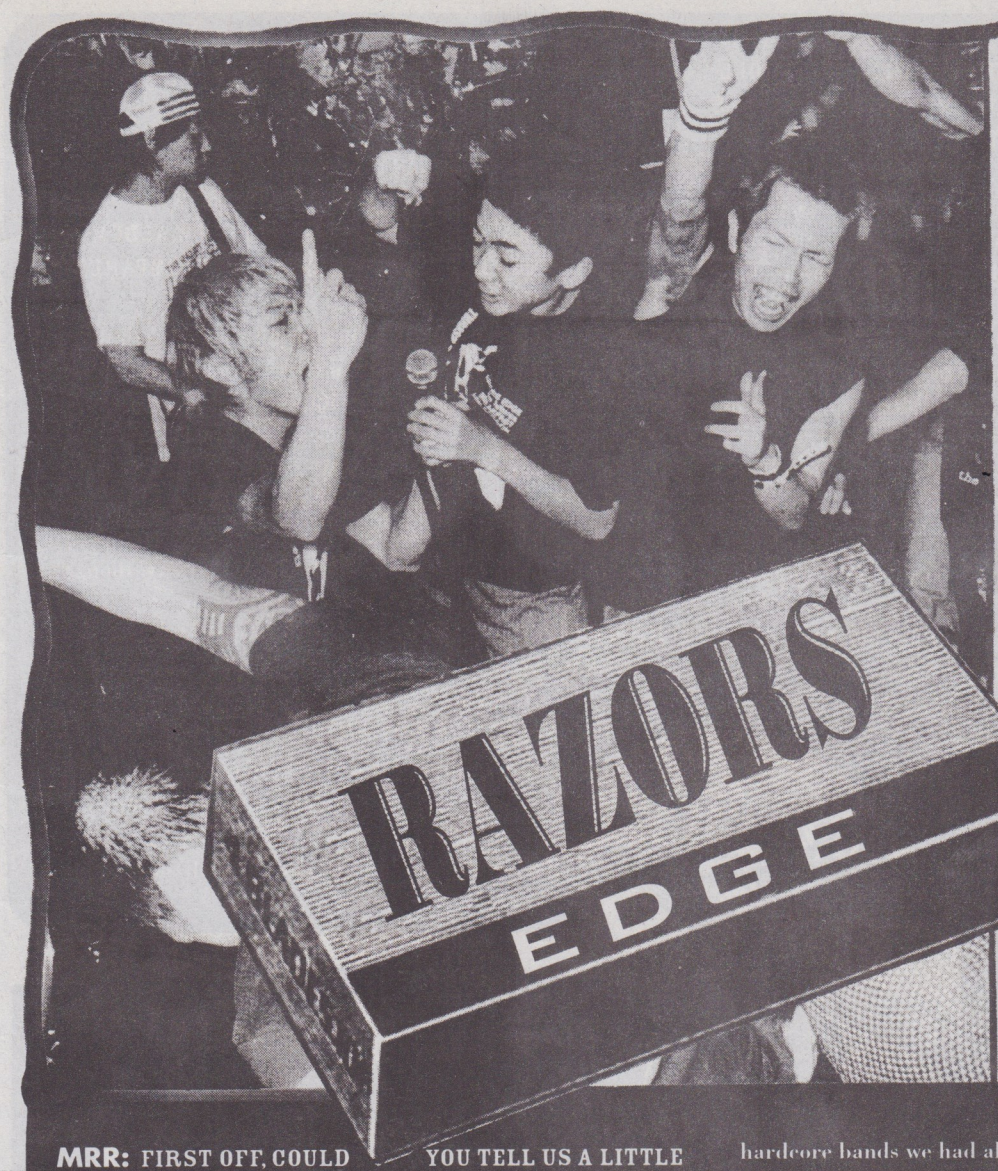
"As soon as things there start to fall apart again–alright, they won't."

THE SELLOUTS

Discography:

"HEY MOFO" B/W "I WANNA PUKE LIKE MILTON" 7" SINGLE - RAPID PULSE RECORDS, 1997
SWINGIN' BOMBS 7" EP - RAPID PULSE RECORDS, 1997
YOU LEAVE ME COLD 7" EP - GONNA PUKE RECORDS, ITALY, 1999
"BLACK EYE" B/W "BAD SHIT" 7" SINGLE - ROCKIN' BONES, ITALY, 1999
SONGS FOR A KNIFE FIGHT 10" - KEN ROCK, SWEDEN, 2001

YOU CAN BUY THE SELLOUTS FROM UNDERGROUND MEDICINE, PO BOX 5037, MILFORD, CT 06460 WWW.UNDERGROUNDMEDICINE.COM UMEDPUNK@AOL.COM



INTERVIEW BY:
ALEX COOK

1. WASH FACE THOROUGHLY WITH HOT WATER AND SOAP TO SOFTEN BEARD AND ELIMINATE ACCUMULATED GRIT THAT DULLS SHAVING EDGES

2. APPLY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM WHILE FACE IS WET. IF LATHER IS USED, WORK IT IN WELL WITH BRUSH OR FINGERS

3. TWO EDGES DOUBLE BLADE LIFE. MARKS INDICATED ABOVE IDENTIFY DGES, ENABLING YOU TO GIVE BOTH QUAL USE AND GET EXTRA SHAVES

4. CLEAN BLADE IN RAZOR BY LOOSENING HANDLE, THEN RINSING IN HOT WATER AND SHAKING. WIPING THE BLADE IS LIKELY TO DAMAGE THE EDGES

MRR: FIRST OFF, COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HOW RAZORS EDGE GOT TOGETHER?

KENJI: Junya (bass) and I (vocals) each had bands. We got drunk together one night, and were like "let's do this," and that was how we started up. That was the end of 1995. After that, we went out and started looking for other band members. By the time we had four people and were ready to start the band, it was June of 1996. In my last band, I had been the bassist. Junya had been on vocals in his last band, and the drummer was playing for two bands at the same time—us, and Slapping Bikini, a joke thrash skate punk band.

WE GOT DRUNK TOGETHER ONE NIGHT, AND WERE LIKE "LET'S DO THIS"

MRR: THIS IS A PRETTY BORING QUESTION, BUT SINCE YOU GUYS ARE FROM JAPAN, I FIGURED I WOULD ASK ANYWAY, BECAUSE YOUR ANSWERS MIGHT BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM USUAL: WHAT BANDS HAD AN INFLUENCE ON YOU GUYS?

KENJI: Well, we really wanted to emulate the sound of 80s hardcore bands we had all listened to in high school. Japanese bands like Outo, SIC, Systematic Death, Comes, Execute, the Stalin. In terms of American bands, stuff like Minor Threat, Bad Brains, Gang Green, FYP, Stikky, The Dead Kennedys, Ill Repute, Life Sentence, DFL, and the Beastie Boys. I'm just really into bands with a rocking, upbeat approach to music. I really like high energy bands in a more rock and roll sense, like Motorhead and AC/DC. What else—I would say the real old stuff, like Anthrax, Slayer, Hanoi Rocks, Motley Crue, I've always been into that stuff. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say we actually named the band after the AC/DC album title.

MRR: SO, HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN LISTENING TO ANYTHING OTHER THAN PUNK AND HARDCORE RECENTLY?

KENJI: Oh yeah, the Rolling Stones, Velvet Underground, Gang of Four, Fugazi, Aerosmith, PiL, all kinds of old stuff.

MRR: ANY PLANS TO COME TO THE STATES? (IF YOU COME, YOU SHOULD COME TO THE MIDWEST.)

KENJI: Well, Jellyroll Rockheads went over last year, to the West Coast. We got some really good crowd response, so we want to go with Razors Edge, too. But the other guys have a hard time finding time, what with work and stuff. If we somehow manage to pull it off, it looks like it's going to be just a few days on the West Coast.

MRR: SOME OF YOU GUYS CAME OVER WITH JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS. WHAT DO YOU THINK, HOW ARE THE SCENES HERE AND IN JAPAN DIFFERENT?

KENJI: I (Kenji) went over with Jellyroll Rockheads. I got the impression that the we're lucky to have the kind of atmosphere in Japan. We take it for granted that we can play at nice venues, and the sound is good and fucking huge! And we have monitors! In that sense, our show at Gilman was probably most similar to what we have at home. But depending on where you're playing, the way the kids get into it is just totally different. There's this certain way that people get all into it you just don't have in Japan. It was really cool. Really interesting. And of course, there's just no way to have basement shows in Japan! There's too much, really. I can't talk about everything just in the space we have here. We'd need three days! [laughter] The difference in the system, as it were, and the way that punk exists as a result, the difference in just material stuff, everything's different. In a lot of ways, I feel like I learned a lot. Touring the States was a great experience.

MRR: WHAT HAPPENS IN A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BAND MEMBER IN RAZORS EDGE? WHAT SORT OF STUFF DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

KENJI: I need to find spare time. I have no spare time! For example, I work, do a lot of band stuff. Sometimes I can find time to skate in the park or nap. And at night, we all go out drinking and get shitfaced. [laughter] Basically, though, work takes up most of every day.

MRR: I REALIZE THERE ARE OTHER SCENES, BUT HOW WOULD YOU CHARACTERIZE THE DIFFERENCES IN BETWEEN THE TOKYO PUNK SCENE AND THE OSAKA ONE? I GET THE FEELING THAT BANDS THAT AREN'T FROM TOKYO HAVE A MORE "FUCK IT" ATTITUDE, AND WILL DO WHATEVER OUTSIDE TOKYO.

KENJI: I think Osaka has a lot of bands that have a really original take on their sound. Like the Futures, who I think are great. There's a lot of people in bands who are really bitchy and insistent about doing everything they can do to not be like any other bands. There's a ton more venues and bands in Tokyo, and so it's easier for bands to play multiple times in a month. Osaka's scene is much smaller in comparison. But just like Osaka and Tokyo are different, there's a difference in the bands, I think. Osaka bands are real creative. In Tokyo, though, shows will have bands who play all kinds of different stuff on the bill.

MRR: DEATH AND BLACK METAL SEEM TO BE GAINING A LOT OF POPULARITY IN JAPAN RECENTLY. IS THERE A LOT OF CROSSOVER AT SHOWS AND STUFF LIKE OVER HERE?

KENJI: Uh, I'm really into Sabbath and Venom, but I just don't know anything about the metal scene. I get the feeling that thrashy hardcore and death metal don't overlap much, but... I don't know!

MRR: SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THIS NEW ALBUM COMING OUT IN DECEMBER? HOW DOES IT COMPARE TO THRASH EM ALL?

KENJI: It's got more different kinds of songs than last time—I think we put more emphasis on rock-sounding riffs. I think the way we put together riffs in Razors Edge, they have a kind of momentum even if they're slowed down, or arhytmical. So it's pretty similar in that sense. We haven't changed the Razors Edge style, I guess. I think people will be into it even though it's different in some ways. I'd say a solid half are going to be straight ahead thrash sounding songs anyway, though!

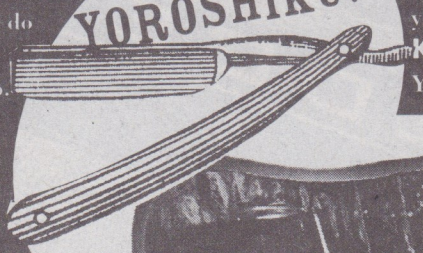
MRR: ALL RIGHT, ANY LAST WORDS?

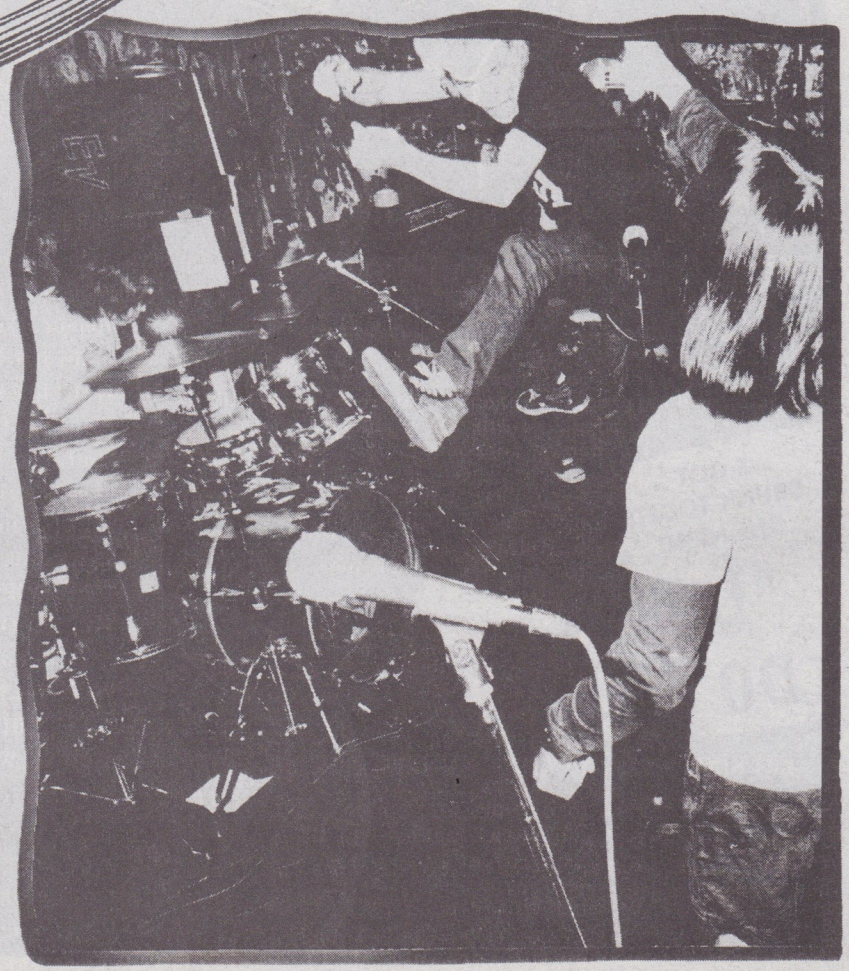
KENJI RAZORS (VOCALS): "I love Ozzy! I love Angus!! Jellyroll Rockheads is currently on hiatus, but hopefully we'll be back eventually, so be patient with us!

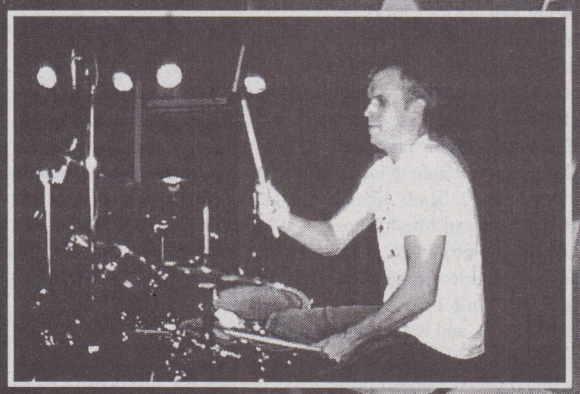
JUNYA SUGAR: "I love Van Halen!!"

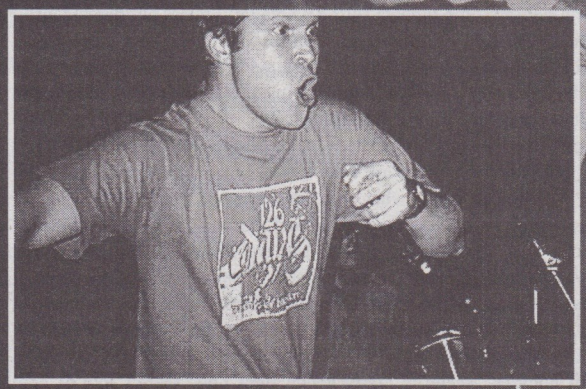
MISSILE (BASS): "Uh, I used to play bass in Jellyroll Rockheads! I'm a recent addition to the band. yoroshiku!"

KRUSH (DRUMS): "I'm new like Missile! Yoroshiku!"





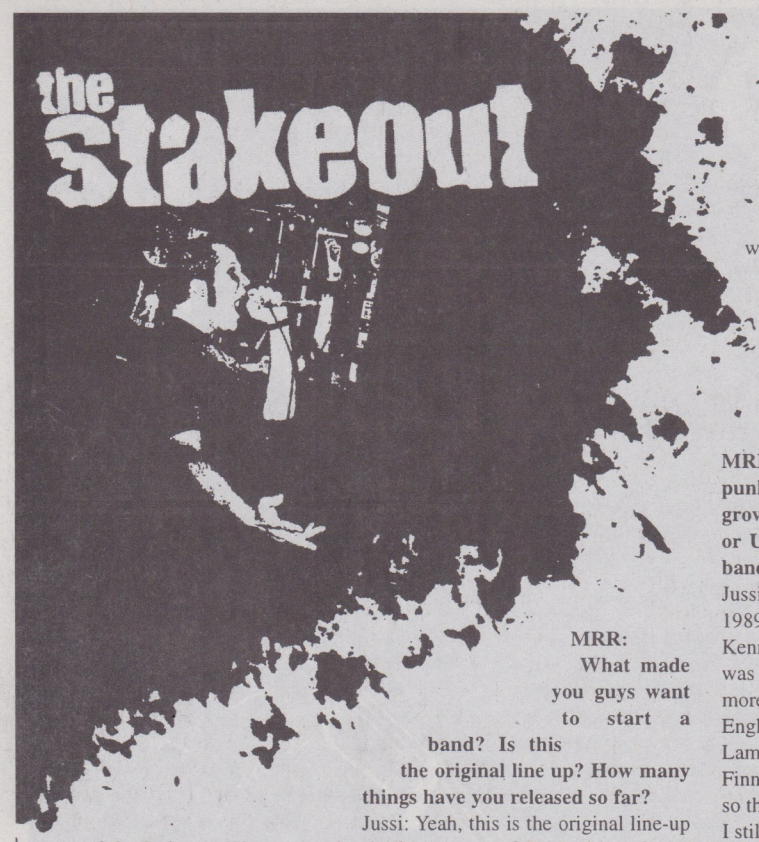




THE STAKEOUT

Hail Finland! This band fucking rips—you're a fool if you haven't tracked down their split with Wasted and their 7"EP. When I first heard them, my ass was knocked across the room—straight up hardcore with melody and balls...imagine if Negative Approach was in a bar brawl with Blitz. If they were from the USA they'd be huge. Lucky for you Six Weeks and Deranged have been smart enough to pick 'em up for some domestic releases. Interview by Tim Brooks with Jussi over the wire.

The Stakeout is: Jussi (vocals), Janne A. (drums), Janne L. (guitar), Nicke (bass)



MRR: What made you guys want to start a band? Is this the original line up? How many things have you released so far?

Jussi: Yeah, this is the original line-up of the Stakeout. We got together in the summer of 2000 with a plan to play fast and rough energetic hardcore punk. We really dig the sounds and the in-your-face attitude of the original hardcore bands from the early 80s and we just thought, that's the music we're going to play. There really weren't (and still aren't) that many fast, straight ahead hc/punk bands heavily influenced by old US HC here in Finland, so we kinda had to do it ourselves. It's been working out good—people have been supportive and we still enjoy what we do. The first thing that we recorded was a nine-song demo tape, which we did after a couple of months of playing together. Then we did a split 7" with a Finnish punk band, Wasted. The split was released by Combat Rock Industry in the spring of 2001. One song ("A Patriot") from the split session went to a compilation CD called *Farewell to Arms 3*. After that, we recorded our debut 7" EP, which came out in December 2001 on Burst Of Anger Records (which is run by our drummer Janne). The 7" EP got a good response and it's pretty much sold out by now, although you can still find it in various distros quite easily. We should have three songs from the EP sessions on a Malesian compilation CD, which will probably be out later this year.

MRR: All your lyrics are in English—why not sing in your native tongue? Bands like Lama or Rattus did, and they became legendary.

Jussi: It wasn't really even discussed if we should sing in Finnish or some other language instead of English. Probably partly because most of our main influences and fave bands sing in English, so it just felt pretty natural to us to sing in English. A vast majority of the music I listen to is sung in English and maybe somewhere along the line my brain has accepted as truth that "all the good bands sing in English" or something... But really, it would be a challenge to try to sing in Finnish some day. In Finland virtually everyone is able to understand our lyrics, so there's no big language barrier there, but if we'd sing in Finnish only Finnish folks would understand us without lyric translations. So, even though we're not singing in English just to please people, it's kinda cool that people can quite easily check out what we say. There have been lots of great bands that have sung in Finnish—it just depends on the approach and how it's going to sound. Rock music sung in Finnish can sound embarrassing, but it can also sound amazing. Still I can't help but to think that in many cases English is a great language for rebellious rock music, maybe mostly because English sung rock music is what I grew up listening to.

MRR: Most of your lyrics are pretty dark and cynical, is it the lack of sunshine in Finland that influences these lyrics?

Jussi: It's one of the influences... I don't want to complain too much (there are worse things in this world), but the weather can be pretty depressing here. Cold, dark and very long winters. The summers are nice though, especially in northern Finland the weather is strange: in winter the sun doesn't really even come up and in the summer the sun doesn't go down... Maybe it means that we should sleep all winter like bears and stay awake in summer? I write most of our lyrics and I seem to find it easier to write angry and somewhat cynical lyrics. I guess that kind of stuff just fits better with our music, and thinking about what's wrong with myself and the world around me gets me motivated to write lyrics. The lyrics I write, of course, reveal a little of how I view the world and what kind of outlook I have on life. I try to see through all the bullshit that I have to encounter every day and sometimes it makes me a bit cynical about the way things are going. But even if some of my lyrics seem dark or pessimistic at first, there's usually a spark of hope for the better to be found. And even though I'm sometimes depressed and disappointed with myself, I still believe in myself and I also believe that a lot of things could be better if people would stop acting like ignorant dicks.

MRR: Your sound is definitely influenced by US hardcore and some UK punk. What has influenced you both musically and lyrically? Did you grow up listening to the classic old Finnish bands like Kaaos, Rattus, etc or US bands? These days there seems to be a lot of great new Finnish bands—tell us some of your favorites.

Jussi: Well, I grew up listening to heavy metal, then speed and thrash metal. In 1989 and 1990 I heard bands like Discharge, Misfits, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains and Minor Threat, and I knew that this was the stuff I was into! After that I pretty much stopped listening to metal and started to get more and more into hardcore and punk. Only after listening to American and English bands for a while I discovered the Finnish bands like Terveet Kädet, Lama, Riistetyt, Kaaos, and KTMK. Even though I really liked some of those Finnish bands, I always liked the American hardcore punk stuff a little more, so they've definitely been a bigger influence in my life. But that doesn't mean I still wouldn't enjoy some Finnish stuff a whole lot. I guess our band is influenced by many bands from different countries (USA, Finland, UK, Japan, Canada), but the main influence on our sound has been the American hc from the early 80s. Lyrically we have been keeping our songs pretty simple and straight to the point, in the classic hardcore punk style. It just feels so damn good to shout how mad you are at the world... Besides my own thoughts and everything that happens around me I get lyrical inspiration from bands who sound like they really mean what they say, I mean early Black Flag or Negative Approach sound very convincing and like they had to say what they said. It's great when lyrics sound natural and not overly pretentious cliches. There's a whole bunch of good bands in Finland. My favorites at the moment are Manifesto Jukebox, Wasted, and Hate Unit (from Turku, they rip it up old Boston style!). Some other bands to take notice are for example Selfish, 9. Surmanluoti, Unkind, Endstand, Viimeinen Kolonna, and Dead In The Water. The Finnish punk/HC scene is pretty active right now, there's lots of cool things happening.

MRR: You recently did a split 7" with the band Wasted who are more of a streetpunk band than the hardcore you guys play. Are the audiences for these kinds of bands mixed in Finland?

Jussi: Yeah, they're pretty much mixed, which is cool. Of course there's always gonna be people who only like to hang around with people with totally similar taste in music (be it old school hc, sXe, crust, power violence, emo, tough guy metal hc, pop punk, or whatever the fuck you wanna call it), but there's also people who can get along with other people even though they'd have a different taste in music or different ideas of what "punk" is all about. As long as you're not acting like an asshole and are supporting the DIY hc/punk scene and people who help keeping it going, I really don't care that much about what style of punk or hc you're into. I don't like to listen to a lot of punk music that's out there, but that doesn't give me a reason to hate the people who are playing that music or wish that they would get the fuck out of the punk scene. And it's cool that there's often many different sounding bands at punk shows—who would like to see 5 or 6 bands who sound pretty much the same in a row?

MRR: Have you played outside of Finland? Do you intend to tour Europe…maybe the USA?

Jussi: No, we've never played outside of Finland. It might be fun to tour some other countries, in Europe for example. There are no actual plans at this moment though. We'll see what happens...

MRR: What is Turku like for someone who has never been to Scandinavia? Are there many shows or bands where you guys live?

Jussi: I just moved to Helsinki (capital of Finland) a couple of months ago. I

graduated from my school and just thought that I've had it with Turku. Okay, actually Turku is a nice place to live, it's pretty typical, quite small and safe Scandinavian city with lots of nature, like trees, parks and stuff like that. In the past Turku used to be Finland's capital and with its harbor it was also a crucial link between Finland and rest of Europe, so Turku has a much richer historical background than most Finnish cities. None of us is actually originally from Turku, so our song "The Stakeout" (in which we shout "Turku City Hardcore Punks!") is a bit of a joke too. In Helsinki there are naturally more punk/HC shows, more places to play and more people into punk, but otherwise there's not that much differences between punk scenes in Turku and Helsinki, both have some cool bands and people.

MRR: Do you feel isolated as a band being in Finland rather than say, the USA? Is it harder for you as a band being from Turkuu?

Jussi: Not at all. I don't really see reasons why we should feel isolated, I haven't even thought about it that way. Finland is where we live and that's it. We have our own punk scene here and there just doesn't seem to be point in dreaming about how much better everything would be if we'd live in America. Maybe we would be a "bigger" band if we'd live in USA, but I doubt it, because if people want to check us out (on record that is) they can do it pretty easily and it shouldn't be a big problem that we're from some faraway place called Finland. Nowadays the world is still kinda getting smaller in many ways (internet, mobile phones etc.) and it's pretty easy to get in contact with people all over the planet, especially if you happen to live in some wealthy country like we do. But at the same time it's a bit shame that all the people who like our records can't check us out live due to too long distances... That's really the only thing that could make us feel isolated and I guess that's why some bands do a lot of touring...

MRR: Is it true that although the Finns are heavy drinkers there is very little violence at shows (or in general)? Someone once told me that this was because it snows so much and you never know when you may get snowed in and need your neighbors to help you, so you have to be careful who you piss off??

Jussi: I've heard that one before... But really, you're right, Finnish people in general drink a lot (way too much, if you ask me) and you could also say there's no violence at shows. Fights at punk/hc shows are really, really rare. Some people do get annoying and stupid when they're drunk, but usually they just talk some drunken shit and pass out or something. I guess people realize that you're not supposed to fight at punk shows. Maybe some of them do their fighting in bars or somewhere else... I don't think that Finnish people in general are that much less violent than people in some other countries, there are lots of morons and rednecks up here too.

MRR: Scandinavia is always stereotyped as having a very stable political climate, with a good standard of living, low unemployment, and little crime...is this actually the case? If so why do you think this is?

Jussi: Those stereotypes are pretty much true in many cases, but we have our own problems too, that's for sure. The political climate is quite stable, almost too stable sometimes, cause it feels like nothing ever changes... Finnish political parties get along with each other almost too well, there's not that much opposition to the government and the political status quo. The social democratic party (the biggest party in Finland) agrees often with more right wing parties, it's a little twisted. On the other hand, maybe the climate of consensus and everybody agreeing a lot with each other instead of fighting has helped to achieve and keep up the the good standard of living (still, it's better for some people, worse for others) etc.? Maybe not, it's hard to tell... Finland is quite typical Scandinavian country, there's not that much poverty (although it's definitely not entirely absent), social security is pretty good (you can manage even if you don't want to work or if you can't find a job), there's relatively little pollution here and there's no big right wing movement in Finland. It's also pretty cool to have a woman as president (if we must have one). The unemployment rate in Finland is bigger than in other Scandinavian countries, it's officially about ten percent of the population right now. The rate has been getting smaller, in the last decade it used to be somewhere around fiftenn percent. Along with things like heavy drinking, increasing drug abuse, and unemployment, the high suicide rate shows that there's still a lot of troubled people here in Finland in spite of all the positive stereotypes people have about this country.

MRR: How has the whole Sept 11/war on terrorism bullshit affected you in Finland? What do you guys feel about America and its foreign policy?

Jussi: I hope that Finland doesn't start to back up the militant actions that USA has taken (and probably will continue to do), nor do I hope that Finland starts to team up with Al-Qaida or organizations like that, that's for sure. It's so fucking sad that things had to go this far, but there seems to be a lot of fucked up people around the world with different excuses (be it money, religion, or need to get more power) to start messing with other people. Things get ugly. I'm afraid what the future might bring. I don't believe that USA can silence all the opposition to it's values and ideas of the right world order, 'cause there's so much people who stand opposed to America's will to rule the world. And some of those people are obviously ready to do crazy things. It's difficult to say what direct effects the incidents have had on Finland and it's daily life. People are probably a little scared of the situation (I know I am) and some may adopt a more racist and nationalistic views, like some people in the USA have done. I'm also afraid that the "war on terrorism" may speed up the Finland's slow process of joining NATO. I think that Finland too is feeling the pressure to join the NATO countries who are willing to defend the USA and its policy with armed forces. The foreign policy of the USA seems often a bit self righteous. It's like they'd like to turn this whole planet into one big America, and in the process they help to destroy other countries' cultures and unique ways of living. The might of the American popular culture is starting to be too overwhelming here in Finland and the same thing is happening all over the world. I'm sure the USA doesn't want to give up their power over other countries either. Now that they are supposed to be the world's only "superpower," they want to hang on to that position, no matter what. But who knows when China, Iraq, Iran or some other countries with nuclear weapons will team up and start demanding some of the power the USA has to themselves? It might be all over then...

MRR: Do you have any plans to release any records on any labels in Europe or the USA?

Jussi: Yeah, we have some plans... We were in studio this spring recording eight songs for a split LP/CD with Burnpile from the USA. Six Weeks Records (also from the USA) is going to put it out, probably pretty soon too. Later this year we'll record some material for a 12" that will be released by Deranged Records from Canada. We'll also have one song from the split LP sessions on a compilation LP called *Death to Hardcore, Death to Reagan* which will be out on Moshstache Records.

MRR: Where can you guys be contacted and what stuff do you have available for the kids to buy??....what's next for the Stakeout steamroller??

Jussi: Well, the 7" EP is sold out by now (I'm sure some distros still carry it...), but there have been plans for a repress, so look out for that. The Stakeout/Wasted split 7" is available from Combat Rock Industry (www.combatrockindustry.com). We also have some t-shirts with the 7" design for sale, but write to us first. What's next? More gigs, more records and more good times, that's about it... Thanks!

Dillinger Four

Dillinger Four: their shit is genius... I'd think you'd be hard pressed to find someone who would disagree with that statement. Most of you are probably familar with them... but those of you who aren't should be. How many other pop punk bands in recent memory have been able to combine such infectious music with witty social commentary. After what seems like centuries of trying, Floyd, Paddy and Erik finally sobered up long enough to crank out this interview.

INTERVIEW BY FLOYD

Let's face facts, seeing a naked fat man dancing... that's funny.

MRR: Considering you started in Billingsgate how exactly did D4 come about?

Paddy: Damn man, did you just ask us the how did you start question?

MRR: Just answer the question...

Erik: Paddy and I have known each other for a long time.

Paddy: I was in Billingsgate too.

Erik: Paddy and I played in bands together since the beginning of high school. After doing a few different hardcore bands, Paddy all of a sudden couldn't play bass, at least that is what he was saying. He had two strings on a bass, and I wanted to try something different. I had done a few different bands that were kinda hardcore bands with just a frontman lead singer, me and paddy had talked about doing something just kinda goofy. Then it turns out for two strings he could actually play. So we kind of wrote songs like we had never really written before, I don't know, it was just really natural and seemed to work. It made us realize that we could have fun with it and seem were it goes. Whether that is just parties here and there, or whether we do other bands, or what it eventually became...

Paddy: A rocknroll juggernaut

Erik: Exactly

MRR: So did D4 start in Minneapolis or Chicago?

Paddy: Nah, It really started in Minneapolis. We used to be in a band called Anger House in Chicago. Then our farewell show Erik and I, and the drummer Mike had done a one off band called Superhonky. That was weird, fucked up chords shit, up tempo, probably a lot of what early D4 was like.

Erik: Yeah, now that I think about it, that was kinda like...

Paddy: I think when we first started we had one song from that, but really it started up here. I mean, it is really with Lane. So until, Erik, Lane and I started that was like D4. And their is so little magic to talk about that period, that their is no point in even going into it.

Erik: We just fucked around a lot. Eventually it just blossomed into, "Hey we have five or six songs we fuck around with. We could play a show. Let's do that."

Paddy: No, we didn't even do that. A fellow by the name Tad Keys, who was in a band here called Dirt Poor, made us play. He put our name on a flyer, for a secret show at one in the morning, in a warehouse that we all had to break into to play. He just put our name on it, he knew we were going anyway. He was like, "So now you gotta play because people see the name." We were like, "Don't matter, we'll change our name," and he was like "Nah, you know you won't," so we were like, "Fuck, you're right."

MRR: So how long was D4 around before you started playing with Billy?

Paddy: Oh, years. You have to understand that we were a three piece for like a good two years. And then Sloan came in, and he was in for about a month, and Billy came in right after that. Billy came in early '95, maybe '94 something. We started playing around in the spring of '93... spring of '94?

Erik: Fall of '93? We get mixed up on the dates. Early 90's.

Paddy: We definitely started playing as a band in the summer of '93. We played our first show in the winter of '93.

Erik: Winter '94 it would be.

Paddy: We got the smarts.

Erik: Right

Paddy: First winter of '94, because it happens twice in Minnesota.

MRR: Paddy, on stage you talk a lot of shit...

Paddy: (interrupting) No I don't, no no, I am living a celebration of life with every turn...

MRR: Has your mouth ever really got you in trouble.

Paddy: Oh yeah. Nothing ever really severe and crazy though. Well I don't know. Maybe.

Erik: It's that fucking Internet. Because you're at a show, you're doing a show with a couple hundred people there, well you think there's a couple hundred people there, oh no, there is a thousand people there, because it is on Internet video. Then you have weird stuff because you are saying some shit about someone who isn't at the show, turns out their at home sitting in their underpants watching the fucking show getting pissed. So that is bound to happen in this topsy turvy Internet world

Paddy: But usually when that happens I know it's on the Internet.

Erik: You just play it, I didn't know it was on the Internet...

Paddy: When you talk about trouble I am envisioning somebody looking for me to beat me up. I don't think there has ever been anything like that. That stuff happens off the stage, that doesn't happen on the mic. Usually the things on the mic, I'll make fun of something and somebody will be upset. Like, "Hey man, I really like ska!" Fine I don't care, I am not saying everybody who likes ska is an idiot, I am just saying I think that ska sucks. Post '88 ska that is.

MRR: Everything pre-88...

Paddy: I am a two-tone Trojan kinda guy, I'll get down. If we're talking condoms.

MRR: Thinking of trouble, what percentage of time, Erik, do you think Paddy gets naked on stage.

Erik: These days, I'd say 37% percentage of the time. (laughter all around)

Paddy: That's cool because Erik has kicked his nudity up to about 43%.

Erik: My nudity is the next wave of Dillinger 4, we are trying to phase out Patrick's nudity, and bring in mine.

MRR: So are you going for the pretty boy look?

Erik: The sleek new model for the millennium.

Paddy: We are just tired of being poor, now we want to be rich. Were just assuming that if Erik goes dancing around in his birthday suit, the money will be rolling in.

Erik: It's less and less. Anybody who has seen us recently can attest. That makes sense, because of the way other people viewed it, it became this thing that was viewed as part of the act, and it wasn't ever supposed to be this way. Funny, since I am answering a question that is normally directed at Paddy. I've known him forever-he is a fucking wingnut-and there were times, especially on the early tours, where nothing else would do except some serious retardness, and part of that would be Patrick getting naked and doing some stupid stuff. Eventually it was like, wow people are entertained by that, and actually they seem more entertained by that than when we are playing. So in the early times it just made sense to do a lot of that.

Paddy: Well it was also just a thing to make people feel alive. Hey look, we are like in this basement in Texas or something, there's like 12 of us, and you know how punk rockers get. People go to a show, there is not many people there, and they get kinda bummed out, embarrassed to leave in case somebody notices. So it would be like, hey look we are here, lets be totally ridiculous, so everybody who didn't go will hear about it and go, "Fuck, I should have gone." It is funny because the nudity was only one thing, but we used to do a bunch of dumb shit. We would punch each other, just to say

have fun you're alive, you're here, have a good time wherever you are. That's the point. Let's face facts, seeing a fat man naked dancing-that's funny.

MRR: Fat people are funny.

Paddy: Then it got weird, because every place you go people ask for it. Then it becomes stupid. And you are like I don't want to do this. Then some shows we play, we drink sometimes, and you are really loaded and weird things happen. I got naked last night and I didn't do it. Someone pulled my pants down. Plus then you get all the really weird serious people who are like, "Are you an exhibitionist," and I'm like come on...

MRR: Have you ever got in trouble with club owners over your nakedness?

Paddy: Quite a bit.

MRR: Anybody ever pull the plug because of it?

Paddy: We played at this really shitty shit hole piece of shit shit fuck place called the Showcase in Corona, CA, that we will never play again. We have actually played there twice and been banned twice. I think both times they have kicked us out. The best time was the second time because the guy escorted me. The very second the song was done the guy grabbed me and escorted me outside. I didn't even have my shirt or my shoes or anything. I couldn't even go back in to help load out or anything. There's a lot of stuff we get in trouble with clubs though. I think that, as a band, we have a sense of humor that might be hard to understand sometimes.

MRR: Last naked question...

Paddy: This way too many questions of about nakedness. Did *MRR* ask Wat Tyler this many questions about the naked thing?

MRR: I think so.

Paddy: How come nobody asks the guy from Propagandhi about getting naked?

MRR: Because he doesn't actually get naked...

Erik: I saw him get naked once.

Paddy: He's skinny and it's not funny.

MRR: Did you look at it differently after doing the *Take Action* tour with Fifteen?

Paddy: No. Were they on that tour too? That one will get me in trouble. He gave me a lot of beer, but usually that was to make me go away.

MRR: Tell me about the boat show for the release of *Midwestern Songs*..

Paddy: That was Erik's gig. He did that.

Erik: Yeah we played on a boat. It was cool. Playing on a boat is cool. Lifter Puller played too. That was a lot of fun.

Paddy: We played on a boat in Chattanooga too.

Erik: Yeah, we have done two shows on boats now.

Paddy: The guys down there heard about how we had played on a boat up here. So they actually rented one. Everybody had to wear sport coats and ties to get on the boat. We played with the Jack Palance Band, that was a lot of fucking fun.

MRR: Was that the inspiration for tonight's record release suit motif?

Paddy: No, we're just wearing suits because we are rich now.

Erik: That's all we wear now. I just haven't put mine on yet. We really just wanted to see Misery in suits. It was all just an elaborate thing just to see them in suits. Oh dude, everyone is doing it, it's cool.

MRR: Thinking of being rich, the label move?

Paddy: So we could get really...

Together: Fucking rich!

Paddy: Punk is just a fad. And we're kind of through, so we were thinking that if we got on a really big label, Took all the distortion out of the guitars, started playing slower, let Erik sing everything-because he can actually sing better than us-that we could finally get out of this punk rock nonsense. It's kinda funny, because no has really noticed, we aren't even the original lineup of Dillinger 4. We just came in a year and a half ago. We're kinda like Gallagher, their's just a bunch of guys that look just like us and we just took the pants. Did I say that out loud? Shit...

Erik: You just said like Gallagher. (laughter all around)

Paddy: Honestly, to answer that question. One record deal. Very cut and dry. Fat Mike offered a one record deal. We met a fair amount of people from Fat, like Vanessa, after we started thinking about it. We had already known a bunch of people there, and it just seemed like everybody we met was really cool and genuinely into music and were excited about music. The type of people who go to shows. That was a big plus, and that Mike just threw out "I'm cool with one record deals, that's fine. You could put records with anybody else you want. You could put records out yourself. Then, if eight years later you wanted to do a record with Fat, I'll do that record." That was really fucking cool. So we have about eight years, then we'll do another record. Fat just seems like a place that is laid back, but gets shit done, and gets shit done in a really fair way. Plus we really want to get really fucking rich.(laughter) I mean really rich. then we are going to become DJ's. I was talking to my buddy Moby, he was in this band Vatican Commandos, and everybody knows the Vatican Commandos. But he left that band, and now he is a DJ and he is making fucking bank. I think he is on to something.

MRR: When putting together song order on record, do you actively put a Paddy then a Erik songs back to back?

Erik: This one we did. It's because we do that in our live sets a lot, and we have over the years. It's mostly because, we smoke a lot and we are usually pretty drunk. So the less songs either one of us have to sing back to back live the better. It just makes sense to continue that through with the record.

Paddy: And it gives it a good mix too. The only other way I'd ever want to do it would be half and half-is in it was one side me one side Erik. It would like a split. Or one then the other, one then the other.

Erik: You have to go either all the way, or not. It's not like that is a hard and fast rule. If there is a compelling reason to put songs in a different order, then we would. It's just an easy starting point.

Paddy: Excellent usage of the word compelling.

Erik: You like that.

MRR: Do you write the one you sing, or do you write them collectively as a band.

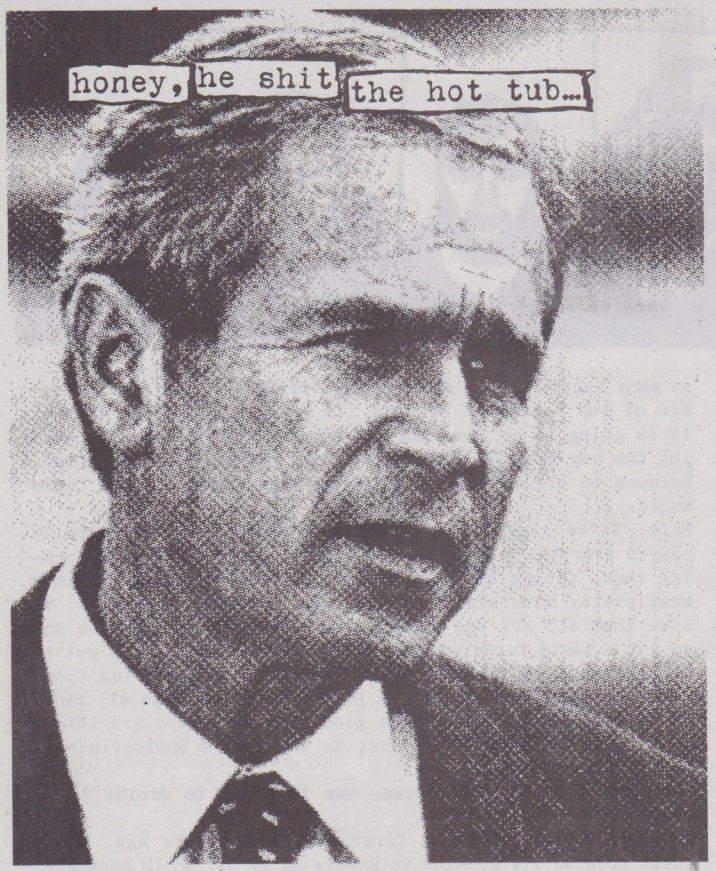
Paddy: Who ever sings predominately probably wrote the song.

Erik: There's been an exception here or there but for the most part that is how it goes.

MRR: Your popularity has gone beyond the ability to play

MRR: Dashboard Confesional is a man of god.
Paddy: That is what I am saying.
Right now, a Christian folk singer is being called punk.
That's fucked up.

basement shows...
Paddy: We are phenomenally huge, that's the weird thing. Most people don't know it, but we're huge. We're massive, we're one of those bands. The kind that people go "no one listens to them," yeah they do. We're rich, like right now, that is why when people say we signed to Fat to get rich, it's not, we are already rich. We play tons of shows. To millions of people. Millions.
Erik: Millions
Paddy: Nah, no one cares. Our popularity isn't big. You're just trying to hype of out so somebody reading this in Poland is going to be, "I have to check this band out, because they are huge."
Erik: But we know where you are going with this... what it's like to start about playing the basement...
MRR: You've heard this question before.
Erik: I heard the question before, but I can see where it is an interesting question. We are all about whatever we are doing at a given time. So when we were playing all basements, we were all about fucking basements. We were probably more vocal about it, we played in basements, other bands played in basements, we talk about playing in basements more than other bands. This is the kind of guys we are. But you know, we still do. We still do pretty much whatever we want to do. In our hometown, we can do two shows in a really big room. But two weeks ago, we did a show, fully advertised, in the small room here, and it's not like 1500 people showed up to see us.
Paddy: It didn't even sell out.
Erik: Two weeks later we'll probably play to 2000 people. I don't know how we lucked into that, but we can play a bar in St.Paul for 300 people. We can play this room for 1400 people.
Paddy: We can play Wilkes Barre, PA for 40 people. You just got to do whatever you're going to do wherever you are at any given time. I think the only time it becomes an issue for bands is when they feel that they feel they should have a lot more than what they do. I'll admit, that there is sometimes were I feel bad-like I just met a guy from Kansas City who kinda has an issue that we keep on playing the Bottleneck in Lawrence. But at the end of the day we have never played a show there that had an embarrassing low number of people at. Seems to make sense, that it is the one place in town that is big as it is, that is where we're going to play. At the same time I don't think we have done something where we have played some 600 capacity place and 50 people showed up. We tend to be way more skeptical than the so called punk rock intelligencia. That is why I try to tell people, don't really try to call us on shit, we're pros at this. We're more concerned about us than anybody. We don't want to play places like that. We aren't necessarily stoked for eons about playing places like this (1st Avenue, in Minneapolis). It just reaches a point, where every now and then, we are going to have to, because there is a lot of people who want to come to the show. It's kind of cool because places like this and the Empty Bottle in Chicago, now we do two shows in Chicago, and all ages and an ID. You play certain places and you meet the employees and they are cool too, and you're like "Okay, this is something we can do and we'll do it sometime." In general, I don't think we have much of an issue with it like a lot of folks do, because I think a lot of bands go "Whoo, thank god we don't have to play those basements."
Erik: We were never like that.
Paddy: Collectively, at least Erik, Billy and I have been in so many bands, that playing a sweltering VFW hall in the middle of the desert of Arizona, is kinda par for the course. It is going to happen. You are never going to find us packing the bag because a show like that came up. But it is sad, because we are living in a day and age when a lot of bands would.
Erik: We've played enough kinds of shows. We've literally played everything from the show where literally no one fucking came, to the basement shows, to yes, stadiums. We know what pretty much every type of show is-we have done it. We like them all for one reason or another. It's not like now we got a taste for stadiums, and I hope we eventually get to a point were we just do those. Or now I love playing those 1500 seaters, or whatever... we just pretty much like all kinds of shows. All the shows have good elements there are things we like about them, so we just do what seems appropriate at the time.
MRR: You play 21 plus shows, was it tough to decide to do that?
Paddy: Yeah. We did the first one three years ago. We're guilt free on it, because we always match off an ID show with an all ages show. Sometimes it gets a little weird, because we will set up an ID show and an all ages show locally, and the ID show has to happen a week earlier. That even bums us out. In the end, we look at it as long as everyone who wants to can get to one of the shows. At the end of the day their is a lot of people who won't play ID shows because they know they aren't supposed to, and that sucks. The reason we are just not a fan of only ID show is because their are people who want to see you who can't. That is what it boils down to, everybody who wants to see you, ought to be able to. That is what we take into account. There is flipsides to it. This tour it looked like we might have been playing an ID show in Las Vegas. And that was solely because we had to play Las Vegas, and their was nowhere to do an all ages show. We have never encountered that on a tour. Ever. So it became a big debate, we talked to the bands who we were going to be on tour with, but we still felt really uneasy about it. Even if there aren't kids in Las Vegas who know who we are, there's gotta be kids in Las Vegas who want to go to shows. Just in general. Outside of that, we have never done a non local ID show, except in Chicago, and that was a one for one. I just think it sucks, there are a lot of great bands that stick solely to the bar scene. I don't think they realize that their is an enthusiasm with the younger people and kids,that is unmatched by any bar show.
Erik: The problem is that it is peculiar to the US and North America in general, and only really to certain cities. There is a lot of clubs, because of the way that laws work, that you can have drinking and all ages in the same room. You go to places like Japan or Europe, and it is just not an issue. Over 21 show, what's that? It is sort of a strange problem that only bands over here have to put up with. That is what sucks about it.
MRR: Why do you think you have the ability to cut across the crowds-crusties, pop punkers, hardcore kids?
Paddy: I have no idea. The only conclusion I have ever been able to think is that there is a lot of stuff we like. Three of the four of us have pretty extensive record collections, maybe all the elements of the stuff we listen to. If you look at the cassettes in our van, you will find compilations of nothing but Swedish Hardcore, and compilations of nothing but pre-'65 Southern Soul. All sorts of shit.
Erik: I think that's it. In all music in general, and espe-



cially punk, the taste of people in this band is so diverse, and probably for just about any subcorner of punk there is probably somebody in this band who likes some part of it. It may be we just have eclectic unknown taste, therefore we draw an eclectic, weird group of people. I am sure that there are people who only listen to hardcore and thrash kinda stuff and they hear that we are some pop punk band and then they see a picture and Billy is wearing a DS-13 shirt. That is probably the kinda stuff that make people go "Whoa those guys are into that." I think people see we are into different stuff and I guess it makes people more willing to check us out.

Paddy: Probably, I have never been able to figure it out. One of the first tours we ever did we played a couple of shows with Assück, and it was possibly some of the funniest shows we ever played. We played like a shack in Olympia, WA and the flyer for the show just said "political punk from Minneapolis" and had the Profane Existence logo on it, and our name. We had a 7" out at the time, but it was with us, cause we didn't have any distribution or anything. When we set up I was wearing something like a Confuse or Heresy shirt, and somebody asked me if I had been in State Of Fear, and it made me wonder if they thought we were one of those Profane thrash bands. Th was the time when Civil Disobedience had just moved to Minneapolis, the State Of Fear record just came out, Assrash was out, there was a huge blurt of awesome local hardcore from Minneapolis.

Erik: Plus the records we were distributing for gas money was local stuff, the Profane and Havoc catalogs. This is the stuff that got us from town to town

Paddy: The place was wall to wall crammed. Granted the place was small, but people were looking in the windows. Once we started, I don't think we hit the first chorus and the place was gone.

Erik: We cleared that fucker.

Paddy: There was like one hippy chick standing in the center of the room, going "you guys are great." It was funny. But it was funny because that was what it was then. In the years after that, the more we toured there would be a lot more people who were predominately hardcore and thrash fans, and that's great. It might also be what we choose to sing about. I don't think what we sing about is something a lot of bands like us sing about. Or at least not from the perspective we do.

Erik: We also have never been afraid to be the odd man out. If we find out that we can play a show and it is pretty much all straight edge bands, we'll fucking play it. We have always been willing to put ourselves with bands we like regardless if it fits the same genre. So it kinda goes both ways too.

Paddy: We played one show in Japan. They saw all Japanese hardcore bands and then us. It made perfect sense. I love Japanese bands. It just made perfect sense it was awesome.

Erik: Yeah.

Paddy: Tell you the truth, can't see the forest from the trees. I say I like it. We all do.

Erik: Yeah, I am glad about it.

Paddy: Pound for pound it makes it a lot more worthwhile. I'd hate it if we toured and played to droves a people who looked exactly the same. And felt exactly the same about everything. I think that is mostly a phenomenon of the last ten years. Erik and I have talked about it, in our opinion it didn't use to be like that. Put that in quotes. I don't want to be the corny dude who says "back in the day," because back in the day sucked. But if you go look back into the late eighties and you saw Youth Of Today in Chicago, you weren't seeing Youth Of Today with 300 straight edge kids, and maybe 5 guys who caught on to the Champion sweatshirt thing. If you saw Crimpshrine back in 1989, you weren't seeing them in a roomful of gas station jackets with tapered up Dickies and Chuck Taylors. There was way more of a mix. I think the fashion mentality police have really become finely honed in the last ten years, and that is to bad. If we can be a band that tours and sort of goes against that then I go right on.

MRR: It seems like Minneapolis is more willing to mix it up than most towns.

Paddy: That's from necessity. We've told people this before and they don't believe it, but around the time that *Midwestern Songs...* came out, their were a lot of people who told us that we should move away from there. "Why don't you just move back to Chicago and do the band from there." It's funny because there are those perks to those large cities that you can play every week to a different 200 people or whatever. But the thing we love about the Twin Cities is that it is an island. Their are a lot of other little scenes around here like Duluth or Eau Claire, but if you are driving out of town for a show, you are driving at least five hours. So unless you are a real asshole, pretty much everybody in this town, no matter whatever subgenre you are in, you have friends who are in a completely different subgenre. Whether you are a skin, straightedge, total thrash guy, or one of those weird guys who won't buy a record that came out after 1986, everybody knows everybody else. Not to say that that doesn't happen in other cities, of course it does, I think here it is way more common. It shows, it shows in the shows. It is like anywhere else, it's up and down. Every once in a while it slips into that point where only straight edge bands play with straight edge bands, and charged hair bands play with charged bands. Usually that is when their aren't many bands to play with, and it becomes more of an immediate thing. Certain bands may be able to play three times a year. So when they do, they more want to celebrate whatever subgenre they are from. I can respect that. But we are just a good old bunch up here. You know when the best shows happen here?

MRR: When?

Paddy: Winter time. All the assholes leave. You want to see a good show, come out to Minneapolis sometime when it is -5 degrees. Felix will be out there, he'll shovel the snow out of the way.

MRR: Now Paddy you still work at Extreme Noise, what is your opinion of bands you never really heard of hitting it big?

Paddy: Thursday! Who the fuck is Thursday.

Erik: Seriously.

Paddy: Where the fuck did Thursday come from? I know exactly what you are saying. It's weird I see it all the time. Thursday is just the biggest that comes to mind, because of the way we found out about them. We were playing in Chicago, and they had sold out the House Of Blues. Somebody had come up to us and said that there might be less people at the show because Thursday was playing? Which I am proud to say

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there weren't. And we were like "who's Thursday?" They were like "You don't know Thursday?! They are like the biggest pop punk band in the world right now." Ironically enough , pop punk is one genre we don't follow so close. Still we know who the bands are, cause you want to check everything out. Still never had heard of Thursday and they were massive. Lately, there has been a lot of examples of that. Usually in the pop punk genre, that and those bands doing the catchy emo thing. Fucking weird. What was the question. I just got it all riled up in my head.

Erik: Thursday.

Paddy: Who the fuck are they?! Jesus!

MRR: When punk becomes a career opportunity at 18…

Paddy: That is the thing. I think people should be aware that it is happening a lot. People are starting a band, and two and a half years later they are selling 80,000 copies of a record. I hate to admit it, but that is relatively common now. Not common like it is happening all the time, but it is common in a way that when it happens to a band it is "Wow, really?" It's not like it used to be where you were like "What the fuck are you talking about." I remember hearing for the first time that *Repeater* had sold 100,000 copies and I didn't believe it.

Erik: Yeah that seemed insane.

Paddy: Now I have friends that are in bands that ship 40,000. That is fucking crazy. What exactly what we are talking about now is the gateway, is the gateway to the great "What is punk, and what isn't" debate. I'll tell you right now I am so sick of the god damn "P" word. Honestly. We live in one of America's heartlands, I am telling you it is a marketing term. Maybe people can't see it in New York City, San Francisco, or Los Angeles. I'm not saying it doesn't mean anything, but it's weird. What isn't punk now? People are calling Dashboard Confessional punk. People in retrospect are calling Nirvana a punk band. If all of these things are punk, to me that means punk doesn't really mean anything. So we are going to the people and community we know. It's tricky times we are living in, if you give it another five years punk will mean Limp Bizkit in retrospect. Give it a little time. Korn? Rage Against The Machine is already being referred to as a punk band. *Spin* called Public Enemy a punk band. We are living in a crazy time. If all this stuff is called punk, then fuck you I want to be called emo. (Erik starts laughing hysterically for the next five minutes) I will be emo. Nobody can figure out what emo is, and nobody wants to be called emo. Ben Weasel is a fucking genius for calling that record *Emo*, and I want to be emo too. I am going to go on record now as saying that the only real emo bands in the world are Dillinger 4 and Screeching Weasel. We are the only real emo bands. I want to be emo. Funny thing is all the emo bands are saying, "No we're punk bands." Fine you're punk, I'm emo. Give me the fucking name. Then it get's weird though. You get stuff like friends who think punk is only hardcore. If you aren't doing hardcore, you aren't really doing punk. I have other friends who judge punk solely on Stiff Little Fingers and Dead Boys. If what you aren't playing isn't derivative of those two.. . Those are the type of people who tend to forget about bands like Television and Suicide. If you are going to base punk on what was punk, called punk, then even though I hate to admit it. You do have a lot to play with. To me, Dashboard Confessional is not punk. One guy with an acoustic guitar, Patty Smith used to do that. They called it punk then too. It's a confusing fucked up thing.

MRR: Dashboard Confusional is a man of god.

Paddy: Yeah, no shit.

Erik: That is a whole other can of worms.

Paddy: That is what I am saying. Right now, a Christian folk singer is being called punk. That's fucked up.

Erik: Leave it at that.

MRR: How come you think it has been so difficult to get an interview into *MRR*.

Paddy: I don't know, Floyd. Why don't you tell us why it has been so difficult for you to interview us. We did an interview for *Hit List* once and they didn't run that shit either. None of the big magazines want to publish us. We are too challenging.

Erik: We are fucking with your head. We get inside your mind.

Paddy: By the way, for anybody reading this. This is total bullshit. Mike Thorn actually sent a script with Floyd of what we are supposed to say in the interview. Mike actually wrote it up with Bruce Roehrs. By the way, buy the new live Angelic Upstarts record.

MRR: What is best movie ever featuring a primate?

Paddy: A real one or a man in a suit.

MRR: A real one.

Paddy: I'd have to go with *Every Which Way But Loose*. Which is funny, because I am not a big orangutan fan.

Erik: As far as having a primate as a main character I'd have to say *Ed*.

Paddy: That wasn't a real monkey.

Erik: Just as a character that might be the best.

Paddy: *Ed*, the story of the baseball playing monkey, that is a great fucking movie. You watch the scene where the monkey farts and levitates on the couch, and you tell me that shit ain't funny.

MRR: Monkeys and fart jokes. Two things that are always guaranteed funny.

Paddy: (laughing) See that is why the Middle East is getting all crazy and shit. Have you ever gone into one of the Middle Eastern shops were they have movies for rent. You don't find any farting monkey movies. then again maybe that is why Americans are so fucking passive. We are so enthralled with monkeys. Did I just say that out loud? The Japanese have a real good respect for the monkey. When we over there they had monkeys on everything.

Erik: When we were over there, we went to a monkey show that was fucking awesome.

Paddy: Yeah, it had a dog dressed up like a bird. Good times.

Erik: Good times those were.

MRR: Are monkey's your favorite animal?

Paddy: Bears are my favorite animal. I like bears. Monkeys are the most fun to watch. But I don't know, if I could get a bear with a monkey riding it, that would be the best. Where we going next?

MRR: That's it unless you have something to say?

Paddy: I just want to thank Lali Donovan. Several years ago, Davey G. from the Selby Tigers, and I were in a band called the Creepers and we put out one of the best 7" of all time. Nobody cared, but then Lali gave us a good review and we sold out the whole pressing. I have seriously been waiting, how long?

Erik: Seven years.

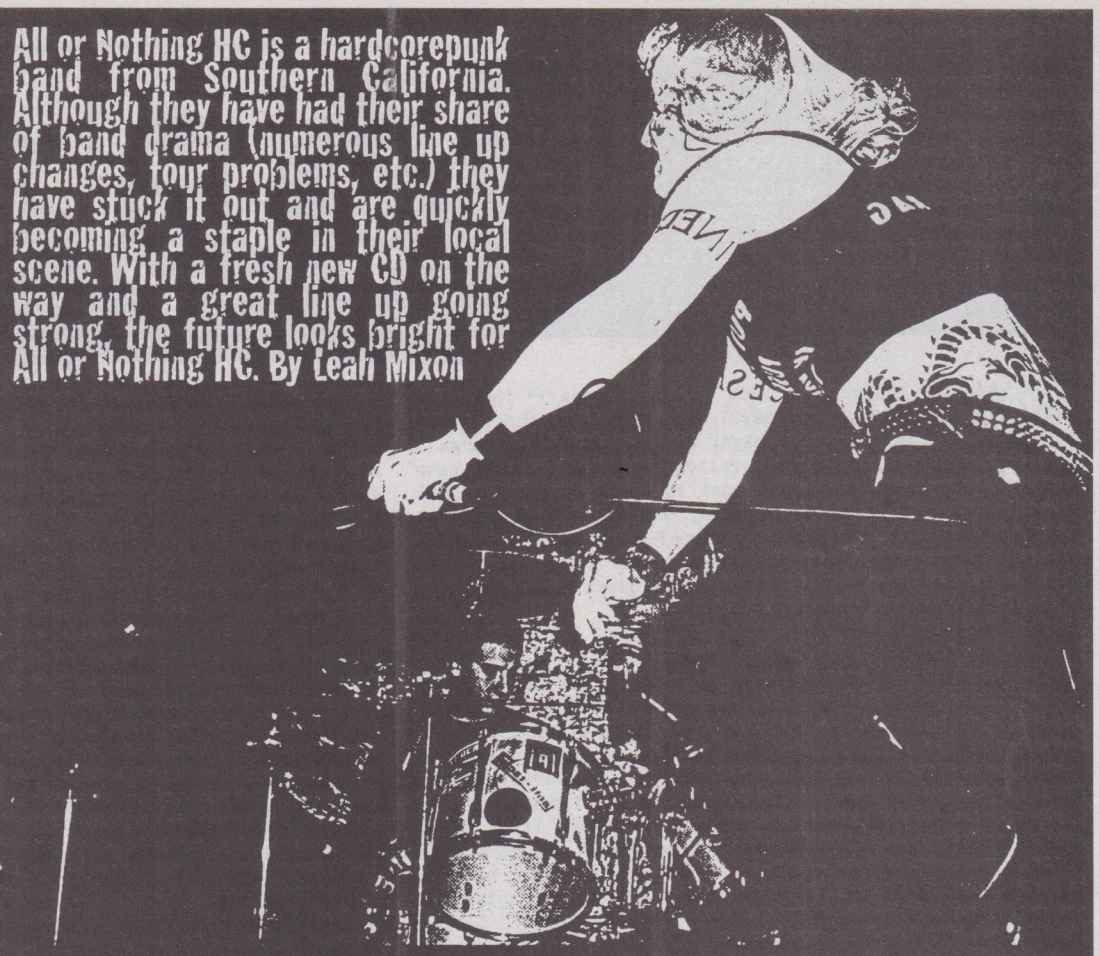
Paddy: I have been waiting seven years, so I'd like to thank Lali Donovan for that.

MRR: So Lali if you are somewhere in Austin.

Paddy: And I'd also like to ask for one bad review from Bruce Roehrs.

ALL OR NOTHING HC

All or Nothing HC is a hardcorepunk band from Southern California. Although they have had their share of band drama (numerous line up changes, tour problems, etc.) they have stuck it out and are quickly becoming a staple in their local scene. With a fresh new CD on the way and a great line up going strong, the future looks bright for All or Nothing HC. By Leah Mixon



MRR: To start off with, All or Nothing HC has gone through a lot of line up changes in the past, including losing everyone except Renae at one time. How do you feel about the line up you have now?

Dan: Except for Woody it's alright. [Laughter] No, really we're happy to have Woody as our drummer.

Renae: We're stoked on the line up. We're very pleased. We have Woody on drums. He got into the band about eight months ago. Before that we borrowed a drummer, Art from Weak Sauce. It was nice to get a permanent drummer that kicked ass. We needed an exceptional drummer. We were playing with the Deseptikons for awhile and their drummer ruled so it was important to us to find an equally talented drummer. I guess Chris, Dan, and I are the original All or Nothing HC members as of 2001. We also have Paul on guitar—we're lucky to have him. He's using us. As our band propels itself further and further along, Paul hopes to find the band he really wants to be in, a Swingin' Utters type band. Until that point though, we are fortunate to have him in our band.

MRR: So you have basically had this line up for eight months?

Renae: With Paul it's maybe been three or four months, but with Woody it's been eight.

MRR: Now I know Renae has done other things in the past like, He's Dead Jim, so what are the rest of your experiences with other bands?

Woody: I was in a band called Dead White Devil and we never really played any shows.

Renae: They played two, two shows in five years.

Woody: No, we played more then that, but anyhow who cares?

Dan: Chris and I were in Devious Public together for a while.

Chris: That was a hoax. [Laughter] No that was cool. My first band was Farmers Drive Tractors. I was in that band for four and a half or five years. Then I did other things. Then Dan and I started our first band together called the Blasting Agents, which was cool, but we never really got it together.

Dan: I was in Pissed Off Porn before that.

Renae: Then there's Paul…Paul started playing when he was four and got into his first band when he was six.

Woody: I thought it was three. Paul, you lied to me!

Paul: And I still suck! What the hell's my problem, dude? Well I was in a band called Use Your Head. I was in an underground band called Renob and then Haulin' Ass.

Woody: Paul's so cool he plays in underground bands.

Paul: It was underground because Renob backwards is boner. [Laughter]

Renae: I don't know why that was so funny, I guess because Paul said boner.

Paul: You like it when I say boner.[More laughter]

Woody: I like it when you say boner, dude.

MRR: So Renae, what was your motivation behind starting On the Rag Records?

Renae: I started On the Rag in 1996 out of sheer desperation to put the He's Dead Jim music out—basically that was the first thing we did. I was able to find someone to help me financially with the record label based on the fact that I wanted to do an all girl-fronted compilation and put out girl-fronted bands. They thought it was a good idea and were willing to help me. So with a little tiny nest egg of about $5000 dollars I was able to do the first couple of releases; then I did the first All or Nothing HC release on my own. The compilation was a totally rewarding experience except for the fact that most of the bands on it now are broken up. I think that's the way it is with most comps, though, and with a lot of labels that's the risk you take. You put something out and then the band breaks up immediately afterwards. Basically, I wanted to help other women out there, to be able to have a record or have a song out or whatever, just to be able to get some radio play, some press, or just to get shows. I wanted to give them an opportunity that I didn't feel was available to me when I first started out.

MRR: Do you think the punk scene is still male dominated like it has been said to be in the past?

Renae: Umm…Yes! It is male dominated.

Woody: Everything's male dominated.

Renae: Exactly. You know what? It's better though, and getting better. There's a lot more opportunity. Every year there are more opportunities. I think that women in the scene still face the same challenges but there's just a lot more women that are empowered, knowledgeable, and confident out there helping each other. There's not as much of that "one girl in the scene" type mentality. So it's nice to be in the Inland Empire and actually there are a few girl-fronted bands and all girl bands that didn't exist when I was in He's Dead Jim way back in the day. So it's very cool.

MRR: Do you think female or female-fronted bands have a harder time getting respect from audiences or fellow bands?

Renae: I think if this was He's Dead Jim I would be saying yeah, but this band kicks ass and I think that, well, I can only speak for myself,

but I think that people are blown away by us so far. I think we surprise them. I think that the normal idea is that you see a girl get up there and you think the bands going to suck and she's going to be some wuss ass girl up there shaking her booty and "la-la-la-ing."

Woody: But then as soon as we start playing usually people realize that, shit women can play punk too.

Renae: The funny thing is right when we go on people are like tripping out that there's a girl in the band and they're like, "what's she going to do?"

Paul: See but that's also a benefit though.

Reane: Yeah definitely.

Woody: It is. People are like, "Hey, what's going on?"

Chris: They all have their heads turned.

Paul: As simple minded as guys are, they sit there and go, "Hey look, there's a cute chick singing." They're like, "let's watch them."

Dan: It probably takes them a little longer for them though. To actually get through to them and have them realize there's a message.

Paul: Well yeah if you see a cute chick up there you're going to at least sit and watch for a little bit to see what she's going to do. Then I think that makes it easier for us to grab people that actually like the music. I think after they see us a few times the fact that she's a girl deteriorates. You know what I mean? Then she's just a person in a band that they would like to go see.

Renae: The best thing is if I'm somewhere and someone will actually say, "I saw your band, you fucking go off!" That didn't used to happen in He's Dead Jim. Everyone would be like, "Oh, I liked your outfit." Something stupid like that and now it's like they remember our band for what we're doing and the music. So that's a good thing. We all face the same shit though, you know? There will be some asshole trying to hump me when I'm singing or some girl flashing me her tits but I can deal with that, you know, it's part of the struggle. [Laughter]

MRR: What do you think about people grouping all female-fronted bands together simply based on the fact that they're female fronted and not based on the music. Like if people were to compare you to No Doubt simply because you're a female-fronted band?

Renae: That does happen. Well for me, whatever bleached blonde is in the media at that point singing in a band is who I'm compared to. It was Madonna way back in the day, then it was Courtney Love, and now it's like, "You're a really spastic, hardcore, tattooed, punk rock Gwen Stefani." It's shocking. It wasn't so shocking on tour because you think maybe that's all they know. When it happens here in Southern California it's like that's their only reference point and that's pretty bad. Now I'm stoked when people say, "Oh you're like Theo from the Lunachicks or Cinder from Tilt," or you know any band that deviates from the Top 40 because then at least I know that they've gone out of their way to listen to a lot of girl-fronted bands in punk or just in general. They are always going to be like "oh Gwen" or "oh this or oh that," whoever's the flavor of the month is who you sound like or look like or whatever. It's sad.

MRR: "Knife to My Neck" seems to be a very personal song—was it hard for you to write?

Renae: No. I'm angry. I hope I stay angry for a really long time because you know there is enough to be angry about, and that songs not really written out of desperation or sadness, it's more like a gut reaction to what happened. It's kind of a therapy for me to a certain degree. My songs are very personal to me. Not just that one. They are definitely pages out of my diary. When I sing these songs it's like I'm able to sing through them. That's an important song to me. It's not that I think every girl should be singing about every bad thing that happens to her, but at the same time I think it highlights the issue. The more that we talk about things I think the more we take the mystery out of them and then we're able to dialogue about serious issues in our country, like rape. They say every six minutes in this country someone is raped and one out of three rapes goes unreported, and those are important statistics. If my little song can somehow make some girl go, "Fuck, that happened to me and now I don't feel so isolated." That's what it's all about, sharing our humanity, so to speak.

MRR: "La Maestra" talks about you teaching and I have heard you mention being a teacher before. What made you want to become a teacher?

Renae: Well I graduated from college and was a cocktail waitress. Then I was a stripper for two weekends. While I was dominatrixing I became a substitute teacher. I was also doing He's Dead Jim and *On the Rag* zine, so it was a juggling act. Finally, people were asking, "Well, why don't you just get your teaching credential?" Teachers would always ask, "You've been subbing for three years, why don't you get your credential and become a full time teacher?" So when they downsized classrooms in California 20 to 1 in first grade, they were desperate for teachers and I got hired. I didn't get hired because they were desperate, but they were hiring all the substitutes so I got a job and decided to get my credential. I love teaching. What's crazy is that it is better to have your own classroom then to go into a new classroom every single day. I felt like I was making a difference as a substitute teacher but you're able to develop relationships with children and really inspire them and motivate them as a full time teacher. I love elementary school kids. They're fun. I taught K-12 as a substitute teacher but elementary is a lot of fun—they're amazing. I teach 5th grade now, so they're still open to suggestion, so to speak. They still kind of respect the teacher. I think whatever grade someone would think about teaching they need to keep in mind that as long as you show the kids respect they'll respect you. You know, idealistically, you want to make a difference. I feel like I'm here to give something back to the world and the way that I do that is through teaching and through music.

MRR: Has it ever been hard for you to teach and to be in a punk band?

Renae: So far I would say no. Although I'm finding that my worlds are crashing into each other a little more as the days go on. Like when we play Chain Reaction there were some kids that go to Corona High or Centennial and they came to my school, which is no big deal, but I wasn't around. I would have liked to talk to them and to have hung out with them though. It worries me that my own students are going to come to the shows, not because I think what we do is bad, because I don't think so—I think that they would understand but I don't think their parents would. Especially because I'm all tatted up. The parents know I am a good teacher but they're not open minded enough. I think I'll probably have to go teach at a low income school because the parents there are more open minded. Let me just say this though, it's quite a juggle, because teaching is demanding. This is what I always say: I'm not married and I don't have kids so it's easy for me to do a band and go to school full time and work full time.

MRR: What are all of your biggest musical influences? What bands inspired you the most?

Woody: Propagandi. I listen to a lot of emo and a lot of metal. [Laughter] Seriously, I listen to some classic rock here and there but I listen to a lot of emo and a lot of metal.

Dan: Renae's been getting me into a lot of the hardcore music which has kind of influenced my playing a lot recently. I like all kinds of music though, other than country or stuff like that.

Chris: I grew up listening to Iron Maiden. Then from there it went to DRI then just kind of went down to like hardcore punk rock and kind of stayed in that category of punk rock.

Paul: The first thing that made me want to start playing was when I was a kid, my brother made me watch this thing called *Night Flight* that came on channel 13 at like one o' clock in the morning. Now everybody knows it as *Another State of Mind*, when they did the live tour with Youth Brigade and ended up with Minor Threat and stuff. It was the first time I ever really saw punk rock and it made me want to do that because they were doing what they wanted to do and they weren't living by rules. They weren't being assholes to anybody but they were doing what they wanted to do when society didn't expect it. You know, nowadays if you're not punk you're not cool, but back then they had to fight for what they believed in. A lot of kids now days don't give enough respect to the older bands that have paved the way for them. They think, look at Blink 182, I want to make a lot of money like them. Nothing wrong with making money, you know what I mean? But you still got to give back to the scene and pay your dues before you start criticizing people that you don't know. Getting into your little cliques and talking shit about other people because they're not wearing the same clothes as you. The whole mentality to me is that punk is not the music, it's not the clothes you wear, it's your state of mind and what you believe in—you don't compromise for anybody.

Chris: I think it's what you make it to be as long as it's positive.

Renae: Ditto to what Paul said.

Dan: I was going to say that too.

Renae: I mean I have to admit the very first singer I was into other than Carly Simon, who I was totally into because my mom liked Carly Simon and Janis Joplin. Then it was Debbie Harry. I mean I don't think enough women in music really give it up to Debbie Harry. I don't care what anybody says, Debbie Harry rocks! Then obviously once punk rock hit me in the head then it was like Becky Bondage and Siouxsie Sioux and Dinha Cancer. I loved 45 Grave when I was in junior high, I wanted long white hair just like Dinha Cancer's, not realizing it was a wig—but I wanted to be just like her. When I was ten there were the Go Go's, I mean someone reminded me recently how great the Go Go's were and that's so true. Then obviously there was Joan Jett. I did go out and buy my little Joan Jett 7". I loved Jennifer Miro and The Nuns. I loved Nico too. Johnette Napolitano inadvertently convinced me to be a singer. I have always been partial to female-fronted bands, completely. I also love bands like Minor Threat, Black Flag, Gorilla Bisquits, Quicksand, Sick of it All, AFI, etc. I strive to go off just as much if not more than the men who front those bands.

MRR: Everyone in the band seems to have their own agenda and different things that they care about. What would you all like to get across in your music?

Woody: Treating each other with kindness and not judging each other. Just everybody you know, I don't want any judgement.

Chris: I don't like the racial tension I see today. If you just spread a positive message and somebody reads it and has like a whole new definition of it that's great. I think that's a topic I would really like to see in our lyrics because I would like to spread that message.

Woody: I would also like to address classism because classism is a fucking terrible problem in this country. It's so horrible, it's like different races of people. It's like the super rich then just the moderately rich then the middle class then lower middle class and then it's like just poverty. Each one of the groups is like a little clique, you live with those people you pretty much just associate with those people and I don't like it.

Renae: The difference is the super rich and the moderately rich and even the middle class can choose where they want to live, but the impoverished have no choice, so even if they wanted to associate with those people they don't have that option.

Woody: Right. Yeah at least the middle class person can pretend like he's rich. Discrimination against the poor.

Chris: He also wants to write songs about Sea World.

Dan: Save the dolphins!

Woody: No more slaughter of whales. That's all I have to say.

Dan: Well one of the reasons I like the band so much is because Renae has a lot of issue-minded songs and I happen to agree with all of her stuff so far. She's educated me in a lot of things like women's rights and stuff like that. It's something I would like to take up too.

Renae: Dan's going to be fighting for the ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) we're going to get it passed.

Woody: It's a good way to meet chicks. (laughter)

Dan: Woody understands me.

Woody: We're right on the same level here, Dan.

Renae: Paul is a lyricist actually. He doesn't have to wish to write lyrics, he actually does.

Paul: The things I write about, like Renae, are more personal. Some people have a knack for writing about things outside of their lives that are funny or whatever, but everything I write about is within my life and my family and friends. People I've lost, things like that mean something to me, so when I do sing them it's like it's more emotional then anything and hopefully it comes across like that in the music. I also believe that Renae puts out a positive message through her songs.

Renae: I'm feeling the love tonight! I would also like to say that as a teacher I teach the children that all good authors start with what they know. Write about what you know don't try to be something you're not. That's what they say, like Jerry Spinelli. He's a really famous children's author, that's all I know now is children's authors.

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FLESHIES

interview by will risk

MRR: Okay, so I figure you're gonna have clever pseudonyms, so you have to say where they come from. Let's go.

Matt: Mattowar. I play guitar, and I started out as a bass player, and a poor drummer. I played clarinet once and I tried the drums. I was really bad at it. I'm 28. Mattowar...see...it's really clever. My name is Matt, and I like Manowar and someone said "hey! Mattowar!" It stuck, I guess.

Brian: Brian Hamiltron. And, I don't remember where the nickname came from.

Von: He did some animatronic shit one day, and we laughed for, like, ten minutes. And then you were like "robot...hamiltron."

MRR: How old are you?

Brian: 25.

MRR: And what do you play?

Brian: Drums.

John: I'm, uh, Johnny Walker Lindt bar. Johnny Walker Lindt bar. That's L-I-N-D-T. That bar is a delicious confection, available at Landmark Theaters.

MRR: Do you come up before your names before each interview, like you're planning on it, or...

John: There's no plan for anything.

Matt: Johnny gets really mad when we give him names.

John: They're invariably...

Brian: There's Johnny No Dick.

John: Yeah, there's always Johnny No Dick. They're always too accurate.

Von: Charles Bronson.

Matt: And then he ended up naming Hammie Herpestron after that. So we have this interview where Johnny is Johnny No Dick, and he's Herpestron.

John: Right...it's the worst. So, I scream sometimes and sing sometimes. And I'm 27, which means I should be dead by the end of this year.

MRR: Yep, that's true.

Von: I'm Vonny, and I'm 27 and I play the bass guitar. And...my name is Von. My friend Jimmy called me Von-Bons, and then my friend Alvaro said "your name is Vonny Bon-Bons." It was kind of like he knighted me. Actually, my buddy at work's been calling me Von-Son. I've kind of been getting into that. He's a Salvadorian dude. He just goes "Von-Son."

MRR: So do you want to talk about how you came about?

Matt: Well, see, [Johnny and Vonny] were jamming in their bedroom, and they decided "Hey, let's form another band." This is after Astrolloyd, their old band, broke up. And they asked my friend Mikey Porter, of Your Mother fame (he now plays in the Eddie Haskells) if he knew anybody who could play guitar. I, being a bass player, was the perfect choice for that guitar job, because I had a guitar. I didn't have an amp at that point.

John: But, before you even joined we actually had two people that were possible drummers. Hamiltron was the second possible drummer. The first possible drummer was Ryan from the Dairy Queens.

MRR: The dude with all the piercings?

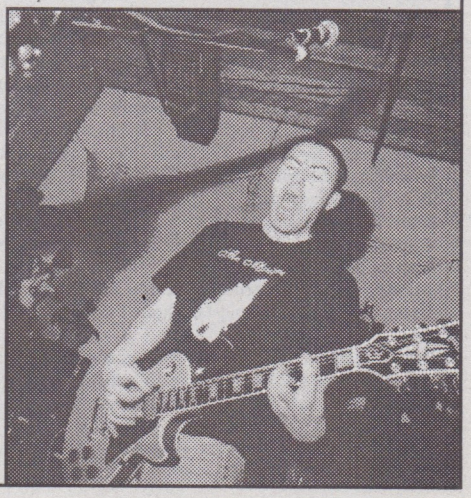
John: Yes. The very very big gauge...yeah, he's a sweet guy. But it didn't quite work out.

Von: Then we made Brian out of clay.

John: But I actually called, before we even jammed in the bedroom, I called [Vonny] from, like, Florida. Because I was on tour with Harbinger and it was a gray drizzly day in Florida, Pensacola, and I realized that me and Von needed to rock again. So

we did. And Brian I had played with a few years ago in...in fucking Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits for, like, two practices.
Brian: I didn't make the cut.
Matt: I'm the only one who's never been in Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits in this band. I was never good enough for those guys.
Brian: I wasn't either.
John: Yeah, but you were in another band that shall not be named.
Matt: Three Tards?
John: It's not as long ago...there's rumors about another band that could've pummeled Bobby Joe into a small, bloody pulp. They actually did on a few occasions.
MRR: The Pattern?
John: No names...we'll get body-slammed.
MRR: Can we say it off the record?
John: (whispers)
MRR: I have no idea who that is.
John: That's the idea. But if it was in print, we'd get body slammed, burnt, and broken.
MRR: You guys have spent a lot of the past three years on the road. Is there anything more important to you than this band? It seems to pretty much consume your lives.
Von: I'm more important than this band.
Matt: I don't think any of us are gonna die. We've gotten to that level where we're like "Wow! We're about to die!" So we actually are going to take a little time off after the next tour. Because, yeah, we're going to die if we don't.
Brian: We're not gonna die.
John: If you're gonna die...*no die!*
Matt: This is so Fleshies don't die. But, we figure...
John: FLESHIES NO DIE 2002 TOUR!
Brian: I have to take next year off to finish school. 'Cause I'm 17 units away from graduating, and I haven't had health insurance for the past couple of years. So I have to get on it for, like, a year. But, we haven't really written that much lately anyway. And the few songs we have written, I'm really excited about. So, I figure we can spend the next year writing and...
John: And then we'll come back and sound completely different and everyone will hate us who used to like us.
Brian: Yeah.
MRR: Like Subincision.
John: Yeah, totally. Berkeley's next newest hitmakers.
Von: We'll still play, we're just not going to tour.
John: Yeah, we'll play once in a while.
Matt: Yeah, we'll do some local stuff. Do some shows with Sharp Knife!
John: Yes.
Brian: Maybe some trips down to LA, just for the weekend.
Matt: Take a trip with Sharp Knife to LA.
John: Then go to Europe when we get back.
Von: Maybe go to Italy.
John: Italy would be nice. In Italy we can stay with my family. Before they lived in the US, there's this castle down there that they lived in. It's owned by the state now, but they still keep a wing open for people who have some sort of lineage or attachment to the family. So we could all crash in the castle.
Matt: Victim's Family, actually, is very hooked up out there and I was talking with them and they know a lot of people and they actually told me a lot of stuff.
John: Really? That would be awesome. Those guys are amazing. It was fun going to Austin with them. That was some teen dream shit for me. I used to love that band, still do.
Matt: Maybe some form of them will be ready to go out by the time we want to go there. It would be nice to hang out with those guys again.
John: Yeah. Those guys are rad.
Matt: They're really nice. Really good.
MRR: The slap bass didn't get to you?
John: Not with them. They're the only band I know of that I can excuse for playing white funk.
Matt: You have to understand that there's bands like Minutemen and fuckin' Nomeansno and all kinds of bands that used slap bass.
Von: Certain bands can do it.
John: Different era, you know? It's all about good songs and where you're coming from.
Matt: They come from a different place than a lot of the other bands that did it, you know?
John: See, when Red Hot Chili Peppers came out, they ruined it for everybody with that. But everybody else was that was doing it, there were a lot of really good bands who RHCP ripped off.
Matt: You can't blame Red Hot Chili Peppers. Back when they did it, it wasn't such a stigma.
John: Yeah, actually I blame Primus. Primus. Primus was probably one of the first to get all these crappy bands into it. I used to like Primus, though. (laughing).
Matt: It wasn't necessarily these bands as much as it was their imitators, and their followers, and a bunch of people who just decided that as opposed to just letting slap bass be, every band needed to have slap bass.
Von: It had to happen. It had to happen like that.
Matt: The slap bass revolution was needed so that music could progress.
Von: Exactly.
John: Well, speaking as a white funk survivor, I just have to say that there's a certain point you just grow past the slap.
Brian: Yeah.
Matt: Oh, no, I used to slap my bass. Vonny still does, man.
John: I'm going to slap you.
Matt: Vonny likes to do it in practice.
John: We don't slap bass, we slap face.
Von: We slap each other a lot.
MRR: Do you really?
Von: When we get drunk at parties.
Matt: I don't like it a lot of the time. I've had this new electric razor, and my face is really sensitive now.
John: It's not as bad as it was in high school when I lit some jock's leg on fire when I was on Quaaludes.
Matt: Yeah, Johnny. What's this I hear about you on hard drugs now?
John: What's up with that, dude? Apparently there are rumors that I'm on hard drugs, largely due to an eye twitch which I have now figured out is due to my poor vision.
MRR: How important are "punk ideals" to this band?
Matt: Well, which "punk ideals" are you referring to? I mean, it depends on which school of punk you're speaking of. I mean, whose "punk ideals"? I'm true to my ideals.
MRR: What are your ideals?
Matt: Um, what day is it today? No, just, I don't know...Be good to each other.
Brian: Yeah.
Matt: ...and try not to fuck anybody over, or yourself. Try to make the world a better place when you leave your mark.
John: I like playing shows with my friends.
Von: The one thing I go by is, like, your heart will tell you if something is wrong or good, and it's varying degrees. I try and do what's right. As far as people are concerned, yeah, follow your heart.
John: I like my friends.
Brian: As far as punk ideals, I guess, some things are just basic. And it's not even a matter of punk, really, to me. To be honest, I didn't really like a lot of punks at my high school, just because a lot of them were snobs. But somehow I wound up around it a lot, later on. And the people that I have met now, a lot of the people are really great.
John: I smell kind of bad.
Von: Hell yeah!
MRR: And you've got a 4:20 tattoo on your wrist! (laughter)
John: Totally, dude.
Brian: We have the worst tattoos.
John: I'm telling you dude, *white funk survivor.* When I was seventeen, I used to go to Gilman and watch Blatz and all the other bands I liked and Green Day and Econochrist and Juke and all those bands. Nobody wanted to talk to me because I had really long hair and a big Butthole Surfers patch on my old jean jacket.

Only Eggplant!
MRR: He's the only kid who talked to you?
John: He's the only person that ever really talked to me. And this girl Lonnie who was pretty cool.
MRR: Would it have helped if you had carved "Filth Punks" into your arm with a toothpick?
John: Maybe if I had cut my hair. I had really long hair. I was a "grunger."
MRR: "Grunge!"
Matt: Yeah, "grunge."
Brian: "Grunge!"
Von: "Grunge!"
MRR: "Grunge."
Matt: I love Mudhoney, man.
Brian: Will, did you like any grunge bands?
MRR: Dude! It was like, there was the Beatles and then there was grunge. That was my childhood.
Brian: Yeah!
Matt: Totally, man.
Von: Yeah.
Brian: I'm trying to think if there are any of those records that I still like now.
MRR: You like Nirvana records, right?
Brian: Yeah, yeah.
Matt: Mudhoney, dude!
Brian: And Mudhoney.
John: Mudhoney's outta control.
Matt: Every good boy deserves fudge.
John: Tad! Tad was good.
Matt: Melvins!
John: Melvins weren't "grunge."
MRR: The Jesus Lizard was kind of considered "grunge" for whatever reason.



Von: So was Scratch Acid.
John: Nah. They were on Touch and Go.
MRR: Well, they got props from Kurt Cobain, so they kind of got grouped in there, but they were never...
John: But they were a product of Texas. They were a pure product of Austin 1985. If there's any era I could be magically transported back to, it would be Austin 1985. Big Boys, the Dicks, fuckin' Scratch Acid, Butthole Surfers.
MRR: When did the Dicks move out here?
John: I think they moved out to San Francisco in the early 90s, late 80s. They broke up in like, '86, I think.
MRR: How do political ideas factor into your lyrics?
John: Von hates politics.
Von: No, I just don't like talking about politics. I'll read the paper, but...
John: In terms of lyrics that I write, both me and Matt write some lyrics that could be considered kind of political.
MRR: Matt, you write lyrics?
Matt: Yeah.
John: Yeah, we all write the songs.
Matt: (singing) We write the songs that make the young girls die. And Johnny writes music.
John: Yeah, yeah.
Brian: Yeah, we all write. That should be stated.
Matt: Hammy wrote *all* the lyrics on our record. (laughter)
John: Actually, on the last album and continuing on to now, the stuff that I've written is more obsessed with reactionary politics. They're about, basically, how reactionaries are in control of the world. And kind of more analyzing that. Looking at how quickly things can change, and how quickly they do change nowadays. And yet, they kind of stay the same as before. But in a lot of ways, there're these huge explosive events that go on on a day to day basis and they keep on building up and building up to this ridiculous level. You might think that it would be something that would be apocalyptic, but it's not going to be like that because there's so many fucking people, and you can never kill everybody in the world.
Matt: Yeah you can.
MRR: But you do address political issues, on stage at least, sarcastically.
John: It's important to find a sense of humor in everything. I could go on and on.
Matt: We just try to keep it real, basically. We all have takes on what's going on. John addresses it straight up. We both, actually, like to use historical references. Like, he used Locofocoism on songs like "Locofoco Motherfucker," and he related it to modern times. And, it made total sense. It was almost prophetic with what happened with 9-11 and all. It was pretty amazing. And then, with stuff like DickHolyHalo, it is the same thing where I used the rape of the new world when the Spanish came over. I used stuff like the battle of between the ball and the cross (the ball was a supreme symbol in Aztec culture, much like the cross in Christianity, and is a symbol of life rather than death as the cross is) and Quetzacoatl, the symbolism and everything, to kind of relate to what's going on. I don' t want to go into it too much, because we could go on for hours.
John: Ultimately, as individuals, we don't really have a lot of power. It's bigger forces that move things and that actually make differences. I just write about what I see around me at the time, and how it relates to me and how it's affecting me.
MRR: Is Fleshies just about music, or is it a rebellion against something, or...
Von: It's an aerobic workout, every time.
John: It's about a lot of things.
Brian: It's different for each of us, probably. We haven't really sat down and discussed a "mission statement." For me, it's probably mostly about music.
Matt: Yeah, I think we've become a definite family through the whole thing. So I think that's definitely kinda changed what it is. I think a lot of it with me is a question of "how are you going to leave your mark when you're gone?" I think being with these guys, and knowing the kind of people they are, it's kind of cool. I figure, if I get hit by a train, at least I had this. These guys are awesome. I wouldn't have wanted to have done it with anybody else. As far as what I'm doing, I don't think I'll be changing things.
John: I guess release, reaction, and reflection. It sounds really cheesy and sound bitey. Pretty much, those are the three things that count for me in this band.
Von: It's the closest thing to meditation that I get. When we're playing and it feels good, my mind is clear. I'm somewhere else, floating around, not stressing.
Matt: I just like the interaction of it all. I like interacting with the guys and I like interacting with whoever is watching our show. It's fun.
Brian: Yeah, my favorite thing about playing music with people is that I can get a personal momentum that I can't get unless I'm playing. Playing music with the same people for a couple years is interesting, you know? I don't know how to explain it, but I can't get to the energy level I get to when I'm playing music with them, for the most part.
Matt: The more good songs we write, the more fun it's gonna be.
Brian: You spend all this time writing, and then you get to just make it completely physical for 25 minutes.
MRR: So, with this group of people, it's different than with any other group?
Brian: Yeah, this is the most euphoric I've been able to be for, like, 25 minutes, so far.
John: I think we really push ourselves and our equipment and our minds the furthest they can go. We're not really satisfied with whatever new level we're at. We're always trying to one up ourselves.
Brian: Sometimes it backfires.
John: Sometimes it backfires. We have a high standard for how intense it needs to be. I think that we're all pretty demanding on what release is needed by us.
Von: Yeah, that's totally it. I never thought about it like that.
John: It's like Sting having sex, you know?
Von: For five hours! He starts doing yoga.
John: He balances on his penis for, like six hours. That's like a Fleshies show.
Matt: The thing is, with tantric sex, they consider, when you're at dinner, the very first time your eyes meet is the beginning of sex. So, that could be considered eight hours. You know?
John: That means that all of us, sitting in a van, just looking at each other, playing Gameboy, could be considered to be having sex, the whole time.
Matt: Hey man, if we get one of those cables with one of the Gameboys, dude...
Von: Yeah, electronica.
John: Then we'd really be having sex. Digi-sex.
John: Matt, can you talk about 19th century French philosophers for a minute?
Matt: Dude, I'll tell you some Voltaire, man. Everybody read some Candide. That's a great book.
MRR: I don't know if MRR readers are into that kind of thing.
John: They should be.
Matt: They should all read Candide.
John: Put down your *MRR* and pick up Nietzsche.
Matt: It's great sarcastic philosophy. Then you might get those Nick Lowe records that you probably took back, motherfucker.
John: (laughing)
Matt: You like that?
John: All you need is Voltaire, a copy of the *Nation*, and some Sparks.
Matt: I've got every Sparks record.
Von: Go for the 70s Sparks records. That's where it's at. It's freaky.
Matt: Yeah. Actually, even "Ace in My Pants" was a very incredible record.
Von: Well, I like the 80s stuff, too. I'm just saying, I had no idea about the 70s stuff.
Matt: You like the Minutemen, Will?
MRR: I fucking love them. You know, Harbinger actually sounds a lot like the Minutemen.
John: Do we? We wish!
Matt: That's like a honor.
John: We totally wish. That's a really nice thing to say.
MRR: Or X.
John: Well, that band was definitely all Eggplant's songs, and then Aaron cutting little pieces and forcing us to play them faster.
Von: You guys were a great band.
John: Thank you. Robert writes some great songs. Aaron's great. They're both great people to play with. And I'm a terrible bass player.
Matt: Don't kid. You did the job just fine.
Von: You get the job done, son.
John: Like Kool Moe Dee.
MRR: What disgusts you in the world?
Von: Greed disgusts me. Gluttony is disgusting. You can be happy with not much. There's no reason these millionaires need more.
Matt: Well, why bomb each other over shit, over oil, over money, over religion, over god? Yeah, I'm sure your god's real proud of you, killing all these people for him. I'm sure that's exactly what he wants. Fuck them. Fuck all that. It's pretty basic bullshit to say. It's the same thing everybody says.
MRR: Well, not everybody.
John: Unfortunately.
MRR: We think everybody, because we're surrounded by people who feel that way.
Brian: People don't try to do what they want to do. People give up way too easy. They just give in these days, you know? You don't even have to make any money to play music. But no one just sticks with it. I'm sure people have plenty of other interests that they cop out on. It's not like we walk around thinking we're a bunch of teenagers doing this destructively. It's just that people don't invest in themselves enough, in a way that makes sense. They just think that it's all about money, instead of doing what you want to do. I think I'll be happy that I did this and was poor, instead of going after a bigger check. Because later on you'll realize that it was your time.
John: People don't invest in their real communities enough.
Brian: I don't even mean that to sound like I'm against money or something. I just think that people who are out for money are gonna realize that they got fucking cheated, 'cause they didn't have their time, you know?
John: Community means a lot. Real community means a lot
Matt: Yeah, as long as you keep it to four people.
Von: Oh! Oh!
MRR: Hey, now. On that note, is there anything happening around here that you're particularly excited about?
John: There are too many things around the Bay Area right now that excite me for me to even begin. But, chances are that they are going to be written about in the same magazine that people are going to be reading this in. A lot of them happen to be things that get written about in the magazine, especially now. Even though a few years ago, they might not have.
Matt: There's great music. There's so many great bands. I can't start to name them all. I'm lucky enough to play with them all and hang out with them and have great times.
John: Things feel really good right now, in a lot of ways, at least in what's going on musically. And, hell, we're gonna have so many more good bands because the guy

in the White House is worse than Reagan.
Matt: Yeah, I still they're gonna be buried deep in the underground, just out of fear of people speaking out about the bullshit.
John: There were so many great Reagan songs.
MRR: Yeah, the first Bush compilation is about to come out on Youth Attack. It's all anti-Bush songs.
John: I bet there was a Steel Cage Match to figure out who would put the first one out. "First dibs!"
MRR: Well, Bush has been President for less than a year, right?
John: A little more. A year and three months.
MRR: And he's been on the cover of *MRR* probably about eight times.
John: Totally. And there was a band called the Texas Thieves, like, month after the election. It's amazing. People are on top of this shit. They're ready for hard-core explosion part 2.
MRR: Um, so what's up with Jello's vests?
Matt: That's a great question, man.
John: Jello and fashion.
Matt: You know, you have to understand that the guy is not fashion plagued, you know?
John: He is, though, for Jello fashion.
Von: Vests are practical.
John: In what sense?
Von: If you want your arms to be cool and your body to be warm.
MRR: But they're, like, tapestry vests. They're silky and stuff.
Von: Well, there's a fine line.
MRR: Do you guys have anything coming out soon?
John: A 10" picture disc on Adeline. The *Fútbol* EP. The feelgood record of the year.
Matt: Feelgood record. This is our feelgood record. You want a record with no politics? There you go. Go buy *Fútbol*. Brian even contributed to it.
John: I mentioned Foucault on it though, once.
Matt: Yeah, but in a non-political way.
MRR: Who?
John: Foucault. Use the internet, look it up. George Tabb capped on him in his last column in *Maximum*. I thought that was rad he capped on Foucault.
Von: This EP's gonna be relaxing, you know, you chill to it.
MRR: Is it shaped like a football?
John: No, Fútbol! Fútbol!
MRR: I've been imagining a football.
Matt: It's a 10" soccer ball vinyl.
John: It's a soccer ball.
Von: It's the original football.
John: And then we have a split 7" with Los Rabbis coming up in August on S.P.A.M. Records!
Von: There's gonna be a track on an upcoming AK Press comp, Life Is Abuse comp, and there's also gonna be...
Matt: The Adeline comp.
Von: The Adeline comp. There's also going to be the This Here/S.P.A.M. Records 7" split comp.
John: And we're supposed to do splits, eventually, with Bible of the Devil and Toys That Kill, too.
Matt: And then we have a three way with Anal Mucus and Brainoil.
Von: And there's also gonna be a second full length on Alternative Tentacles, we're gonna record later this year.
Brian: That's three 7"'s we haven't written yet, so...
Von: A lot of that's been recorded, but just hasn't come out yet.
John: And then there's the *Wet Tail* 7" comp.
MRR: Who is that?
John: It's the PCP Roadblock guys. PCP Roadblock, Kojack, us, and one other band. And the Bay Area/Tennessee split. We already said that.
MRR: When is that going to happen?
John: It's gonna happen. It's just that I'm the one who's sponsoring it for S.P.A.M., and I've been kind of broke. But, I think Corbett's going to be helping me out because Corbett saves everyone's ass from the burning embers of the fire of doom.
MRR: He does. Did you record at Polymorph for the EP?
John: No, the EP we recorded at Nu-Tone with Chris Dugan.
MRR: Oh really? How did it turn out?
John: It sounded good.
Matt: I like it. You can really feel the songs on a lot of it. Especially, a lot of the 7" songs are recorded there. Just cause they're a lot more airy in nature, you can really feel them.
John: You can really feel the cello.
Von: Yeah, we got a cello on one song.
MRR: Seriously?
John: It's gonna really annoy people.
Matt: No, I think they're finally gonna see the light, that not everything's so black and white, that there are cellos.
John: There are cellos.
Von: There are cellos in the world. And we're never gonna die.
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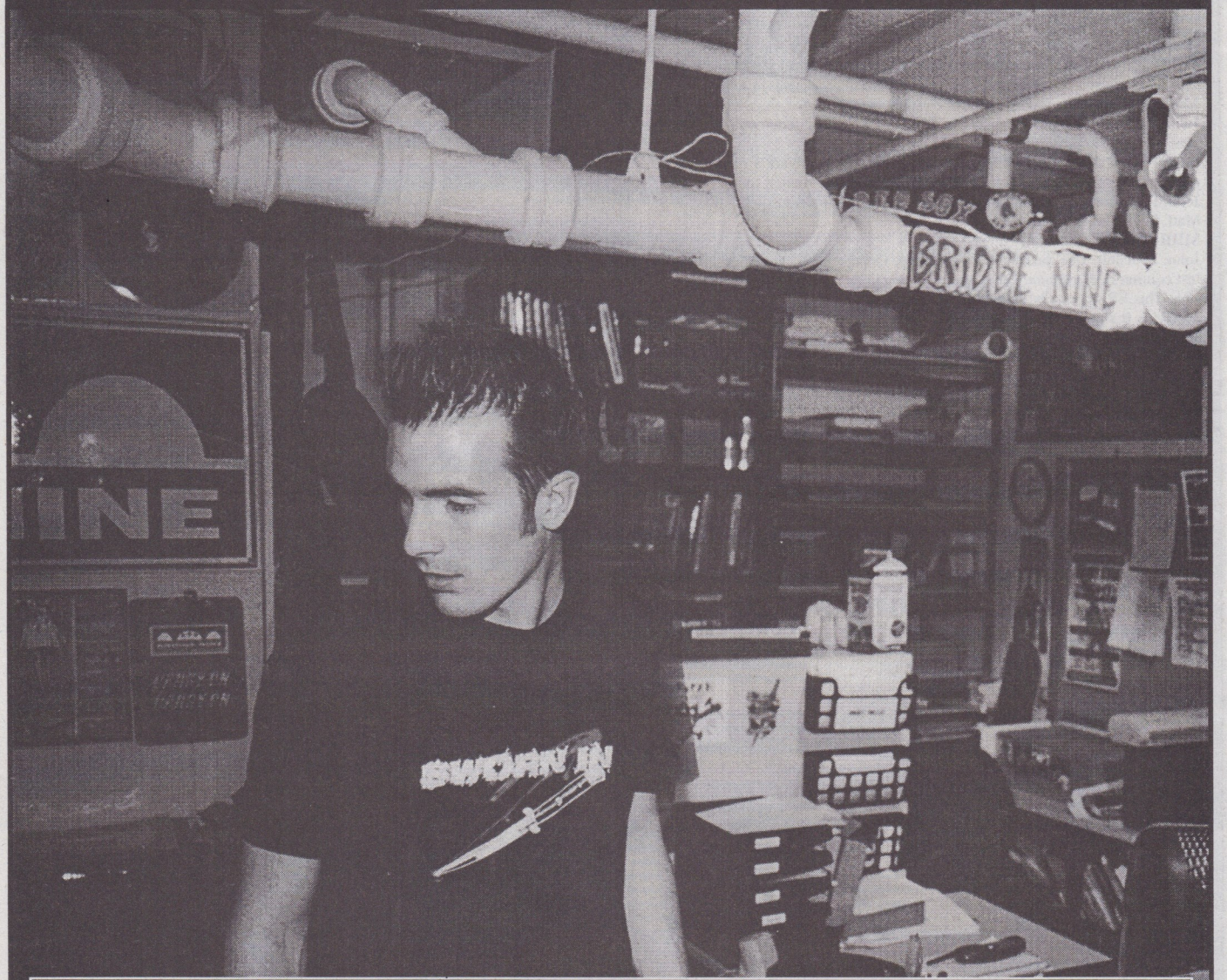
BRIDGE NINE



If you have been to a hardcore show in the past year, you probably have seen someone wearing a t-shirt with a band affiliated with Bridge Nine Records. After watching Bridge Nine go from putting out one record in its second year to putting out fifteen this year, a lot people began making speculations as to how he had become so prolific so fast. So I decided to go to the source and interview the man responsible for making Bridge Nine Records a household name, Chris Wren. We talked about the controversies surrounding his label's success, the first American Nightmare 7" and his unconventional methods in obtaining the funds for it's release, and his plans on where he wants to take the label in the future. Interview by Carl Cordova.

MRR: Give a brief description on how the label got started...

Chris: The label got started in 1995. I just moved to Vermont to go to school, but I was originally from Connecticut so I grew up going to shows there. I wanted to start a label after thinking about how I wanted to stay involved with hardcore because I knew that a lot kids after they go to college grow out of it and start doing something different. I wanted something that would keep me motivated and keep me going back to Connecticut for shows. I would go to shows in Albany and Vermont but they were fewer and far between.

MRR: You started the label after you graduated college?

Chris: It was my second year of college. I was going to school full-time and got a job to make some extra money to cover recording expenses. I had some friends that were in this band that wanted to do a split with another band from Connecticut and we figured that we should pull our resources to get that put out. I didn't really have any intention at doing a label. I just thought it would be fun to do a record and if we made the money back then we would take it and do another one. The first 7" came out in 1996.

MRR: Going back to college, do you wish that you had completed a major in college more related to what you are doing with the label now, such a business?

Chris: In hindsight maybe it would have been smarter had I done something business related. Everything business that I've done has been common sense. I have a bachelors of Fine Arts degree, which helps with the graphic design and the feel of the label. Business wise, its really just been trial and error. I have always been fairly entrepreneurial, but I have also made some mistakes that could have been prevented.

MRR: When did you feel that Bridge Nine became more of a business than just a hobby?

Chris: Basically the first record came out in 1996, we had one that came out in 1997, two in 1998, one in 1999, 3 in 2000 and that was when we did American Nightmare's self-titled release. That 7" opened up a lot of doors, because they were the first band that was touring on a regular basis and got out of New England. They were the first band that was able to help promote the label and its other releases. Starting around that time I started focusing more efforts on the label and trying to come up with other projects. I had other bands approaching me because they saw that I threw everything into American Nightmare. We made sure everything was perfect and I think that a lot of bands saw that I worked really hard for them.

MRR: Were you able to give American Nightmare any tour support?

Chris: I didn't really give them much tour support other than fronting them merchandise. For the second EP that we did, they had already committed to doing a full-length with Equal Vision Records. I wanted to do something else before they went to Equal Vision, so basically I told them I would hook them up with plane tickets to get to California because they had never been there. So I paid for their plane tickets in order to get them back into the studio.

MRR: Did American Nightmare not think you could handle the task of taking on an LP with them?

Chris: I'll be the first to admit that at that time I was eight months behind.

MRR: Behind in?

Chris: Well eight months later I probably could have been in a position where I would have been able to give them the money, time, and promotion. But at that point I had only had a couple of CDs under my belt and mostly 7" EPs. I had never done anything on the scale of what American Nightmare wanted. They were trying to become more of a national band and play out much as possible. I really couldn't get behind them in the same way Equal Vision could.

MRR: Do you think Bridge Nine is big enough now that you could handle it?

Chris: I think that now I probably could. For the first time I am doing stuff that larger labels do. I deal more with publicity and tour support issues such as making sure every venue and store has posters. I am working on promoting the bands and their records where as smaller labels might not have the time or resources to promote.

MRR: What labels do you look to for inspiration?

Chris: There have always been labels that I have respected like Equal Vision and Indecision because they are run by people that a very respectable. I think these guys did a pretty good job. I don't know if I would necessarily agree with every decision they've made since, but I think both of those labels put a lot into their bands.

MRR: Do you feel that Bridge Nine has become less informal as it has gotten bigger? Do you still need know a band and its members personally before releasing their record?

Chris: There have only been two or three instances where I didn't know the band before I put out their record. Now I am in a position where bands that are already on the label come to me like Tim from American Nightmare and said "Hey there is this band Champion from Seattle and they haven't been on the East Coast but they do really well in the Northwest. And every time we play out there they are probably the best band we play with. You should check them out." I hadn't met them, so I called them up and got one of their older records. I just found out about them through word of mouth and we ended up doing a record with them. I don't think that the label is necessarily any more informal that it was before. True we are dealing on a different scale I guess, but I think that the perception of the label by most people if way off. A lot of people think that it is a lot bigger than it really is. What it boils down to is that Bridge Nine is just me. I have a couple people that help out on a regular basis that come in and work for free and help put records together. But every major decision is made by me.

MRR: Why do think people think Bridge Nine is bigger than it really is?

Chris: Probably because I am able to do what a lot of much larger labels are able to provide for their bands. I try to make posters and records available pretty much everywhere.

MRR: Do you use contracts with your bands?

Chris: I haven't. Everything has been verbal.

MRR: Have you ever been burned by a band where you wished you used a contract?

Chris: Not yet. But I can see that becoming an issue. Until recently I have been on a very personal level with my bands so it hasn't been a problem. But your friends can only put out so many good bands before its get to a point where you have to start looking elsewhere. Now that I am doing twelve or fourteen records a year, things might change. Everything up until now has been verbal. If there is a new band and I really like what they are doing I'll ask to do an EP with the condition that I can follow it up with a full length. I don't commit bands to multiple records other than that. Even then its only a verbal commitment and they are not tied to it. But I work really hard for my bands on their EPs. A lot of labels won't do half of what I do in terms of getting the word out and promoting their record. So I want to have the understanding that if I am going to really get behind them and push them as a band that I will be able to follow it up with an LP. Bridge Nine is in the position where it is becoming a business. You don't make any money on doing an EP. So in order to keep the label moving forward I like to follow up with bands and do a full length with them. Then the band can make money off of it and the label can sustain itself.

MRR: How do you distribute Bridge Nine releases?

Chris: I've got an exclusive distribution deal with Lumberjack. They basically deal directly with about 300 different smaller stores. The bigger stores usually get it through Caroline.

MRR: How do you handle advertising and promotion?

Main photo: Sworn In.
Top: Champion by Little Mikey.
Bottom: Panic by Lauren Ceikea.

Chris: That's another reason why people think Bridge Nine is larger than it is. We've been able to do a pretty good job on advertising our releases. I go through all the magazines that I would want to see our ads in. I check out magazines based on what other hardcore labels of similar stature are advertising in.

MRR: What about advertising in zines?

Chris: Oh, almost everything is through zines.

MRR: What are your views on labels that are just getting a production and distribution deal though someone and not even putting in their own sweat and money into making something happen? Do you think that this might be an impression of a label that has been as successful as yours?

Chris: We did eleven records in 2001, and we are probably going to do fourteen or fifteen in 2002 which is a lot for a one-person operation. I realize that it takes a lot money and time to put these records out. But I will be totally honest. I do a lot of design work and other entrepreneurial stuff on the side that has nothing to do with hardcore at all, and I make a lot of money doing it.

MRR: That's right, you're behind the "Yankees Suck" merchandise. You guys have a website right?

Chris: Yeah, www.hatetheyanks.com. We are outside of Fenway Park after every single home game. It's a great operation, and we have been doing it for about three years.

MRR: So the money that you make from the website and the sales in front of the stadium help support Bridge Nine?

Chris: That's 99% of how the label is capable of putting so much into its releases and advertising. I'll be honest. There is no way I would be able to do all these records without the money that I make from the "Yankees Suck" business. I have seven or eight kids under me selling this stuff outside of Fenway Park.

MRR: Are you working under someone, or is this your business?

Chris: This is my business, but there are two separate sections. A friend of mine does t-shirts, and I do stickers, flags, patches, and pins. The little stuff that has high margins. We go out there and sell them to sports fans employing seven or eight hardcore kids in the process. It basically gives them the opportunity at a part-time job working two hours a game that pays most of their monthly expenses. All the money that we have left over goes into paying our label bills. It has allowed us to release as many records as we have.

MRR: Is Bridge Nine run out of an office building?

Chris: Yeah, its right across the street from Fenway park which is perfect for us. There are five record labels and one booking agency that all operate out of the same office.

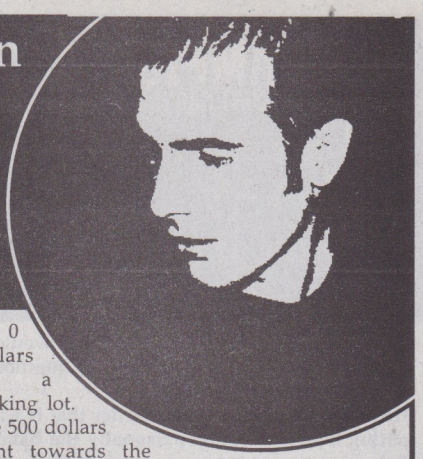
MRR: Does Bridge Nine use that booking agency?

Chris: They help with some stuff. Any of the bands on the label they don't book full time, but they'll hook them up with some of the bigger shows. They do book American Nightmare, who is no longer on the label. But like I said, they'll hook up some of my other bands with American Nightmare or Death Threat. I used to work with Big Wheel Recreation because I liked the kid who ran it and he needed help with marketing. I was working at Tower Records for a couple years and he basically came up to me and asked me if I would do his marketing because he couldn't handle it himself. That next day I quit Tower Records and went to Caroline Distribution as Big Wheel's marketing director and sat in on some big meeting about what they were going to do for their new records. All the labels that are operated out of our office space: Big Wheel, Hydrahead, Doghouse, Tortuga, Bridge Nine are exclusively distributed by Lumberjack Distribution but we utilize Caroline for some of the higher profile stuff.

MRR: So all the labels share resources?

Chris: Before that all five labels were working out of their apartments and everyone was paying for their own phone lines, their own fax machines, their own printers, DSL connections, etc. Now we can share all of these resources and cut our costs. All the labels are run by people in their mid-twenties who are really excited about what they are doing. I don't really care for most of the stuff that they put out, but everyone is so excited about their work that it makes for a really stimulating environment. It's just a great working environment. Instead of waking up and going to work in the other room in my apartment and spending the whole day there, now I actually get up and go to a place where a bunch of people are doing the same thing that I am doing. We advertise in most of the same

...I wouldn't want to ever be in a position where I was depending on money from the label for living expenses. That's when decisions become made based on money, and things start getting corrupt...



magazines, our records are available in most of the same stores so it just made sense for everyone to get together and share resources. We don't really compete with each other because our labels associate with different scenes and genres.

MRR: Do think other small DIY labels could benefit from pooling their resources?

Chris: Absolutely. It's one of those things that people say is great in theory, but we have made it work. It doesn't have to be all labels. We also have a booking agency that is involved with us. It could be a screen printer, or other entrepreneurs with like minded ideas. I really enjoy going to work because I don't have to stare at a wall in my apartment and I enjoy the people that I work with. The name of the office is called Initech. It's a reference to the movie Office Space where the big, evil empire is called Initech. We needed a name to put on the phone bill so that what we came up with.

MRR: Has Bridge Nine started paying taxes?

Chris: I just started trying to go legit in terms of taxes and business related stuff. The one thing that Boston is not short of is college kids that want to work for free. I'll have a couple kids every few months that cycle through Bridge Nine that want to work for free. One of these kids that I am working with right now is a music business major at Berkeley in Massachusetts. He comes in a couple days a week and he goes through all my receipts from the last two years and tallys up all my expenses. This is the first time that I am actually able to see how much money has gone out of the label and how much goes in on a monthly basis.

MRR: So he's a hardcore kid that is doing all your accounting.

Chris: Yeah. He is in a band also. He just wants to be involved and help out with the label.

MRR: Does Bridge Nine pay your rent?

Chris: No. I couldn't live off it, and I wouldn't want to ever be in a position where I was depending on money from the label for living expenses. That's when decisions become made based on money, and things start getting corrupt. We're putting out our 30th record this summer and of all thirty records I am probably the only person that loves every single record. With the exception of one, all of them have been hardcore based. I think the thing with Bridge Nine is that I want to have all the perks that come with running a tiny little label like the fun colored vinyl, the different pressings, and the attention to detail, but at the same time I want to be able to do what bigger labels can do for their bands. I want to make sure that when a band goes into a store, their records are there, and when they go on tour they have posters up promoting the show in that town. This is stuff that smaller labels never do because they don't have the time or the manpower.

MRR: Or money.

Chris: I have the best of both worlds. If I wanted to drop out of hardcore and just go buy a house, I probably could of, but instead I have decided to live on a shoe-string budget and allow this label to run its course.

MRR: You mentioned colored vinyl, which ties in with my next question. People have criticized your label for being too focused on putting out rare and collectible vinyl, rather than focusing on the music itself. How do you respond to these criticisms?

Chris: I think record collecting is a great past time and has been around since hardcore and punk have been around. That's why I do vinyl. I'll be honest with you, vinyl is a pain in the ass. It's *so* much more expensive to put out than CDs and there are no guarantees with turn arounds. But I love vinyl and I love the format so I want to keep doing it. If you make a thousand 7"s on black, its just not that interesting.

MRR: But don't you think that all these different versions of the same record are making the music or the band a novelty?

Chris: I bet 3/4 of the kids that buy records nowadays don't even listen to them. They will buy the CD version or they will end up downloading the songs instead. They just buy it cause they want to have the 7".

MRR: Do you think there is something wrong with that? That it begins to detract from what this hardcore/punk scene is supposed to be about?

Chris: It can, but as long as kids gets the music in some form, I don't think so. With so many people with MP3s and downloading songs today, in the long run you sell a lot less records. If people download the long and just buy the 7" for the artwork, so be it. It's true that I have done a bunch of different versions of different records in the past. Now I am trying to make it so that it is only one or two versions for an EP. I know you probably got a question on me selling Bridge Nine records on Ebay.

MRR: I actually don't. I have read enough interviews with you that I didn't think it was necessary.

Chris: Well for the record, the Yankees Suck business as we have touched upon pays the bills between April and October (well in Boston unfortunately until September). For the rest of the off-season I am unemployed. Either record sales start paying the bills or I do a lot of free lance design work. Anything to cover expenses. I'll be the first to admit that I am not a trust fund kid or someone that has a lot of money that I can just sink into the label. In the last two years I have resorted to selling releases on Ebay. Other kids have made a good deal of money off of selling Bridge Nine releases on Ebay, and I have done what I can to prevent it by not selling multi

ple copies to people so they can horde them. What I have done is taken one of each version of each record I have put out and put it on Ebay. 100% of those funds that I make off Ebay go right back into the label and the next record that I working on. The thing is that I have done a lot things that I not proud of to raise money for the label. I have stolen stuff, and I fought a kid for 500 dollars in a parking lot. The 500 dollars went towards the mastering session of American Nightmare's first 7" EP.

MRR: So it was a fighting match?

Chris: Yeah, he actually ended up being in one of my bands. At the time their was a little tension between us. It was two o'clock in the morning and some friends of mine wanted to see a fight and put up 500 dollars for him and whoever wanted to fight him. They called me and it took about three minutes and I won. As far as Ebay goes, I probably made $1,000 dollars selling records. I took that money and wired it directly to Champion and paid for a chunk of their recording bill. There is other bands and other labels that have had holier than though attitudes and tried to talk shit on me, but I just did what I could to get the money for the label.

MRR: What are the most rewarding aspects of running Bridge Nine?

Chris: Probably the most rewarding thing is getting a band's records, CDs, and promotional material in the mail. Whenever we get stuff in it's like Christmas. Last week getting ready for the Positive Numbers Fest we had stuff coming in from nine bands. Every day I would get excited and would go running out the front door when UPS came. I'll take the new CD or new record that we just got in and put it next to my computer and just look at it the whole day while I am working. It's really nice to see a tangible result of all your hard work. There is a lot great aspects of running a label: from hearing from kids from literally all over the world to going on a European tour with American Nightmare last year.

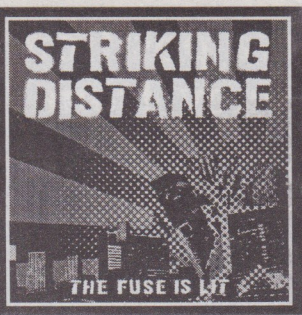
MRR: Was Bridge Nine formed around any certain political ideals? Does it adhere to any specific modes of conduct?

Chris: While a good portion of my bands aren't straight edge, I myself am a straight edge hardcore kid, so that's the one thing that I have always associated my label with. Before anyone cared about the label Bridge Nine, I would make stickers and T-shirts that had straight edge stuff on them to help promote the label and get the name out.

MRR: Do you shy away from associating straight edge with Bridge Nine now?

Chris: I don't necessarily shy away from it now. It was the mid-nineties when anime straight edge shirts and knock-off corporate logos with the word "straight edge" were cool. I still make pro-straight edge stuff that I include in my distro because I still strongly believe in it. Some labels are based on a religion like Krishna, or based on a political ideal like veganism or straight edge. There are no political ideas that Bridge Nine adheres to.

MRR: Is there any type of band that you wouldn't sign because of their politics?



Chris: It would never get that far. I just wouldn't be interested in a band if they had questionable politics…

MRR: Well you mentioned earlier that it was getting harder to know personally the bands that you have added to your label. How can you really know a band before you put out their record as Bridge Nine gets bigger?

Chris: I try and do as much research as possible on a band before I sign them. For an example, Champion came very highly recommended from every person that knew them or had dealt with them. So I took my friends' word for it. And when they came to the East coast I had a chance to hang out with them and we had a blast. There are some bands that I worked with that I didn't get along with, and we really didn't continue putting out their records.

MRR: Would Bridge Nine put out any band that was outspokenly political?

Chris: I don't see why not. I don't have any regulations set up for my label as far as that goes. I don't think I would get behind a band that was too far on either side of the political spectrum. I think all the current bands reflect the label, and I wouldn't get behind any bands now that didn't reflect the label.

MRR: When you say the label, you mean you, right?

Chris: Well it's hard. I just put out a record by a band called Sinners and Saints who are a rock n' roll band with members of Blood for Blood and Ducky Boys. All of their songs are about drinking and rock n' roll stuff. That's not my lifestyle, and it doesn't necessarily reflect myself or the label.

MRR: But it does reflect your label if you put it out. The bands and you reflect Bridge Nine.

Chris: Well, that's the reason that early on I decided that Bridge Nine was not going to become a straight edge record label. I didn't want to not be able to work with bands that I thought were great that didn't happen to share the same ideals. I hope to think this is more about the music than about someone's specific lifestyle. If I wanted to put out only ten records in my lifetime, then I would do a straight edge record label. But I like so many different styles of hardcore that I didn't want to limit myself. .

MRR: How far do you want to take Bridge Nine?

Chris: I want to keep doing it as long as it is fun. I know that labels don't last forever. It's all about the legacy that you leave behind, and there is a lot of labels that should of stopped a long time ago, not naming any names. I just want to keep putting out records until it's no longer fun.

MRR: If there was an opportunity to take Bridge Nine to a larger level as far as giving full tour support and better distributiuon, would you do it?

Chris: I would definitely would like to offer more to my bands. If that meant buying a van for one of my bands I would want to do that. If that meant that that band was going to be able to sell 10,000 records where we know they would be able to pay for the van that would be great. I think that it sucks when a band, label, or people complain when the record is available too many places. Part of the label's job is to make their release available.

MRR: Is that a complaint that you get?

Chris: There are people that complain about our records being available at Tower Records or HWV. I am not worried about where the records are available, I am worried about where they are not. It definitely sucks when I go into Virgin and I see one of my EPs for $12.99. As a independent label owner I have to put the distribution of my releases into someone else's hands. Lumberjack is a big independent distributor that deals with about three-hundred stores. Then you have someone like Caroline that deals with like five-thousand stores. I had a kid from Canada that said that the store that he worked at charged 20 Canadian dollars for a Bridge Nine MCD. All I can hope is that someone who is new into hardcore is also used to paying $15 for a CD, and eventually finds out about mail order distros and direct ordering through a catalog included in the CD or they can go to my website and find out that they can order any of my CDs for eight or nine bucks post paid.

MRR: What's in the near future for Bridge Nine?

Chris: The only things that we have lined up before the end of the year that are definite are a full-length for No Warning and a full-length from Holding On. There are a couple EPs that are possibilities, but nothing for sure.

MRR: Any closing comments?

Chris: I am in a one of a kind position. I definitely make a lot of money doing the "Yankees Sucks" stuff and doing other design related stuff. I could be a normal dude and not work, or I could pour everything that I make into something that I love, which is the label. I couldn't be happier right now just because I am able to do exactly what I want. It was actually a year ago July that I became self employed and was able to just focus on the label. I can pay my rent and pay for my food doing other stuff, and everything on top of that I put into records. A lot of people are quick to judge and make assumptions based on hear-say and things they read on message boards. It's better to go straight to the source. Believe a quarter of what you read and even less of what you hear. Some people have a hard time believing that I have gone from putting out one record a year to fifteen records a year and I guess are suspicious. Pick your battles.

BRIDGE NINE

PO BOX 990052 • BOSTON, MA 02199-0052 • USA

HARUM SCARUM
ELEPHANT MAN
AK PRESS

BLOWN TO BITS
IRON MAI
PHOTOS BY
SUSAN SEGER
WATCH THEM DIE
BORN
DEAD
ICONS

akashic books

Akashic Books is an ***indie publishing company*** *based in Brooklyn, NY. It is run by* ***Johnny Temple,*** *who was involved in the punk scene in DC in the 1980s. He used to play bass in Soulside and currently* ***plays in Girls Against Boys*** *and New Wet Kojak. I met Johnny more than ten years ago, while his band was on tour in Europe and I was on tour with The Mr. T Experience. I have read a few of the titles they put out, and was interested in the way being in punk bands* ***evolved into publishing books.***

Interview by Mary Jane.

MRR: First, give me a little bit of your background and tell me what prompted you to start a publishing company.

Johnny: I basically stumbled into publishing. I had always wanted to run an independent record label, which I did briefly with fellow DC natives Mark and Bobby Sullivan (singers of King Face and Soulside, respectively). As soon as we started publishing books—on a whim inspired by the fact that Mark is a writer—it blossomed into a real passion. Bobby and Mark both left Akashic early on, each starting their own family, so it has been me running the show since 1999, along with Johanna Ingalls, the one full-time employee.

MRR: How many people are involved?

Johnny: Johanna is the managing editor. She and I basically do everything together, though generally I'm more in charge of editorial matters while she is more on top of production, daily operations, and events coordination. We have a crew of excellent interns, who we depend on very much. And there are many members of the "extended family"—folks who do freelance editorial and design work for us. Pretty much everyone I know is part of the Akashic staff in one way or another.

MRR: Do you folks have an office, with regular business hours and all that? With the number of titles you have, it must be a full-time thing.

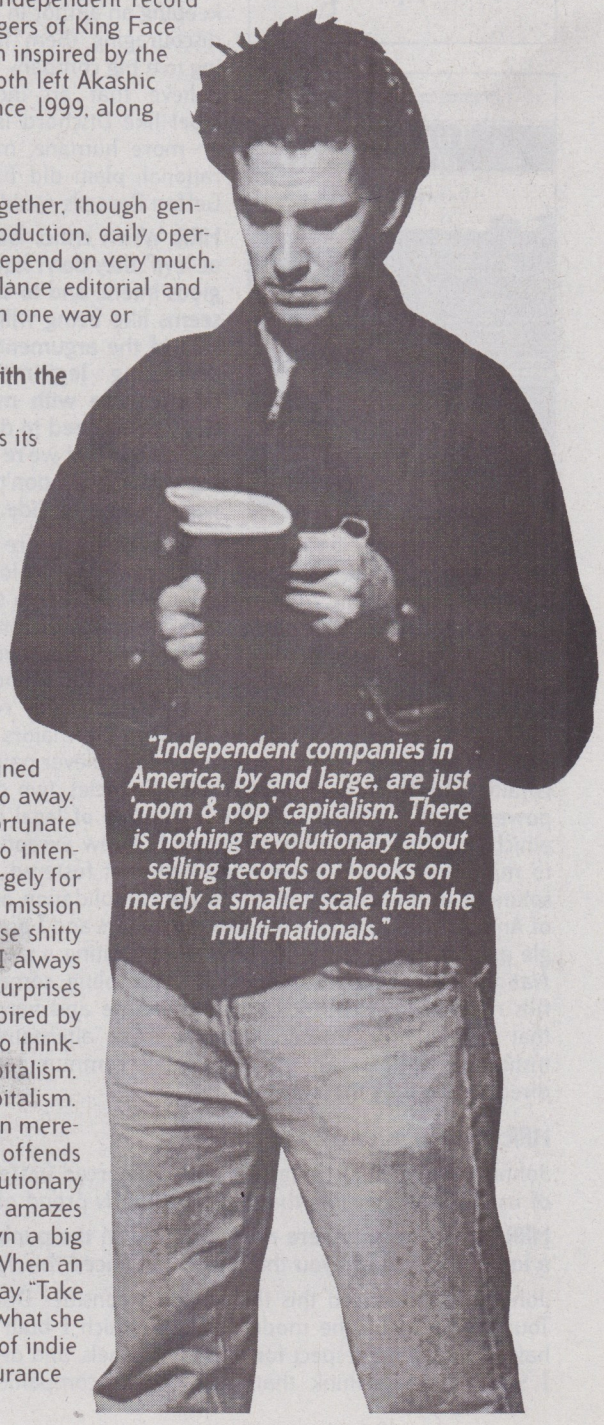
Johnny: Yep, Johanna and I work full-time. Our office is in my home, but it has its own space. Once you step inside, it feels like a real office.

MRR: How did you finance it? Did you have high start-up costs?

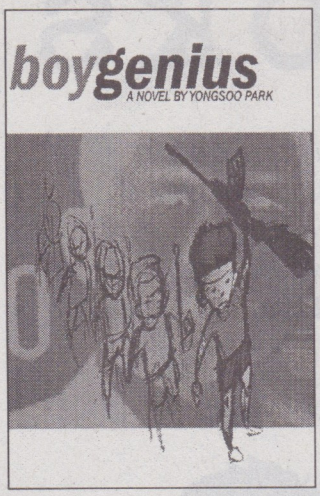
Johnny: I have invested a great deal of money (by my standards) in Akashic and it is not yet profitable. This is the answer that may cause this interview to be left out of *MRR*. I financed the company with the money my band (Girls Against Boys) made when we signed to Geffen Records. Straight up, there's no other way I could have had the money to do this.

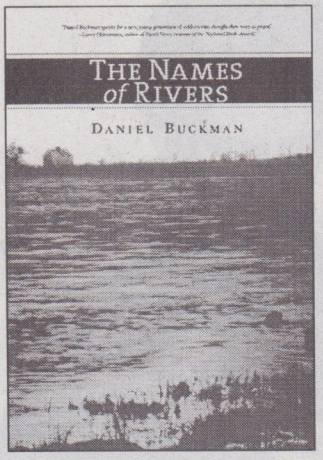
MRR: It's interesting that you are into this indie thing, when your own band left an indie (Touch & Go) to be on a major label. That's kind of a contradiction. I don't want to get too into that, but...

Johnny: The indie/major question is, I believe, a misleading issue. It has drained so much vital energy from the punk world and created an illusion that won't go away. Now that I run an independent company, I am fully exasperated with the unfortunate confusion that beset American punk rock somewhere along the way. I have no intention of ever selling Akashic to a major corporation, but that determination is largely for aesthetic and personal reasons: those companies suck. They have no authentic mission and they are part of a horrible economic tide. But too many punks attack these shitty companies as "evil." Since I am not religious, I cannot relate to that sentiment. I always thought that for many people punk was a refuge from religion, so it always surprises me when this religious aura overtakes punk discourse. I have been hugely inspired by independent bands and record labels, but early on I stopped fooling myself into thinking that they were "benevolent," or that they were somehow challenging capitalism. Independent companies in America, by and large, are just "mom & pop" capitalism. Baby capitalism. There is nothing revolutionary about selling records or books on merely a smaller scale than the multi-nationals. Now that I run this company, it really offends me when I see other similar endeavors being heralded as some sort of revolutionary vanguard. Having been through the eye of this storm in the music world, it now amazes me that anyone at an indie label would ever pressure a band to turn down a big advance from a major label. I would *never* treat one of my authors that way. When an Akashic author gets offered a big fat advance from a corporate publisher, I say, "Take it!!!" Of course, the author must also be smart, keep her eyes wide open, know what she is getting into. I would never try to restrict an author to the financial insecurity of indie publishing. Beyond food and shelter, people also need money to get health insurance



"Independent companies in America, by and large, are just 'mom & pop' capitalism. There is nothing revolutionary about selling records or books on merely a smaller scale than the multi-nationals."





since the American government doesn't provide it. There is very little money to be made in publishing, so if an author has the opportunity to finally make ends meet, who am I to say they shouldn't? Unless, of course, I think the corporate publishers are "evil." They aren't evil, they just suck, which is all the more reason why a writer should try to get $50,000 out of them if they can. This may sound cynical, but I believe it would be far more cynical for me to benefit financially by keeping an author in poverty by discouraging them from moving to a big company. And I also believe that an independent label like Dischord is far cooler—more humane, more inspirational, plain old *better*—than Geffen Records could ever be.

MRR: When critics label majors as "evil" they don't have any religious intent, and to say they do seems like being willfully ignorant of the argument, and also dismissing legitimate issues people have with majors. We don't really need to debate this, that's not what we're here talking about, but I don't know if I want to let that slide.

Johnny: There may be no religious intent, but there is often a great deal of rigid (and poorly conceived) ideology. And it becomes problematic when an indie record label—a small capitalist enterprise—gets imbued with "radical" potential. I don't mean to dismiss legitimate issues that people have with majors, but I also have grown weary of the glorification of independent companies. Too often the independents don't pay royalties or they jerk their artists around as much as the majors (SST, one of the cornerstones of American indie rock, never paid a cent in royalties; Touch & Go and Alternative Tentacles, two other indie powerhouses, have been on the losing side of legal disputes in which musicians came out victorious). A few exceptions spring to mind, but by and large indies have not fostered any viable solutions to the scourge of corporate consolidation and control of American culture. I do not like the majors and I actively struggle against them—at the moment I am writing a piece for *The Nation* about how the majors are crumbling...something that fills me with glee. But it can be grandiose and naive to think that many people are benefitting by these "alternative" cultural institutions other than the very small communities that are directly served by these institutions.

MRR: Are you still signed to Geffen?

Johnny: No, we're on Jade Tree now. We forced Geffen to let go of us last year, a victory that I'm particularly proud of.

MRR: Obviously, you were really involved in the punk scene for a long time. How do you think that influenced this venture?

Johnny: It influenced this thoroughly. I consider Dischord and Touch & Go to be the models around which I built Akashic. I have tremendous respect for those two labels, and despite what I said before, I think that independent companies play an extremely important role in our society (on a social and cultural level, not necessarily an economic one). Akashic Books is essentially run like many indie record labels—something that is new to the publishing industry.

MRR: You describe yourselves as urban literature and nonfiction political?

Johnny: My tastes in literature tend to be quite "dark." With the corporate publishing world obsessed with feel-good fiction and books about Monica Lewinsky or O.J. Simpson, the world of publishing is wide open for independents to step in and bring out amazing literature. Good non-fiction is much more difficult to do on our tiny budget, but we are finding ways. I am a strident leftist, so although the fiction we publish tends not to be ideological, the non-fiction is more representative of my end of the political spectrum.

MRR: How do you distribute?

Johnny: Through Consortium, a wonderful distributor of about 60 independent publishers. They are based in St. Paul, Minnesota.

MRR: How do you find the writers you put out? And how do you decide which books to go with?

Johnny: I publish books that give me an intangible feeling in my stomach that shoots a message to my brain, saying, "Publish this!" Really, my basic decisions about what to publish are basically gut-driven. I meet writers everywhere I go. Once you step into the world of publishing you find out how many great are languishing unpublished. I've also met writers in more enchanting locations—Cuba, for example.

MRR: Do you do proper contracts?

Johnny: Yeah, we do contracts. They are very short, fair, and easy to understand.

MRR: Kamikaze Lust won a Lambda literary award—does that up the interest considerably?

Johnny: Definitely. Two of our books have now won Lambda Literary Awards, which is really encouraging. And awards are certainly helpful in terms of getting respect within the world of publishing.

MRR: What's the other one?

Johnny: *Massage* by Henry Flesh.

MRR: Do you do a lot of press?

Johnny: Yeah. We can't afford advertisements, so our main promotional vehicle is to try to get people to write about our books.

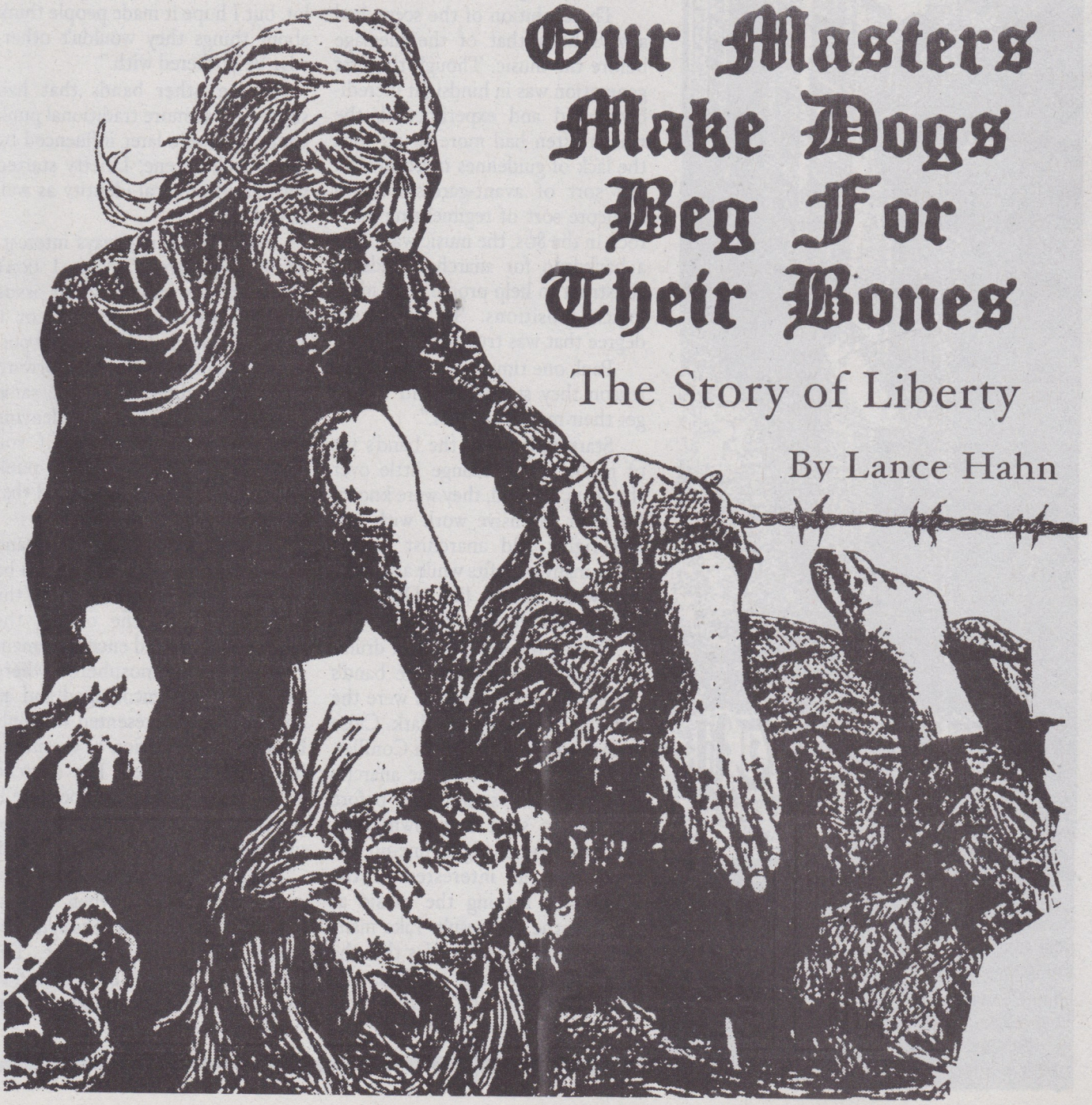
MRR: What is your favorite book, from what you have published?

Johnny: That is a tough one. *Manhattan Loverboy* by Arthur Nersesian is one of the books that I feel best represents the idiosyncratically provocative nature of Akashic Books.

MRR: How can people get in touch with you?

Akashic Books, PO Box 1456, New York, NY 10009
Akashic7@aol.com · www.akashicbooks.com

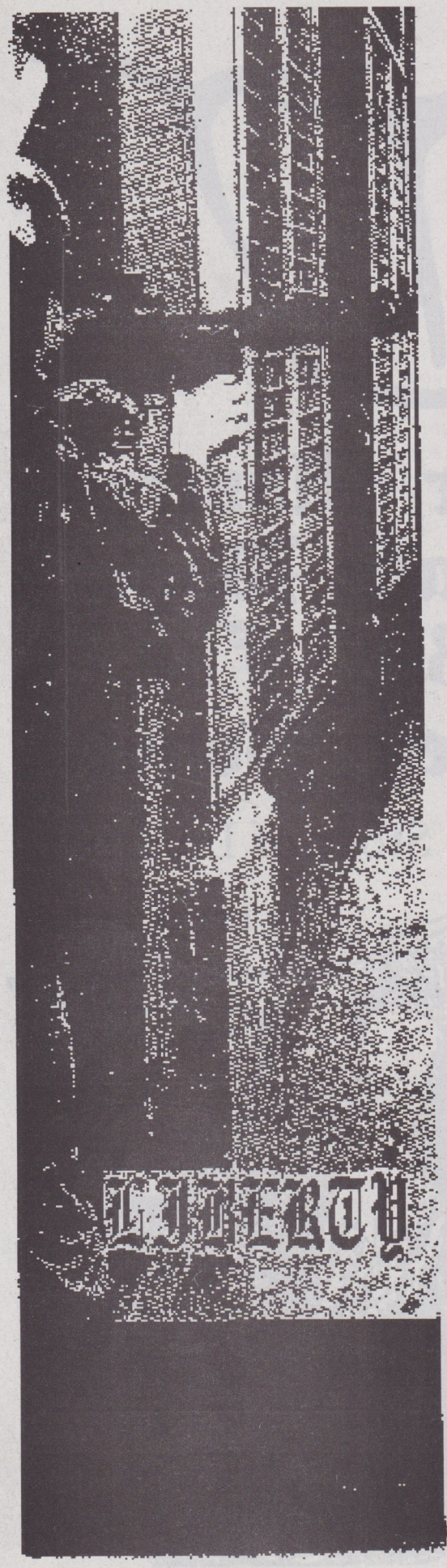
LIBERTY



Our Masters Make Dogs Beg For Their Bones

The Story of Liberty

By Lance Hahn



Liberty was one of the many second-generation anarcho bands that found themselves reaching big audiences under the tutelage of Conflict and Mortarhate Records...

As is usually the case with any later generation, their inspiration and own merits were often ignored. Critics instead mostly focused on the derivative nature of their music. Of course, in the mid 80s, punk rock was probably the least fashionable it's ever been, and counter-cultural politics and attitudes were even less so. Bands like Liberty made easy targets.

The evolution of the scene had always been that of the message before the music. Though the first generation was in hindsight incredibly varied and experimental, the reason often had more to do with the lack of guidelines more so than any sort of avant-gardism. With hardcore sort of regimenting punk rock in the 80s, the music was often a backdrop for anarcho bands to construct to help propel their ideological positions. To a certain degree that was true with Liberty.

Paul, one time bass player, "The reason they started a band was to get their message across."

Starting in 1984, the band's set of music would change little over the years. Instead, they were known for their extensive work with animal rights and anarchist groups doing many benefits while also playing with bands like Dirt and Conflict for the next few years.

With a revolving door of drummers and bass players, the band's most consistent members were the two singers, Steve and Mark. Close friends with the people in Conflict, they had been part of the anarcho movement for some time before deciding to start their own band. With the ever changing line-up, the band were as interested in the process of making the music as much as the end result. Like many of the anarchist principles that the band would attempt to live, this rejection of the end justifying the means encouraged the members to enjoy the moment while at the same time developing their craft.

Paul, "I loved the time I spent with Liberty, I saw a lot of good bands, met a lot of people and learned how to play my bass properly. It felt good to be part of a scene that cared about other people, animals, and the environment. I don't know if Liberty really achieved a lot, but I hope it made people think about things they wouldn't otherwise be bothered with."

Unlike other bands that had started off as more traditional punk bands and were later influenced by the anarcho scene, Liberty started with an ideological identity as well as musical.

Paul, "We were always interested in the anarcho scene, I don't think it was much of an issue whether we were anarcho, or a straightforward punk band. My personal opinion is the straightforward punk bands didn't share the same concerns as us, I'm not denying other people's views. But if you want to make money out of punk fair enough. But don't pretend that you give a shit."

It would be easy to understand how a band would be excited to be involved in the anarcho scene of the early 80s. From the outset, the mutual support and encouragement created an atmosphere where expression was encouraged and an alternative was presented not only because of a rejection of the music businesses practices. The anarcho scene was appealing also because it practiced a more enjoyable and undefined version of a music career.

Paul, "I think the whole anarcho scene was brilliant when it first started—we actually thought we could make a big difference. The people would always be prepared to help each other out, whether it was

a place to crash, lending each others instruments or for just being there for support. I still think it is one of the better scenes about, like a big happy family."

One of the first hardcore bands to take the multi-vocalist approach, their musical approach, though often accused of not having one, would influence anarcho bands in every subsequent generation. Often the doubling up of vocals was to help make them audible in the small club situation where vocal P.A.s would be drowned out by the band's guitar driven approach. But it also became a style of trading off creating different dynamics in the limited area of hardcore vocals.

In fact, calling them hardcore isn't really accurate. Their music was much more mid-tempo though equally driving somewhat reminiscent of the first Flux Of Pink Indians album.

Paul, "I don't think we were really a hardcore band as such; bands like Legion of Parasites, Napalm Death (the early stuff) and Discharge flew the hardcore flag. How do you define hardcore? I got into hardcore when a friend gave me a tape he didn't like. The tape had four bands on it, Hüsker Dü, Black Flag, Youth Brigade, and the mighty Circle Jerks. The intensity of the music blew me away. I still love hardcore to this day. There were a lot of different factions at the time, anarchos, crusties, peace punks, right and left wing skins, most were OK, except for the nazi skins and apathetic punks."

Outside of their connection to Conflict, Liberty would often play smaller pub gigs with bands from their area. One band, Exit Stance, would also wind up being their label mate on Mortarhate.

Paul, "The bands we played with were Stone The Crows, Exit Stance, Defiance. Mostly from our local area."

By April of 1984, the band was ready to record for the first time. The end result was a seven-song demo tape that they made available at shows and through mail order. The demo was also a way to get their lyrics out to the people coming to their gigs. As was the case with most of these bands, literature for different political causes was also made available through the tape.

Of course, the demo was in some ways simply a formality, as they had already known Conflict having lived near each other previously. That same year, their song "Diluted Rebellion" was featured on the compilation album, *We Don't Want Your Fucking War* on Fight Back, a subsidiary of Mortarhate. The comp sold well internationally, largely on the backs of bands like Broken Bones, Subhumans, UK Subs, and Anthrax. This helped Liberty quickly gain an international reputation.

As much as possible, the band began to implement their ideological precepts with daily life. The band were to varying degrees involved with animal rights activity and were all vegetarian. Their organizational and decision making process was also done by consensus.

Paul, "Politics played a bit part to all the band members. Most of the band lived in a right wing town, so it would of played a big part of what was going on. All of the band were veggies, Steve was vegan.

"The band operated as a collective, interviews were done as a band, not just the lead singer. Any decisions were made with everybody's viewpoint aired and discussed."

The following year, the band began recording their first 7" for Mortarhate. *Our Voice Is Tomorrow's Hope* was a four-song EP that best summed up the band with it's no frills production and upfront vocals. Compared to a lot of the thrash bands that were around England at the time, the record sounds amazingly melodic with the two singers fairly different sounding voices being used to good effect.

Part of why this record was so powerful sounding had to do with the production. With Conflict drummer, Paco producing, the drum sounds were especially solid sounding helping the whole record move along quickly.

Liberty cont.

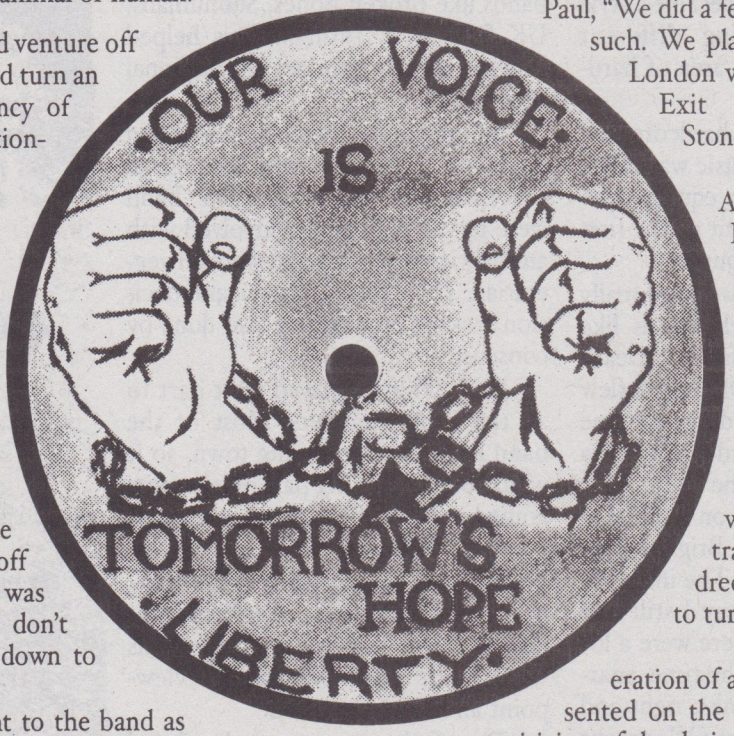
Despite some confusion, the cover art was not done by John from AYS, who assembled the artwork, but by the band's friend Chris who went by the name of Wat Tyler (no relation to the band of the same name much less the historical figure!).

Lyrically, the record took even further positions on the relationships between sentient creatures in dealing with animal rights issues. In 1985, the idea that humans and other animals deserved equal rights was still a shocking and radical concept especially for young punk crowds who through the radical ideas of the preceding anarchist generation, were now more open to such concepts.

"Slaughter is slaughter whether animal or human."

Other times, the lyrics would venture off from capital-P politics and would turn an existential nod to the impotency of radical politics under the conditioning of Big Brother.

"Stop running
Stop hiding
You can't escape
Wherever you run
The answer is clear
You can't escape yourself"



Paul, "I don't think the band were a propaganda device, we were just another voice amongst a lot of other pissed off voices. The main song writing was done by Mark and Mick, so I don't know how much of it comes down to personal experience."

More attention was brought to the band as Steve wound up joining Conflict as an additional vocalist. Later that year he would be back in the studio recording *The Ungovernable Force* LP with them. Both Liberty and Exit Stance would join in on the record with backing vocals. In fact, part of the Liberty song "Wake Up" wound up as the ending to the Conflict song "A Piss In The Ocean." In that context, the lyrics turned from being an attack on apathy to an indignant swipe at the star system that was the unspoken problem of the anarcho scene.

"The movement
Punk rock?
Who cares?
We're just another band
They're just another band"

With the release of the EP, there was now more interest from outside of London in the band. They were soon being approached for interviews and compilation tracks as tape labels were much more thriving and DIY at the time.

Paul, "There was a bit more interest in the band from zines, tape labels, people outside of our town. It didn't really affect us or how we operated."

With Steve busy with Conflict, the band didn't tour to support the single, but did do several London area gigs. They also did the occasional out of town gig, though usually in support of another band as despite the reception to the single, they weren't well known enough to have much success on their own.

Paul, "We did a few dates, but didn't tour as such. We played three or four gigs in London with Stone the Crows and Exit Stance and the 86 Stonehenge Benefit.

"We played with Conflict, A.Y.S., Exit Stance, State Hate, Legion Of Parasites, and once with Antisect. There were other bands, but I can't remember their names. I enjoyed most of the gigs as you met a lot of people you wouldn't normally come into contact with, but it was a bit disheartening traveling a couple of hundred miles for only 15 people to turn up."

Now with the second-generation of anarcho bands being represented on the roster of Mortarhate, the criticism of the derivativeness of both lyrics and music started pouring in. With the conservative 80s now in full swing, anarcho punk was even less fashionable than before. Despite the fact that many of the new bands were still part of the tradition started by the first generation, there was no longer a new wave of young supporters arriving as had been the case previously. The apathy both in terms of music and politics of the 80s did in fact have a profound affect on the counter-culture.

Some could argue that it was a way of thinning the herd to find the people truly committed. But in many ways it had more to do with the cultural effects of Thatcher-ism finally taking root. As much as some people can argue that the left has only thrived with an obvious foe and cause at the forefront, it can also be said that the sustained results of conservative policy will obviously have detrimental effects on those attempting to live outside the mainstream.

For many, it became an unwelcome return to the alienation that first drove them to the scene. Within that atmosphere of antagonism and frustration came the infighting and segregation within the scene. As some of the long time supporters began walking away from the anarcho scene, there wasn't much of a new generation to take their place.

Paul, "I got quite disillusioned with the anarcho scene at that point, too much infighting. There was a lot of backstabbing and shit slinging from one scene to the other, I think we lost a lot of decent people through that. After that it wasn't fun anymore."

To this 1986, the band released its only full length LP titled *The People Who Care Are Angry.* Released on Mortarhate, the record was met with as much cynicism as it was with support. For the former, the straightforward punk style was incredibly dated by 1986. Their punk rock formalism was seen as tired and lacking musical adventurousness. To a world now mystified by MTV and inhumanly slick production values, the record seemed like a relic.

On the other hand, for many the record was one of the few refuges of raw energy at the time. As unfashionable as it was, there were still people, as there always will be, committed to the idea of a counter-culture. For many, the connection between those ideas and this music was natural. With little positive support from the music media, Conflict had gained much support in this time period climaxing in the chaotic "Gathering of the 5000" concert that ended in a riot. While different in their musical approach, Liberty's album as well as others on Mortarhate at the time, was a ferocious antidote to the self-serving pomp of pop music.

Paul, "We were hoping people would take more responsibility for their actions and to say if we all did our own little bit it could make a difference. The LP got mixed reactions, some liked it, others didn't."

With the release of the album, the band was finding that they were reaching more and more people through interviews done through the mail. One phenomenon of that time which is now quite commonplace in fanzines is the mail interview. By sending interview questions through the mail, bands could respond by writing down their answers. This way, a fanzine in another country or continent even could write a band and get an interview without every having to travel or rely on the off chance of the band making it to their town. Previously interviews had only been done live in a face-to-face situation and that created many financial limitations for publications and bands. This created a huge opportunity for smaller bands like Liberty who through their political work were interested in the correspondence anyway.

Paul, "There wasn't a specific agenda, we were just responding to the things that were happening at the time. In some of the interviews we did the zines the questions asked were a direct response to what was going on in the UK at the time. We had Miners strikes, riots in the inner cities, mass unemployment and a crap government that was happy to keep you knee deep in shit."

While none of the second-generation of anarcho bands on Mortarhate reached the popularity of Conflict, many did reach broader audiences than their peers on other labels. Despite the variety of styles from the different bands, the ideological basis for the label created a built in audience interested as much in the international community aspect as in the specific band's themselves.

Liberty certainly benefited from being associated with Conflict. But at the same time, they were personally benefiting from the camaraderie of knowing and playing with other bands on the label that were having the same struggles and successes.

Paul, "...were a good mix of different styles of music, but we were all striving for the same things. We played with a few of the Mortarhate lot, Exit Stance, A.Y.S. and all the others."

Of course, part of the reason for the wide support was the many bands putting their money where their mouth is and being deeply involved in direct action. One of the biggest downsides of being associated with the anarcho scene was the constant police presence and harassment. From the big bands like Crass, Conflict and Flux of Pink Indians to the second-generation who were equally politically active, the state monitoring was applied equally.

Paul, "Yes, I think people like Crass, Conflict, Flux and all the other bigger bands did make a difference to the music scene and society. Most of the bands had their activities monitored by the suits in high places, letters were opened (still doing it today), and people were harassed for no reason. It was just a way of saying 'we're watching you, so don't step over the mark.' Read the inner sleeve to Flux's *Strive To Survive,* it was a frightening reality."

With sporadic gigging and a history of inconsistent lineups, the band began to wind down after recording the LP having committed all that they wanted of the original set to vinyl. Facing the adversity of the continually bitter and regimented music scene, the band would eventually split with much fanfare in 1987 and go their separate ways.

Paul, "I haven't seen any band members for a few years, we all lost contact with each other. Shame really as we all had a laugh when we were together." Ⓐ

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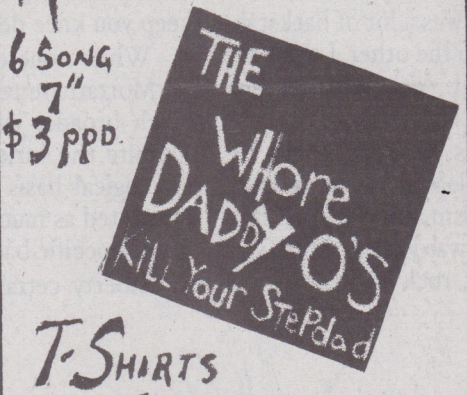

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BOOKS

Frenzetta • Richard Calder
190 pages • $13.95
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 W. 14th Street
New York, NY 10011

Reading current-vintage science fiction is a hit-and-miss game. Half the time you'll crack a book expecting something new, thrilling and unusual, and wind up with some kinda mangled cyberpunk experiment that hearkens back to the final years of the Reagan era: in other words, a story that's been crafted more by advertising and mass media than by an author's unique vision. Judging from the lurid cover photo and breathless hype on the back cover ("teeny-bopper from hell"), I had expected bioports, virtual reality, and wasted references to pop songs reading *Frenzetta*. Rather, I was surprised by an absorbing adventure story with enough subtle perversity to keep the 21st Century audience interested.

After the briefest of set-ups and quickest of explanations (extradimensional beings have glommed onto our planet and superimposed their DNA upon the human species), the novel drops us into a looking-glass future Earth. Men, women, and beasts share the same genetic codes and traits, magic works, and abandoned super-technology lies rusting and idle. Civilization is carved up into a half-dozen nation states, each occupying the ruins of the late 20th Century, coexisting uneasily. A reader of my generation can't help but be reminded of the Saturday-morning cartoon series *Thundarr the Barbarian*, which shared a very similar premise--minus the profanity, sexual references, and brain-eating that appears in the book.

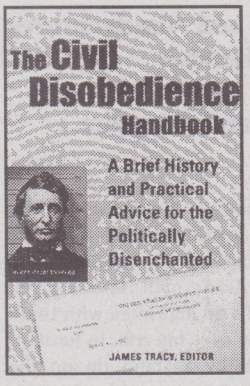
At the heart of the novel is the relationship between its narrator, Duane Duarte--a seven-foot tall Frankenstein's Monster cobbled together from slowly decomposing body parts, reanimated by an alien parasite--and his ladyfriend, princess-on-hard times Frenzetta von Sturm und Taxis Hohenlohe. "Frenzy" is a ratgirl, possessed of a natural affinity for thievery, stealth, and a fierce and indomitable spirit. Calder handles the hard-boiled, witty dialogue between the two deftly, and creates believable characters in both. The image of a lumbering zombie sharing a bed with a sword-wielding warrior midget is an interesting one, to say the least--and Duarte's constant awareness of his body's impending dissolution is a neat shorthand for the death, aging, male-pattern baldness and executive spread. Despite his bodily limitations, Duarte is sworn to protect his danger-prone girlfriend, no matter what it costs in life or limb.

The rules of Calder's future Earth are simple: men of the "Perverse" (that is, sharing DNA with extradimensional beings) are extraordinarily long lived, while women die upon achieving their first orgasm (and thus lead brief lives). The races of the Perverse share the attributes of cats, wolves, rats, dogs, dragons, and other creatures. Some of the better scenes and dialogue in the novel involve the interplay between species: Frenzy, not surprisingly, has a built-in hatred of the Catgirls who function as high-class "pets" to wealthy businessmen. Over the course of 190 pages, Duarte and Frenzy cut a swath through no less than three continents, before they find their eventual haven in a scene which I found surprisingly touching.

The satire that runs through the pages of *Frenzetta* is less than subtle (the ruined empire of Atlantis stands in for present-day USA, the Perverse represent any group of sexual or social outlaws you're keen on), but it serves to create a recognizable world not too different from ours.

Edifying messages aside, the real meat of the story is in its pulp SF one-two punches that involve fights with giant robots, last-minute escapes against impossible odds, and colorful characters propped up against a vivid backdrop. In less capable hands, the material could have been handled clumsily, or overdriven into the realm of literary camp. Fortunately, Calder has a precise, smart way with words that suits the subject matter well. *Frenzetta* never lapses into absurdity (or reads like a grand experiment in science fiction wordsmithing). It might not be high art, but takes itself just seriously enough to work like a charm. —Jeff A. Heermann

The Civil Disobedience Handbook
James Tracey, editor
96 pages • $10.00
Manic D Press • Box 410804 • San Francisco, CA • 94141



Generally, politics is thought of in two ways. Politics is concerned with either the conduct (and manipulation) of the government, or the analysis of a given political system. This book concerns itself specifically with what citizens of the United States can do to participate in the former. The introduction is quite clear in this regard: "Civil disobedience has recently been very effective in drawing media attention to environmental issues and in the continuing recent triumphs of the worldwide anti-globalization movement." The aspiration of the author is a kind of social change bounded by the media on one end and utter state repression on the other. The technique (or in modern activisto, the tactic) recommended for political change is Civil Disobedience.

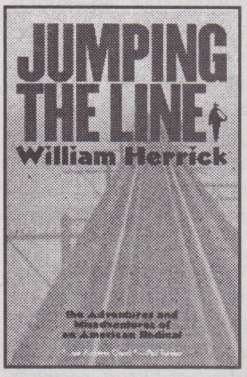
Civil Disobedience is demonstrated as a fundamentally American concept by the inclusion of it's "history" in the form of short essays on the Boston Tea Party, the Suffrage movement, the struggle for the 8-hour day, and the Civil Rights movement. These histories range from a few paragraphs to a few pages and read more like snapshots of history posing in front of famous monuments than portraits of a time when people actually lived. The philosophy of CD (activistos like to abbreviate everything) is demonstrated with a lengthy excerpt from Thoreau's "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," which is the seminal (American) text on the issue if you live in the nineteenth century. Finally, Direct Action is introduced as a tactic for social change that is different from Civil Disobedience in that it is an attempt to perform a disruptive action without arrest. This leads to the "handbook" portion of the book. Much of the strategy [which is code for the desire for (usually leftist) social change] orbits around doing protest work without alienating "the center." The center isn't defined specifically but is alluded to as being the not-coastal masses of TV watchers who pay more attention to trials than to local events.

There is very little mention of the kind of motivation that people have besides wanting to leverage media attention, "mass-support" (a nebulous concept), and the belief of "doing good work" (tm) into specific changes in the system as it is. To this end, one is willing to risk arrest, show trials, accusations of racism, etc. It is hard not to see the kind of person

whose only motivation is a kind of participation in the political system (only getting to serve, at best, as a proxy to a proxy) as a martyr (one who sacrifices the self in the name of a higher ideal). This is one of the reasons that the left is seen as so ludicrous on both the terrain of television (turtle suits and banner hangs are conceived and practiced as spectacular opposition, not actual opposition) and the reductionist sphere of police and politicians. Direct Action does not "get the goods." It hopes that observers will dirty their hands in the machinations of politics (these people are often called politicians, and the "good" ones come from within the ranks of CD and DA) to make change along the lines of their protest.

This book is also a sort of advertisement for the Ruckus Society. This group schedules activist retreats where the specifics of protest tactics are taught and analyzed. They received a bit of media spotlight around the Seattle protests of '99 and the DNC of 2000. Their motivation and intentions mirror the authors, a strategy of social change with a mostly leftist bent, using the tactics of Civil Disobedience. Their naivete, hopefulness, and savvy should inform any reading of the group. Which is not to say that this is not a good (and balanced) introduction to Civil Disobedience specifically, and activism generally. It both hits the highlights of American protest over the past 226 years and deepens an understanding of what participation in political change looks like. There is a fairly large excerpt concerning a past AIDS activist who has become a San Francisco sheriff in the name of changing the bigotry of the police department. That is an intense commitment that is meaningful to understand for people who really want to face the repercussions of what social change means within a political system. While it may be an open question how valuable reforming a system such as ours is (from a cost-benefit analysis), if you are interested in such a task and are not interested in mainstream participation in the political process (becoming a cop, lawyer, or party functionary) then this book may be of note. —Aragorn!

Jumping The Line: The Adventures and Misadventures of An American Radical • William Herrick
279 pages • 14.95
AK Press • 674-A 23rd Street • Oakland, CA 94612



These are the memoirs of a novelist and lifetime activist who feared straying from the Communist Party line the way religious folks fear straying from God's path. Ever the red diaper baby, he had a tin imprinted with Lenin and Trotsky hanging over his crib. In hesitancy, it was replaced by a Stalin tin on the wall,and it wasn't until his twenties, after witnessing brutal Spanish Civil War crimes, that he began to question the Party line. For years afterward, he was internally tortured by the rampant contradictions, denial, and power madness of Party leaders, as he became unwilling to further deny the obvious. Now in his eighties, he's long since learned to harbor a healthy mistrust of centralized power in any form.

The first third or so of the book recounts numerous stories and episodes of his childhood and teens in New York City, and is generally entertaining. There are cameos of several famous personalities, such as Henry Miller, Emma Goldman, and later, Cole Porter and Orson Welles. Herrick's writing is energetic and lively, spiced with some mordant hindsight. Since I haven't read much about kids raised in a very lefty environment before the 60s, I was kind of excited to read about his going to meetings and picket lines, and constantly having political discussions with friends, all while growing up. Yeah, a lot of the party stuff was fucked up and patronizing and may have done more harm than good in the long run, but at least it did more good than growing up a "typical" American. As I strategize the organizing of my own workplace right now, I'm encouraged by his stories of organizing, from the Depression era onward. It's not easy now, but success in earlier, far more grim times is heartening to the present situation.

The remainder of the book describes in some detail his service in the International Brigades for the Spanish Civil War. This is naturally more gruesome and definitely not encouraging, but still pretty difficult to put down. His description of life in the trenches (thankfully not very prolonged, since he got injured early on) is harrowing and makes the ridiculousness of war ever more obvious. Both sides of the front lines are young men who are staking their lives on ridding the world of evil, whichever face of evil has been sold on them. (Sound familiar?) Even worse, it gradually dawns on Herrick that the side he's fighting on is actually countering the revolution for more egalitarian and democratic reforms. Seeing the casualties pile up, knowing that they're also piling up on the other side, and realizing that there's little difference between the individuals, leaves the reader sickened at the futility. This reader, anyway. Oddly, Herrick seems to have more problems with the Party propaganda machine and control than he does with war itself. But since the book is more about the Party line than it is a diatribe on war, maybe that's appropriate.

Herrick is very much a man's man, sort of a salty old guy type. By that I mean, for example, that he was what they'd probably call a skirtchaser, with lots of girlfriends and fuckbuddies. (Interestingly, it seems that he really did fall in love with a lot of women, at times concurrently.) He definitely has (or had) a hero complex, and describes himself as especially self-congratulating on his return from the war. As a young man, he didn't seem particularly aware of the macho-ness of his desire to rise in status in the Party ranks. Of course, few young men are that self aware, and he has definitely mellowed with age. From some of his language, however, (like "man and wife," and frequently, "Negro"), I get the impression that he's decided to be set in his ways, and there are some habits that he's not willing to look at. It could be that he's using old words to be consistent with the era he's describing. But since he continually points out the denial he was in, and the misleading ideologies he had, the blithe use of (currently insulting) language doesn't really play out as period parlance.

There were some other small annoyances. He sometimes makes unsmooth transitions of voice or tense, probably to make more of an impact. The chronology was also at times choppy, though he did attempt clear transitions. And, since there were many, many characters in the wartime section, and he'd refer to someone by last name at one point, then later by first name only, it got confusing to keep track.

These were relatively small flaws, however, and the book is overall a fun read, not too heavy. It would probably appeal the most to folks interested in topics I already mentioned (Spanish Civil War, radicalism in the earlier part of the last century, salty old men), but it's nonetheless very enjoyable generally. —Nellie Nelson

Destroy: Sex Pistols 1977
Dennis Morris

"A coffee table tome collecting 150+ pages of photos of the Sex Pistols and their clique? But does it have all the shots I want, nay need, of these heroes of Classic Rock?" you ask.

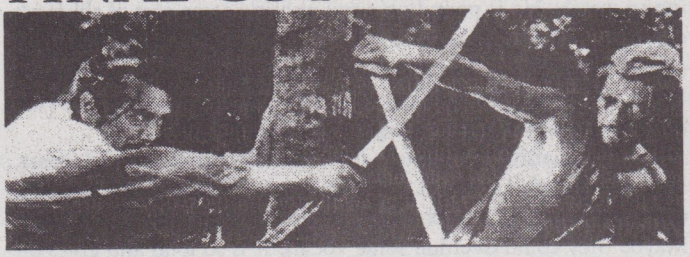
Indeed it does, Suzy and Billy. The Sex Pistols at the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty. The Sex Pistols at the slaying scene of Joey "The Clam" Finnappuli. The Sex Pistols at Amway Park when Satchel Paige pitched his 400th no-hitter. The Sex Pistols crossing the Rubicon. History in the making, every single shot.

Of course, they're herein reproduced on high-quality glossy paper, a vast improvement over the Limey music tabloid versions of the same pics (not to mention the few US zines that got these shots), which is a good thing since Dennis Morris was (probably still is) a fine photographer. Of course, the pics are merely quaint at this date, so I suggest buying the book and taking a time machine back to 1974 with it, which will probably give it the power to provoke etc. once more. Hell, take the final version of the Bollocks LP, that used to sound a lot better a few decades plus ago.

Alas, such are the fortunes of Rock. —Dr. Dante

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



RUNNING HOT AND COLD WATER

I asked the cashier how the movie was doing. **The Fast Runner** was in its first week.

The guy shrugged. "Not so hot. People can't get into the idea of watching a movie with Inuits."

"A three-hour movie with Inuits," I countered.

"Exactly."

Therein lies the dilemma. While a boring French film (I realize that's redundant) can play for months, any film about "Eskimos" is going to be a hard sell, even among culturally attuned San Franciscans. This is despite the fact that **The Fast Runner** has near-unanimous critical success and aggressive marketing as an adventure saga.

Its scope is somewhat wider than that. Also titled **Atanarjuat** after the main character, the film's plot elements often play something like a bare-bones Shakespearean, weighty drama, tugging at the corners of every scene. But poetry won't be found in the words. Its main merits lie in its matter-of-fact look at far-Northern culture, and its visual conception of a white, glistening world more foreign than one can imagine. **The Fast Runner** goes where no drama has gone before in quite the same way—that is, using the point-of-view of an indigenous people, employing their metaphors and storytelling techniques.

Based on an Inuit legend, **The Fast Runner** has the timeless quality of myth. Atanarjuat (Natar Ungalaaq) is something of a weakling, a poor hunter and obsequious by necessity. He never starves, but elders always make certain he's given the tough hind meat of any game they bring home. But he's hard-working and likable, which is appreciated by Atuat (Sylvia Ivalu), the woman he loves and hopes to marry.

The problem lies in Atuat's arranged marriage with Oki (Peter-Henry Arnatsiaq), the two-faced heir to his own clan whose marriage would finally bind the two rival families together in peace. (Now can see how Jacobean the plot is becoming.) Rights to Atuat are to be won by a kind of boxing match. In a display done before the entire clan, the two men must exchange single, punishing blows; the first man to drop unconscious is the loser. Oki agrees to the match readily, since there's obviously no chance of his younger, weaker, less pugilant foe winning in a battle of brawn.

This match becomes one of the film's three pivotal moments, and as with any battle that just has to be won, the underdog Atanajuat finds it in him to squeeze out a victory while dizzy with blunt force trauma. He wins the right to marry Atuat, but the depravity, deception, and revenge of Oki's clan has only just begun to manifest itself.

First-time director Zacharias Kunuk is fully in tune with the measured storyline (the film is just under three hours long). He builds conflict from the elemental stuff of legend, creating something larger than a simple adventure story or an anthropological study of Inuit culture.

If myth is the best shorthand for understanding a people, Atanajuat shows an uncanny confidence at the skill. The far North is a punishing environment where nothing comes easily; through his adventures, the title character develops into a man who, more than anyone in their circle, comes to embody the ingenuity, determination, and forgiveness that are central to the Inuit ideal.

At least a few of those qualities made the production of this incredibly challenging film possible. Shot on digital video in Canada's bleak Ingloolik territory, **The Fast Runner** may prove to be one of those impossibly rare films that may never be seen by many of its own people. It's unfortunate for them, but it's no excuse for you.

Warm Water Under a Red Bridge has much of **Atanajuat's** mythic structure, though the setting and plot couldn't possible be more different. At 75 years old, director Shohei Imamura (**Black Rain, The Ballad of Narayama, Dr. Akagi, The Eel**) offers up a giddy tale that's less icy and more, well, wet.

Yosuke Sasano (Koji Yakusho, the star of **Shall We Dance?** and **Cure**, as well as most of Kiyoshi Kurosawa's most distinguished output) is disdained by his calculating wife, thanks to his failure as a breadwinner and a father. Hopelessly meek and good-natured, he periodically visits poor people in local lean-tos, where an aging philosopher named Taro (Kazuo Kitamura) tells of a red wooden bridge that's been built over a canal, a place where—according to vague sources—lies a fabulous cache of hidden wealth aching to be discovered.

Yosuke, rankling under the salaeryman role, is intrigued by the tale. Yosuke hears of the old man's death at about the time his divorce is final. As nothing holds him at home anymore, he (like one or two treasure hunters before him) sets out to find this unlikely red bridge.

After considerable of searching and false leads, he at last finds what just may be what he's looking for, an ornate red wooden bridge perched over a canal where retired fisherman try their luck every morning (usually without success). While no treasure can be found in the bridge environs, he does visit a local market, where Saeko (Kazuo Kitamura) is pensively looking over the refrigerated fish section. Yosuke can't help but notice from the floor beneath her that she, well, seems to have sprung a small leak. When Yosuke returns to visit the house attached to the bridge, it's Saeko who answers the door.

They come to like each other and, as the saying goes, one thing leads to another. As it happens, Saeko is burdened (or gifted) with a unique curse (or gift) that shocks the hell out of Yosuke and floors your basic movie audience. There's no subtle way of say-

ing this, but when Saeko starts to peak, she's like a water-spout. Her nether region sprays out like a garden hose, and before long, both of them are saturated. She comes again, and it's even worse than before, soaking the walls and ceilings. The stream gurgles down through channels in the wood, out of her house, and into the creek, where the formerly unlucky fisherman are unaccountably starting to pull in fish of all types and sizes.

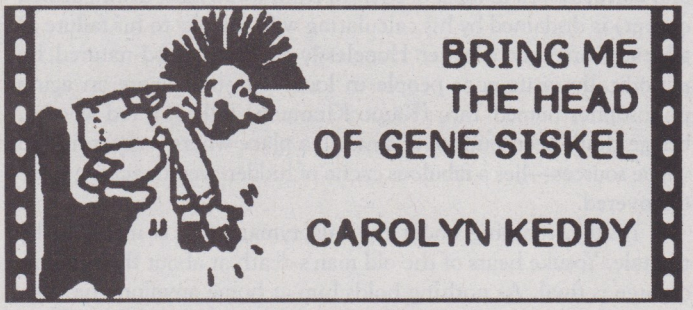
Yosuke decides to take a job at a fish-processing business within eyeshot of the red bridge. Whenever Saeko is especially horny, she flags him down. In this and future trysts, they have the good sense to put down large rubber tarps so the tatami mats and furniture don't get too funky, but she still sprays over both of them prodigiously in what becomes something like a fertility bath, and a veritable boon for the local fishermen.

In this flood of events, he almost forgets about Taro's hidden treasure. But it's a lot closer than he thinks.

Warm Water Under a Red Bridge (you have to admire its amusingly suggestive title) may be the most enthusiastic tribute to female ejaculation yet committed to film. It's told with a kind of easy ribaldry that makes the sex (almost) as much fun for the audience as for the characters. The concept may be a bit thin, but it's applied so vigorously that you can't help but be carried away by the, ah, current. The film is far from being sniggering or coarse. The fact that everything seems so natural seems almost as miraculous as Saeko's talent.

Part of the fun is picking out all the film's suggestive references. They're hidden all over the place like the treasure Yosuke is looking for, and I'd be ruining he fun for you if I started mentioning them all.

Warm Water Under a Red Bridge—which is now touring America city by city—is one of those movies you love telling disbelieving friends about, who wish they'd only had a chance to see it. Hopefully, those who do have the opportunity will peek beneath the concept and find the subtler pleasures behind the bawdry.



WE JUST WANNA ROCK; WE DON'T WANNA BE.... SMART

It's is my belief that everyone should make a film, much to the disgust of so-called "real" filmmakers, who believe that you need schooling, expensive equipment, and a rich relative to make one. In the same way, I feel that everyone should make a record. Sure there will be thousands of shitty films. I won't deny that most should never have been made, but for those few that pop out of nowhere and knock me on my ass, I think it will be worth the sacrifice. I feel everyone has some sort of story to tell, a song to sing, so why not just go do it? I am not usually this overly positive and supportive and I may not mean it tomorrow, but I swear I will watch as many as possible.

The Lightning Bolt live document **Power of Salad** (www.loadrecords.com) is one of the reasons I feel this way. I've heard of the band and their amazing live shows, but for whatever reason I have never seen them. I never felt like I was missing anything, and honestly I still don't, but I am still fascinated by them.

Power of Salad filmmakers Nick Noe and Peter Glantz follow Lighting Bolt on a June and July 2001 cross-country trip from their hometown of Providence, Rhode Island. Lightning Bolt play a variety of venues, from a giant packed-out warehouse in Oakland, California to a small kitchen in Lubbock, Texas. The band rocks each show with unashamed intensity. The drummer is pretty amazing to watch. He is pounding away wearing some sort of ski mask contraption that contains his vocal microphone. Through the first couple of songs I thought they were an instrumental band since there are no audible vocals. The bass player is calmer, playing repetitive heavy metal-esque guitar riffs on his bass.

Amazingly, the music from these live shows sounds great. If it was recorded through a microphone attached to the camera, then I recommend that the band record all their albums that way. Maybe they could overdub some vocals. It is so loud and gives off a nice live experience feel. On what I assume are studio recordings for the two music video type animation pieces included on this DVD, the music doesn't come anywhere near to sounding as intense. The animation is fun. I particularly liked "Devin's Animation," which consisted of pencil drawings morphing from one thing to another.

The majority of this 70-minute film is live performances. I do not like to watch bands playing live on my small TV screen. No matter who it is. I just get bored with it. My eyes begin to wander. However, there are some nice shots in this film. My favorite is a great fish-eye shot from behind the band with the crowd packed in, barely able to give the band enough room to play.

I didn't really learn too many personal details about the band. When one of the filmmakers asked something about the origin of the band, the two just seem to freeze up and become a bit embarrassed. Their friends from the band Pink and Brown offer a few tidbits of information, but it's mostly just praise. Of course, the fans love them. Drummer Ben does offer two great quotes of band philosophy. When discussing comparisons between Lighting Bolt and Black Dice, he says, "We just wanna rock; we don't wanna be...smart." On general cleanliness, he adds, "Cleanliness is good for function, but stains and stuff like that are sort of exciting."

Power of Salad is basically a couple of friends following their friends' band around on tour. There is no story. There is no pretense. There is some goofing off. Mostly, it's just two guys who play music together and have a good time. Their audiences really seem to enjoy it, so that's OK with me.

I know I am more patient than your average film viewer. I can watch almost anything. I can't help but be curious about films that get extremely bad reviews, if they're not some standard hokey Hollywood crap. **Pumpkin** got such bad reviews in all the San Francisco papers I just had to see it.

The most annoying thing about **Pumpkin**, for me personally, is that the main character's name is Carolyn. People say Carolyn hundreds of times in this movie. It was so unbelievably distracting and it really bothered me.

Carolyn McDuffy, played by Christina Ricci, is a very popular sorority girl. It is her senior year of college and her sorority is determined to be named sorority of the year. In order to gain some points with the Greek Council, the house arranges to coach mentally and physically challenged athletes who are preparing for

the Special Olympics. Carolyn's athlete is a discus thrower named Pumpkin. Pumpkin immediately falls in love with Carolyn, but she is unable to deal with his handicap.

When Carolyn decides to tell Pumpkin she will not be his coach, something happens. He is able to lift himself out of his wheelchair and throw the discus. She is won over. She befriends Pumpkin, much to the dismay of her friends and her boyfriend. Of course, she falls in love with him and that sets off repercussions throughout her life which could probably add up to some very funny scenes in the hands of a competent writer. Here we end up with a fistfight between a tennis star and a paraplegic.

Pumpkin tries to be many things. It tries to parody college life, overly competitive parents and ideals of perfection. It tries to be offensive. It tries to gross you out. It tries to challenge political correctness. Yet what you end up with is a jumble. The filmmakers couldn't make up their minds about what they were trying to say. The film sometimes goes one way and then completely goes the opposite way. There were very few laughs, except at the filmmakers. One guy in my row would let out an exasperated yelp every once in a while and I would laugh at him.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com

This month was a bit slow in the film department, but it has been so busy here in the Bay Area in terms of underground DIY shows and events that it's probably better that I didn't receive a dozen new films to view for Punk Movie Nights. The folks at Satan Macnuggit did send in something, however—a compilation of 18 Super 8 films shot by first time filmmakers entitled **3 Minute Rock Star.**

Each filmmaker was given a three minute reel to do with what he or she pleased, and then the exposed film was handed over to the organizers, meaning that the filmmakers themselves never viewed their completed films until they were shown at the premiere for **3 Minute Rock Star**. That also means that editing was done in camera, much like old home movies from the 50s and 60s. It is a good idea that is in many ways what this column is about. By combining a little old school filmmaking with a little modern technology, especially in terms of editing, **3 Minute Rock Star** shows us that film too can be a powerful and accessible tool for communicating the types of ideas and information which are almost non-existent in mainstream media. That said, it's too bad that **3 Minute Rock Star** has to be a stark reminder that filmmaking is an art form that doesn't come naturally to most people, either visually or in terms of telling a story.

3 Minute Rock Star gets off to a good start with a film entitled **Love Gun** by Michael Caines, which has so much fun with the very short format and time constraints it was given that you could easily imagine this filmmaker doing something a bit more substantial down the line. He has some natural talent. Whether that talent is strictly visual has yet to be seen, but there is something there to be developed.

After **Love Gun** it's a long way until we hit something worth savoring, and that film comes in the form of **Packing**, a film by Carrie Gray and Nancy Grievson. This is the best film by far on **3 Minute Rock Star. Packing** is a three minute informative film on the art of packing, which is when a woman wears a harness and a strap-on dildo underneath men's clothing. **Packing** is one of the least self-conscious films probably ever made on the subject, and clearly communicates an unthinkable number of ideas in just three minutes. **Packing** alone almost makes this compilation worth purchasing.

Immediately after **Packing**, we get our last three minute short worth watching a second time. It is entitled **The Wild Wild World Of Barb E.,** and it is obviously a spoof on that over the top Jayne Mansfield documentary of the same name. This film definitely would have benefited from more time and access to some post production facilities, but that just wasn't what **3 Minute Rock Star** was attempting to achieve here. It should be noted that even the films that I don't discuss here have had some energy and personal ideas put into them, and in the same way that I don't feel the need to read every personal style zine I come across, it doesn't take away from the fact that I support anyone who puts the work into self-publishing their own writing, or making their own film. (Satan Macnuggit, 130 Clinton St. #27, Toronto, ON, M6G 2Y3, Canada, or email at sm_orders@hotmail.com)

The other film I received this month is a short documentary by San Francisco button maker and drummer Scotty Karate, who plays drums in VOETSEK and DEADFALL. He handed this baby to me at Libertatia 2002, which is a four day fest of free shows put on by the Pyrate Punx here in the Bay Area, and which takes place on a strip of public land called Pirate Cove. Scotty shot this documentary entirely on video with his partner in crime Melissa Elbirt, and it documents the life of one of the San Francisco Bay Area's main movers and shakers in the DIY underground scene—John The Baker.

John The Baker runs the club portion of Burnt Ramen Studios in Richmond, California, as well as working with local underground labels like Alternative Tentacles and Life Is Abuse Records. This summer he is helping to organize the Green Anarchy Tour, and he has also been involved in numerous other benefits and fundraisers for both local and international causes. Scotty and Melissa became fixtures themselves at Burnt Ramen Studios while shooting this documentary, and it paid off in terms of how effectively they were able to capture the spirit and flavor of the club. John The Baker tells us of his battles with the police in Woodstock, New York in the name of free speech, and about riding his bike across the country as "John the Bicycling Bagel Baker", as well as getting a little into his philosophy for running the club the way that he does, envisioning it as his canvas. The explanation reminded me more of a sand painting because with every show comes a new creation, and yet at the end of the night that creation is cleared away to make room for the next one. **John The Baker** is an excellent first attempt at documentary filmmaking by Scotty and Melissa—let's hope that they expand this piece and their scope on future shoots. (Contact Scotty or Melissa at 515-378-7098 or email them at angelfck138@hotmail.com)

Send your underground films to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA.

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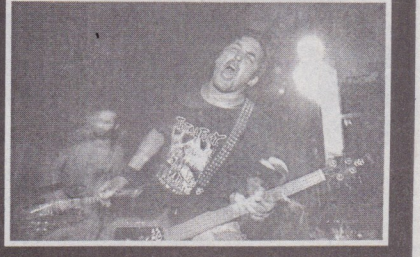

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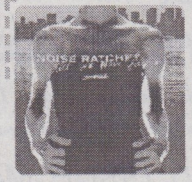

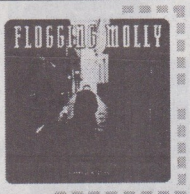

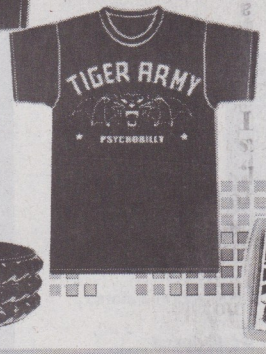

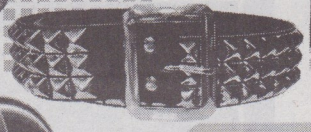

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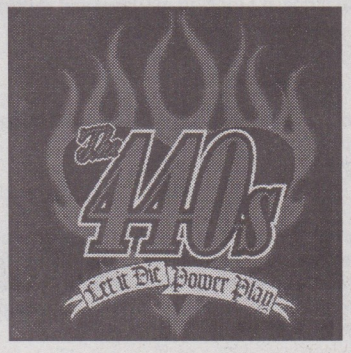
12 AULLIDOS - CD

Imagine FRAIL, or early GRAVITY RECORDS-style chaotic hardcore with a drummer who listens to nothing but INFEST and DROPDEAD, stopping his relentless assault only to spit on the other band members when they attempt to play anything that could be construed as "arty" or "emo". This CD contains their first EP, two well recorded live tracks, and some kind of CD-ROM bullshit I didn't bother with. Works for me... (VH)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

46 SHORT/KROMBACHERKELLERKINDER - split EP

Boring. Two generic hardcore bands here. Long Beach's 46 SHORT play the type of hardcore where the singer walks back and forth across the stage shouting into the microphone. While Germany's KROMBACHERKELLERKINDER have a more melodic approach, but in no way should be considered melodic hardcore. Hardcore should at least get my heart pumping a little. This record doesn't. (JF)
(Horror Business, c/o David Zolda, Im Drubbel 6, 44534 Lunen, GERMANY)



THE 440's - "Let It Die/ Power Play"

Well here we go again with motor-psycho school of punk n' roll that is THE 440's. "Let it Die" keeps on truckin' like some ZZ TOP like riff. It really sounds like the truck stops on tour really got to these kids. The flip side kicks up the energy a notch with a wankier X sounding ditty. This is some fun stuff for the leather and tattooed inclined. (DL)
(Big Brothel, Box 6170, SE-102 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

A FRAMES - LP

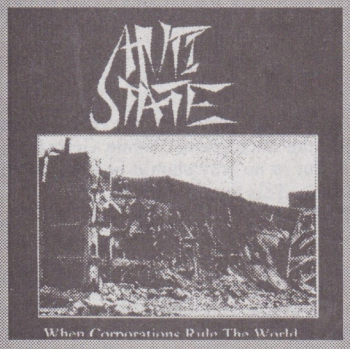
Both surprisingly fresh and instantly familiar—the A FRAMES full-length is one of those increasingly rare records that can get my back-brain buzzing and my teeth grinding together. This Pacific Northwest three-piece have followed their ace singles with a legit album that shows off their best qualities—who says there's no link between minimalist garage punk and 1970s science fiction distaster epics? "Hostage Crisis", "Calculator", "Plastica", and "Electric Eye" are atom-age anthems that you can set your watch to and graph on an X/Y axis. Mid-tempo, dissonant, and obsessively paranoid stuff. Excellent noise, a perfect bookend for this month's NUMBERS CD, and a flawless debut. (JH)
(Dragnet/SS, 1114 21st. St., Sacramento, CA 95814)

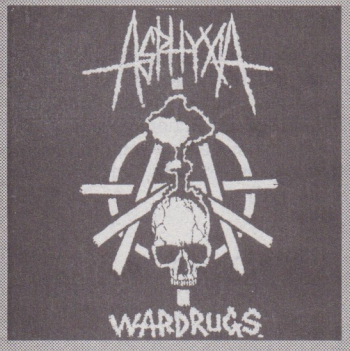
AGATHOCLES/DISREANTIYOUTHHELLCHRISTBASTARDASSMANX - split EP

Three AGATHOCLES tracks, recorded in 1999, that showcase their mincecore sound at its finest. One of the best sounding records I've heard from these Belgian veterans, fast over-the-top grind with ultra-heavy slow parts. Cookie Moshter vocals: minus two skulls. Southern California brings us DISREANTIYOUTH...(among my favorite band names ever) and seventeen songs of chaotic thrash. Note: seventeen songs of THRASH! Not GRIND...THRASH. Awesome stuff, totally noisy and all over the place. These songs are a fucking blast to listen to, do yourself a favor. (WN)
(AgroMosh, 18017 Amendro Ln., San Diego, CA 92127, killtheold@msn.com)

AGATHOCLES - "Keep Mincing" 2xEP

Belgium's mincecore masters certainly have their fans scrambling to keep up with their tremendous output of records. Seeing as this is a double EP release, let me point out that one EP here is studio material and the other one is all live stuff from 1988. Unless you have been living in a cave for the past 10+ years, you should be well aware of AGATHOCLES style of blistering raw grind. It isn't pretty, but neither are most of their fans. And that is why we love them. So check it out! (RC)
(AgroMosh, 18017 Almendro Ln., San Diego, CA 92127, ben_agromosh.com)





AGHAST/TEKKEN - split CD

A split with two French bands with very different styles. AGHAST are "emotional hardcore" to put them in a pigeonhole, but it's a hole in which the seem to fit nicely. Anguished vocals, meandering guitars, dissonant chords, you know the drill, and it is well done here. They thankfully avoid the all to often poorly-executed quiet singing parts, and stick to what they do well. TEKKEN, on the other hand, are crazy raw hardcore. The longest of their 7 tracks is under a minute and a half, and they pack loads of thrashing madness into those short bursts. The lyrics are funny as hell, especially when they talk about how serious they are, and the whole mess is gloriously chaotic. A strange pairing of bands, but then I think we need that sometimes...who knows, maybe this will help some mosh pit maniac from New Jersey get in touch with his sensitive side. (WN)
(Aspidistra/WeeWee, 25 Rue Goudouli, 31240 St. Jean, FRANCE)

AIRBAG - "Voy a Acabar Con el Invierno" CD

More fun Spanish pop punk from Wild Punk Records (yay!). This reminds me of the TRAVOLTAS if they were from Spain (and had half the back ups). This five song CDEP (i hate CDEPs usually) really rocks me. Fun summer time music. Can I say fun just one more time? F-u-n! Fun!!! This makes me want to go to the beach (and I hate the beach!). Their cover of the *Goonies* theme song ("Goonies 'r' Good Enough") is song with such a thick accent that I am not sure if it is in English or Spanish… or Spanglish… either way it's done well. YeahYeahYeahYeahYeah!!! It's good enough for me it's good enough for you! Oh and it's an enhanced CDEP for their hit single "Prefiero la Playa" (comes with a video). (BM)
(Wild Punk, PO Box, 849 18080, Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com, airbag@wildpunk.com).

G.G. ALLIN - "Scumfuc Tradition" LP

The early GG ALLIN tracks are super solid scat-punk. Gimmie the early singles on Orange, hey what! Here we have GG circa 1986 and I don't care about his songs anymore, it's strictly monkey cage time at the zoo. Can art excuse a rapist? Nah. (RW)
(New Rose, PO Box 130575, San Francisco, CA)

AMPHETAMINE EATERS - "Soft Porn Engine" CD

Once you get past the bad band name and the over the top layout with flaming cursive car logo font, what you have here is a pretty rockin' fuckin' band that combines the sounds of the SUPERSUCKERS and SPEEDDEALER. While it does have its generic moments, this is quite a solid release from these Spanish rockers. (DP)
(Wild Punk, PO Box 849, 18080 Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com)

ANTISCHISM - 2xLP

Prank delivers the goods once again—this time completing the discographic process begun with the re-issue awhile back of this seminal punk band's *Still Life* LP. A beautiful embossed jacket sleeve engulfs this double LP which compiles this early '90s juggernaut's EP's and comp tracks. Raging passionate hardcore—which combined the likes of RUDIMENTARY PENI and CRUCIFIX with more modern hardcore elements. Totally excellent and completely essential. (MT)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

ANTISTATE - "When Corporations Rule The World" EP

Agh! While these folx hearts are in the right places, this record should have never come out. Below average crust from Portland, featuring a drummer who only knows one beat and guitars which switch chords at half the speed they should. Yawn. Oh yeah, horrendous computer generated layout—next time either use good old fashion cut'n paste or at least know how to scan stuff so it doesn't look all pixilated and shitty).Would have been tolerable as a demo. (MT)
(Gasmask, PO Box 2626, Portland, OR 97208)

ASPHYXIA - "Wardrugs" EP

Brutal ultra distorted Japanese crust which reminds me a great deal of an *Who Killed Dove?* era CROW. The record says this is their demo tracks—and I'd love to hear more. (MT)
(Crust War, 1-28-3A. Shikitsu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka-City 556-0017, JAPAN)

THE ASSAILANTS - "Hate Machine" EP

At first listen I thought this was a pretty straight-forward fast punk record with clean production. But then I realized that these guys are telling inside jokes that I'm not getting. From what I can pick up from the lyrics (since no sheet was included), the song "Bum God" is a sort of nod to the DESCENDENTS. But what in the hell is up with the last track that's not listed? Its like a weird Casio recording with voice manipulation that sounds like gremlins singing Christmas carols. I'm at a loss. (CC)
(16703 Westgate Ave. Cerritos, CA 90703-1162)

AT WAR WITH SHADOWS - "Healing is Not an Option" EP

RORSCHACH style cotton mouth growls on top of a strange blend of chugga chugga guitars, melodic leads, and MEGADETH solos. The drummer does his part, mixing up fast and slow to make things a little bit more random. The B side very much reminds me of a slowed down version of YOU AND I. It took me a few listens to get into but this is pretty good. I can see these guys putting on a rad live show that would include a healthy dose of broken equipment. (VH)
(Hater of God, Po Box 666, Troy, NY 12181-666)

THE AVOIDED - "You and Me" EP

This is weird stripped down rock 'n' roll from Japan. Although the flyers inside indicate that the AVOIDED play live with Japanese punk bands like the ADDICTION, this is not punk rock. It is jangly and primitive—closer to pub-rock or folk music than punk. Not my cup of tea. (BR)
(Avoided)

B.G. - "The and That's What I'm Here to Do" EP

Six more entries into the "Why B.G. is the Best Band Ever" contest. Awe-inspiring songs of ferocious

metallic hardcore. These Arkansas gentlemen still amaze me with their songs, and Jason is the best drummer I have ever seen live (sorry if that embarrasses you, Garv). If there is any justice in the world, then punks around the world will soon be falling over themselves to go see B.G., and witness their "we might fucking explode at any moment so you had best not turn you head" intensity, their powerful melodies, and their Southern good times. No secret, I fucking love this band, and cannot recommend them highly enough. If you get no other record this month, get this. (WN)
(Rabid Dog c/o Clay Newell, 6208 McCullar, Haltom City, TX 76117)

BAD BRAINS - "Rebel in the City" LP

Board tape of a Max's Kansas City show (February 1979). A pretty furious set, unlike when I saw them a few years later and it seemed like ten minutes of toasting came between after every two fast songs. There seems to be a bit of trouble with the tape speed (a couple of "wheeps" and "whoops") unless it's this damn turntable. As with the ROTTERS live LP (and most such archival releases), it's a worthy addition to the catalog for fans (perhaps essential for committed fans): what more can you say? (DD)
(Crustafar-I, Jesper Worre vej 15, 2200 Kobenhavn N, DENMARK)

BALANCE OF TERROR - "A Better Tomorrow" 12"

Powerful driving hardcore punk from New York City—haven't seen something this good and raw coming from that city since CITIZENS ARREST broke up. Not an ounce of "thrash" here—just full-bore pissed off punk attack. Total fucking ripper! (MT)
(Paralogy, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME - CD

"This compositional exploration combines brutal energy with melodic finesse in new, innovative ways which are sure to keep fans of all musical genres satisfied. From death, black and progressive metal to grind, breakdown and emotional hardcore, BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME transitions in and out of countless styles in a manner which will definitely surpass any critic's expectations. BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME has created a new mold from which they will produce uncompromising music for years to come." At least that's what the press release says. I say that if they stuck to the speed metal, this band would be pretty OK, but once again a "brutal" band spends way too much time noodling and being indie rock to rock my face off the way they should. Better than most in this genre, and I'm certain than suburban metal kids will eat this shit up. (WN)
(Lifeforce, PO Box 938, 09009 Chemnitz, GERMANY, betweentheburied@hotmail.com)

BITESIZE – "Sophomore Slump" CD

This local band puts out a strong second full length here. A quirky release that brings to mind PIXIES, PEE, and even ATOM & HIS PACKAGE. Great vocal play between the guy/gal vocals. Twenty infectious ditties that overflow with enthusiasm and spirit on a pop level. Not so much for the hardcores but twisted punky pop fans will enjoy this. (RL)
(PO Box 16218, Oakland, CA 94610, info@bitesize.net)

THE BLACK HAND - "War Monger" CD

Shit monger, turd monger, diarrhea monger, mensuration monger, if only the poorly drawn monster could jump off of their disgusting CD cover and put them out of their misery. Fuck this. (VH)
(Chainsaw Safety, Po Box 260318, Bellrose, NY 11426-0318)

THE BLACK HAND - "War Monger" CD

Following in the same line as their 10" from last year, this juggernaut from Canada continues to pound away in a VOIVOD meets SKITSYSTEM at a CELTIC FROST reunion way—sometimes it's a bit *too* metal for me, but live they are a killing machine. (MT)
(Chainsaw Safety, Po Box 260318, Bellrose, NY 11426-0318)

BLACK MERINOS - "Sad Solutions" EP

This is a side project of members of IN/HUMANITY from South Carolina. Pretty brutal hardcore in slow tempo that feels all gloomy and serious and devoid of the insane humor of IN/HUMANITY. (DP)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, www.hyperrealist.com)

BOMB BUILDER - Drop the Big One" EP

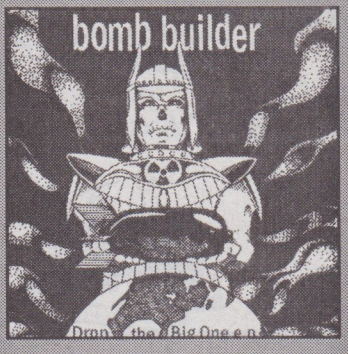
Here is a seven song assault of foaming at the mouth punk fucking rock from ex-members of...oh wait, there is a note saying to "please make no mention of ex-members", so I guess this is where that ends. Regardless, this is fast violent punk from Ohio that breaks no new ground but would definitely like to break your nose with lyrics like "I'm a loaded gun, fuck with me if you dare. The mask of rage you see, is the true face of me." And they toss in a SYSTEMATIC DEATH cover at the end just to let you know that they aren't fucking around. (RC)
(Constant Pain, 1300 N. Douty, Hanford, CA 93230)

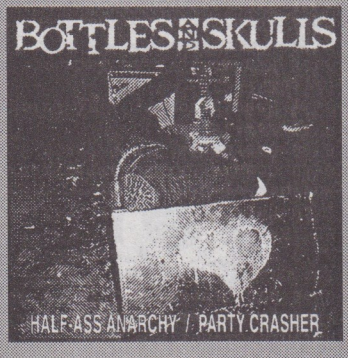
BORN BAVARIAN - "Crazy Hog" CD

Dammit! I knew when Rema left Maximum, I would wind up reviewing all this CONFEDERACY OF SCUM shit. I gotta laugh because I remember meeting this singer dude who is German but thinks he's Southern. I remember when asked if he had been to San Francisco, he claimed that he would never go west of the Mason Dixon Line...totally bizarre. Anyway, riding the road that ANTISEEN paved is BORN BAVARIAN stayin' true to their blood n' beer philosophies of dirty rock n' roll. (DL)
(Devils Shitburner, Schweinfurter Str. 36a, 97076 Wurzburg, GERMANY)

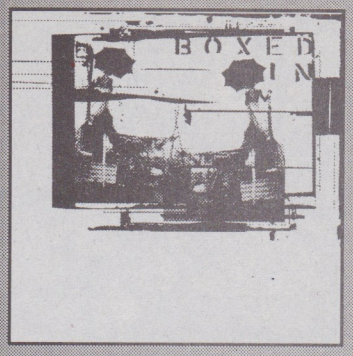
BOSS MARTIANS - "Making the Rounds" CD

This sounds like the SUPERSUCKERS and ELVIS COSTELLO collaborating. It's great and really slick sounding. Recorded at legendary Egg Studios in Seattle this is a pleasant combination of garage, Texas flavored bar rock and just flat our rock and roll with incredible pop sensibilities. This are well written songs by guys who know what they are doing. This is the music I would put on and pretend I'm cool too. (BM)
(Musick, PO Box 1757, Burbank, CA 91507, www.bossmartians.com)





RECORDS



BOTTLES AND SKULLS/400 BLOWS - split EP

The BOTTLES create a heavy, rockin', head-bobbin' groove and take you for a spin. This recording is on par with their last CD *Never Kiss the Wasp* and captures their kick-ass live sound. 400 BLOWS play a more dissonant, syncopated style groove with a more minimalistic sound of a synchronous drums and guitar. Excellent record from two excellent live bands! (HM)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4442 Berkeley, CA 94704, www.cheetahsrecords.com, www.bottlesandskulls.com, www.400blows.net)

BOXED IN - "World Stops Turning" EP

Crumbly old-timers proving that the young whippersnappers aren't the only ones turning out smoking hardcore records. This band is made up of ex members of every hardcore band you saw in sweaty squats and pubs around the UK over the last decade and a half. Ferocious stuff lies within, the musical experience akin to be knocked about the face and neck with a hammer. Depressing lyrics about the world going down the pan backed by music that sounds like a rougher, sloppier BGK in a rumble with *Harvest Hardcore*-era RIPCORD. The aural battering is topped off with a rousing rendition of ANTI-CIMEX's "When the Innocent Die." As street urchins say where these fellas are from, "please sir, can I have some more?" (TB)
(Crime Scene, Box 13, 82 Colston Street, Bristol, BS1 5BB, UNITED KINGDOM)

BRIGADA DO ODIO - "A Busca" EP

This Brazilian band is just short of legendary to the punks down there; their split 12" with OHLO SECO is heralded as one of the first ever grind releases (released well before *Scum*), and members went on to bands like ULSTER and INFRATORES. If that means nothing to you, how about this: totally manic noisy hardcore, well written and completely insane. Blasts of energy and destruction that typically last for less than a minute and leave you wondering what exactly just happened. It's like NAPALM DEATH abducting SWANS. The recording sounds awesome, and truly pushes the boundaries of "grindcore," or whatever genre this falls into. I don't know if BRIGADA DO ODIO are back together, or if they just recorded this record for old times sake, but I hope there is more to come. It's rare that a record can be punk but still be this truly original, fucking great release. (WN)
(Disorderly Discos, Caixa Postal 645, Sao Paulo - SP, CEP 01059-970 BRASIL)

BURNS OUT BRIGHT/DADE COUNTY RESISTANCE/LAST TO KNOW - split CD

Three-way splits make me wonder when it goes from being a split to being a comp. Not that it really matters. This would suck either way. One band sounds like HOOBASTANK, one sounds like BLINK 182, and one sounds like that new BLINK 182 side project BOXCAR RACER (though I'm stunned how they could rip them off so quickly, as that record only came out about a month ago), and they'll all probably take that as a compliment. To their credit, most of the lyrics are better than all of those bands, but that's just not enough. (MX)
(no address)

CHAOS Z - "45 Jahre Ohne Bewährung" LP

CHAOS Z is a blast from 1982! They've graduated from that straight thrash beat and a primitive thrash to more of a German style street punk sound. Occasionally, they'll dabble into a moody, more sophisticated mid-tempo gloomy music. It ain't no 1982 thrash, but it's pretty good. (HM)
(Sturmhöhe, Möhringstr. 95, 70199 Stuttgart GERMANY, www.sturmhöhe.de, thelektion@gmx.net)

THE CHERRY VALANCE - "Revival" LP

Okay all you super stoners get retro with the falsetto vocals and garage soul jams of THE CHERRY VALANCE. Fans of GRAND FUNK RAILROAD, MENS CLUB and even THE DIRTBOMBS will want to get down too this spiritual rn'r experience. Shit I just flipped the record and it's reminding me of fuckin' FOCUS...weird but it seems to work just fine. Yeah I think you will want to pick this one up. (DL)
(Flap Ping Jet)

CHERRY VALENCE - "Riffin" CD

This North Carolina band is exploring the same rock territory as DRUNK HORSE. While it sits on the fence going into stoner land, it never quite goes there. They have enough arena rock style riffs going so you'll make sure your lighter is set on high, but this is still punk rock. (DP)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, www.estrus.com)

CITIZENS ARREST -"A Light In the Distance" LP

CITIZENS ARREST, a band that in many ways bridged the gap, combining elements of early New York hardcore (URBAN WASTE, ANTIDOTE, the ABUSED) and what has now come to be known as NYHC. This official 18 song release contains their out of print *A Light In The Darkness* EP, early comp tracks, and some rare live/demo recordings. No filler here, every song is solid, intense hardcore. Singer Ted Leo went on to bore thousands of emo kids into crying frenzies, but what's done is done. So let's concentrate on reliving those glory days we weren't actually around for fifteen years ago. (VH)
(Deadalive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006, www.deadaliverecords.com)

THE CLASS ASSASSINS - "State of Emergency" CD

Solid mid- tempo melodic singalong punk rock from these Canadian geezers. Reminiscent of THE GC5, VIGILANTES, THE REDUCERS SF, etc. and to some degree THE EXPLOSION. Lots of group backing chants, harmonies, and tough riffs, this is well above average for this crowded genre. Lyrics are socially aware and political without sloganeering, this is great catchy punk. TKO Records is looking after the US side of the release so you're assured quality and perhaps a tour in the works (?) (AD)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W Suite 100- 184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, CANADA)

COACHWHIPS - "Get Your Body Next Ta Mine" LP

The second fantastic album from one of SF's most fun garage rock bands. Lo-fi beats that get a quick comparison to the OBLIVIANS and DOO RAG when I'm trying to encourage my unwavering garage rock friends to take a chance on a band that doesn't have Russell Quan as a member. COACHWHIPS are a

three-piece band: guitar, organ and drums belting out good, trashy rock tunes. They have a damn good time playing and I have a damn good time shaking my booty to their noise. At the 16th and Mission stop of their recent San Francisco Flag Day tour, they were rocking for all us tired working stiffs and the cops tried to break up the party. One cop got in the singer John's face to try to make him stop. He didn't. The cop just gave in and let them finish. You could tell he was enjoying it a little too. Now that's rock and roll. (CK)
(Show and Tell, 1725 Anza St., Apt. A, San Francisco, CA 94118, coachwhips@hotmail.com)

COBRA KAI - "Complete Recordings" LP

This release compiles all of the previously released (not all that long ago) material from this screamo outfit. The songs are very solid and well produced. Heavy, chaotic, and quirky—just the way the kids like it these days (easily in good company with any number of bands on Level Plane or Blood of the Young.) Though there are many many bands doing this style in the past few years, COBRA KAI seemed to have a good ear for interesting parts and song structure. Certainly a decent spin . (SP)
(Chiaroscuro, PO Box 723, Hermitage, TN 37076, chiaroscurorecords@aol.com)

COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN - "Duck Down for the Torso" CD

Song #68, the second of this four song EP, is COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN playing they're familiar recipe of blast beats, chaotic screams, and breakdowns, which is as solid as ever. But aside for those forty five seconds, they venture into new territory playing much more rock oriented songs that last more than five minutes… And don't let me forget to mention the overly apparent similarity to MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT that I find completely ridiculous. Yeah, changes in influence and styles are understandable, but they might as well be pasting their name on top of MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT records at this point. (VH)
(No Idea, Po Box 14636, Gainesville, FL, 32604)

CONATION – "The Dichotomy Of Earth And The Human Race" CD

CONATION who are from Australia combine a variety of styles on this release. The take some hectic metallic hardcore with breakdowns and blast beats, and mix in some melodic moments which reminded me of TIME IN MALTA. The vocals are mostly harsh screams, but they occasionally switch to that soft spoken/sung thing during some of the melodic parts. When in was all said and done I thought this was a pretty damn good release. (RC)
(Deplorable, PO Box 191, Balmain NSW 2041 AUSTRALIA; deplorablerecordings.com)

CONCIENCIAS MUERTAS - "Resiste" CD

Punk rock from Mexico that sounds like it was released 20 years ago. Not some stuck in the past run of the mill hardcore band, and not a spikes- and-studs revival, but punk from a time when there was just punk, and it had all the elements of what is now street punk, hardcore, thrash and so on (even a ska tune, but I mean ska like the SPECIALS). Twelve tracks that kinda remind me of the PLUGZ from time to time, I can easily imagine CONCIENCIAS MUERTAS on the "Repo Man" soundtrack. I would love to hear more bands like this, playing music they want...listening to this disc was *fun*, punk should be fun from time to time. (WN)
(Diter Correa G., Azucena No. 89, Jardines Del Tepeyac, Ecatepec Edo, C.P. 55220 MEXICO, con_muertas@yahoo.com.mx)

THE CONSUMERS - "We're American" EP

.....what is this? ....it sure ain't the So-Cal CONSUMERS, that be for sure....!!!! .....but the dude on the cover has got darker circles under his eyes than Paul Cutler.....!!!!! This is some kinda rare punk single re-issue-thing-a-ma-jig.....that's what it is, and by golly it's pretty motherfucking GOOOOOOOD!!!!!!! This is PUNK MAN!!!!! Not the shit you're listening to, but this....this is where it's at....100%.....ELVIS COSTELLO on acid....the TWINKEYZ meet the PLIMSOULS.....and then both bands fuck!!!! .....over the top drugs here kids.....faggy reverb vocals, sax.....all of this from 1980.....hand drawn kitchen-table cover always gets my vote....there's no info on this bitch at all kiddies....sorry, but that's a boot for ya....nice looking one, even down to the label....splattered on the platter with my jit....(SW)
(Dumpster)

COUNTERATTACK - "No Regrets" EP

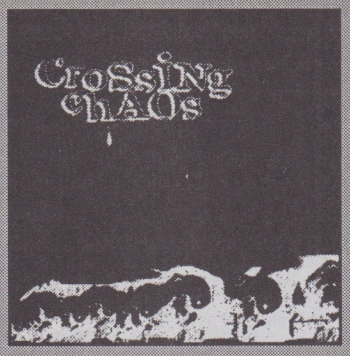
Ever wonder why the punx and skins will never and should never be united? It's because of boo-hoo crap like songs like "Widow Maker," in which these DC skins mourn the death of Philly cop Daniel Faulkner—and in typical right wing fashion take the opportunity to advocate the death penalty. As BLACK FLAG put it so well over 20 years ago stated "This fucking city's run by pigs, they take the rights away from all you kids, understand it we're fighting a war we can't win—they hate us, we hate them…fuck the cops." Oh yeah musically this is more of that modern plodding oi crap that is light years from the power mustered up by bands like BLITZ or THE BUSINESS. (MT)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

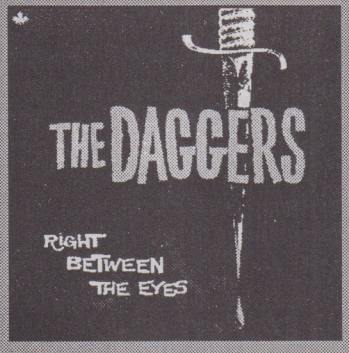
COUNTRY TEASERS - "Science Hat Artistic Cube Moral Nosebleed Empire" LP

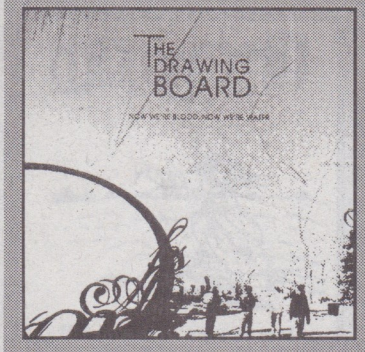
If you're like me, you always wanted to like COUNTRY TEASERS because they seem so damn wacky. Yet, somehow the albums never did it for you. There were one or two tracks that I loved, but I couldn't listen to a whole record. Well, In The Red has a treat for us. (Don't they always?) This collection of outtakes, demos and whatnot is the best thing these Scots have released. Who knows what else they have up their sleeves? Lo-fi country-ish post-punk ramblings on two albums packed in nice gatefold sleeve. There are photos and a poster, plus a very challenging, barely decipherable list of personal and recording dates. So much to read and look at while the music just overtakes you. Even when the rave whistles kick in on "Compressor", I don't mind 'cos the drums are still pounding and the little toots start to sound melodic. The slide guitar through out the whole album sounds oh so nice. There are 39 tracks on the album, but only 20 on the CD. Naturally, you'd have to get the vinyl. (CK)
(In The Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Blvd., PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

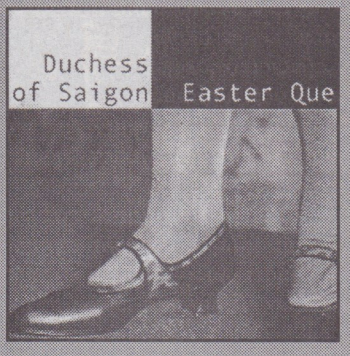
CRAMPS - "Surfin' the Dark" LP

Her we have a live CRAMPS picture disc LP, from London 1984. The picture disc has a nice creepy children's book quality to it, sort of like a charcoal rendering of the boogie-man. Oh, the music, right...decent sound quality, all the songs from their early '80s set. Who's gonna actually *play* this? (RW)
(no address)









CROSSING CHAOS - "Behind The Glamorous Face Of Our Hypocritical Eden Ruled By Power Mad Bastards" EP

Crushing steamroller Swedish hardcore that brings to mind the likes STATE OF FEAR. Lyrics which, while typical for the genre, hit home in this era of stepped of surveillance and constant war. Studded and charged and ready for the fucking attack. (MT)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

CRUCIAL UNIT – "Everything Went Strunk" CD

Pittsburgh PA's own CRUCIAL UNIT whip out a 37 track (plus a 10 minute live set from a radio show) CD on us. This CD contains the "Premium Iced Tea" and "Moshzilla" EPs, as well as their side of the KILLED IN ACTION split and some compilation tracks (most of which are unreleased). If you have never heard CRUCIAL UNIT and you are a fan of blistering thrash with screechy vocals and a stellar sense of humor, then you should definitely check out this CD. I got to check them out twice on their recent tour of the US and they were everything I had hoped for. This CD is worth it alone for the "Columbus Fest Is A Celebration Of Genocide" song. Fuck yeah! (RC)
(De La Mente, PO Box 7183, Pittsburgh, PA)

CULT HERO - "I'm a Cult Hero/I Dig You"

Utterly inscrutable, at least to this boy. The cover offers a copyright date of 1979 and two photos of a doughy nudnik who looks just like your alcoholic shop class teacher—the unnamed cult hero of the title, a rock idol that never claimed his day in the sunxs. From England, I reckon. Whatcha got is a sort of novelty punk funk drone that combines the nimble wit of JOHNNY MOPED with outer-spacey HAWKWIND riffs and synthesizer squawks. I'm told there's a connection to the early CURE here—the only thing I'm sure of is that this bloke ain't no Robert Smith. (JH)
(Fiction)

CURIOSO - "Isso fica por Sua Conta." EP

CURIOSO play exuberant, hook-riddled, melodic punk anthems. There's some crazy Japanese/Portuguese thing going on. CURIOSO sing in Portuguese and provide both Japanese and Portuguese lyrics. Great record! (HM)
(Devour c/o Masaomi Nakamura, 5-20 Motokake, Okazaki-City Aichi 444-0016 JAPAN, ykdvr@zc4.so-net.ne.jp)

D.Y.S. - "Wolfpack" LP

What can you say about D.Y.S., the unforgettable '80s Boston SXE hardcore band, and their lyrics such as "Wolfpack—don't give us any shit/ Wolfpack—you're gonna get hit." that every SXE band for the last nineteen years has struggled to live up to? This colored vinyl European pressing on Reflex Records (who've also recently reissued the likes of NEGATIVE FX & GOV'T ISSUE) is identical to the Taang! Records 1990 release, that as far as I know has never gone out of print, with the small addition of some added liner notes. All we need to do now is track down, and destroy, all remaining copies of their *Fire and Ice* LP, so no one else has to go through the same horrible introduction to this classic band I did. (VH)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1, Belgium, www.reflexdistribution.com)

THE DAGGERS - "RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES" CD

This CD has been on a few minutes and I wish something would jump out at me. This is pretty standard non-threatening rock n' roll fare especially for a band called, THE DAGGERS. I think the word I'm searching for is melodic? Why do I picture this band playing live to all of their girlfriends? (DL)
(Sloth, #1A-1304 4th Street SW, Calgary, AB T 2R 0X8, CANADA)

DEADLINE/THE FILAMENTS - split EP

Two British bands on the New Blood label share an EP. DEADLINE are upbeat streetpunk with strong female vocals and a ska edge as illustrated by their cover of the SPECIALS "Do Nothing". The FILAMENTS sound like if the EXPLOITED added a brass section. (AD)
(New Blood, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA11 92L, UK)

DEAD SHERIFF - "ROCKAPOCALPTICA" LP

Barf! I swear I hate this fuckin' rock n' roll fluff. This is giant circle jerk of TURBONEGRO rehash that comes across so cliched and weak I can't bare to sit through it. (DL)
(Dionysus, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

THE DEDICATION - "Youth Murder Anthems" EP

This is mostly chuga-chuga hardcore with just a touch of youth crew for the hell of it. aside from the mosh parts the drums are fast and heavy on the bass and toms. The bass playing is heavy as well but the guitars reach for the higher strings and play stuff a little too complicated for your typical New York hardcore band. The vocalist list low and alternately screams and growls while they throw in some chanting backup vocals. The biggest problem is that nothing on the record stands out as amazing. (PA)
(Deathwish, 432 Morris Ave., Providence, RI 02902, deathwishinc.com)

DE LA HOYA - "Wipe the Slate Clean" CDEP

It appears that this will be DE LA HOYA's last release, and I'm fucking sad, but I will struggle to keep composure. If you don't know DE LA HOYA, they play political, optimistic pop punk with lots of cool breakdowns, like if you combined all of the best parts of D.B.S. and OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN. These four songs show signs of "maturing" (i.e. slower songs, more complex instrumentation), but they still retain their amazing lyrics and unique voice. There's more screaming on this, which shifts it more towards the D.B.S. side of things, but that is a-okay. While not as raw as their first EP, this is a fitting last release by a great fucking band. (MX)
(BD, PO Box 860, New York, NY 10268-0860, www.bd-records.com)

DIALLO - "Diagram of a Scam" EP

Nine songs of thick, dirty hardcore packed with thundering drums and growling vocals that has a "blown out speaker" kind of production. I imagine them all wearing TRAGEDY t-shirts at their shows... In some ways they also reminds me of a less thought out, more dramatic URANUS. I definitely don't consider them on par with either of said bands in terms of quality, but could see them developing into something after another record or two. (VH)
(Yellowdog, Box 550208, 10372 BERLIN, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

DISCORDIA - "Deteriorarse" CD

I'm not sure if this is the DISCORDIA demo or a new recording, but either way we are treated to 13 blazing crust-core tunes that would make DISCORDIA international superstars if only they were from Minneapolis instead of Tijuana. Think STATE OF FEAR or HAIL OF RAGE without the grind, this shit totally rips from start to finish, with uncompromising lyrics (en Espanol) and a vocal delivery that would scare the life out of the kids in line for tickets to the SAVES THE DAY show. Fans of Profane/Skuld stuff need this disc...fuck, if you have a back patch or studs on your jacket you need this. Awesome. (WN)
(0737, 3351 E. Folsom St., Los Angeles, CA 90063)

DISFEAR - "Religon" EP

Re-ish of this d-beat classic from 1992. Raw guitars, driving drum attack that mirrors the efforts of a little know band from the UK called DISCHARGE as filter through the likes of ANTI-CIMEX. Still good after all these years. (MT)
(Finn, c/o Jari Juho, Vita Liljansv. 92, 2 tr., 12734 Skarholmen, SWEDEN)

THE DRAWING BOARD - "Now We're Blood..." CD

There's something seriously wrong when it takes a band a fucking half hour to get through five songs. To make matters worse, it's really artsy emo-pop, complete with song structures that want to be interesting but just aren't. Too bad, really, since this had some potential. Cut every song in half and see what happens. Insert lame joke about going back to the...oh, never mind. (MX)
(www.thedrawingboard.net)

DUCHESS OF SAIGON - "Easter Queen" EP

Raucous two-piece fractured pop with great noise here. I'm told the band really likes the DEVIANTS but here they come off like a lost American early '80s DIY effort, especially with the female drummer's back-up vox. The whole record is off-kilter, and resists easy categorization. I hate comparing one band to another...so I won't. (RW)
($4. ppd, SS, 1114 21st St., Sacramento, CA 95814)

DWARVES - "How to Win Friends and Irritate People" LP

Normally I would say a record like *How to Win Friends...* is all right when taken on its own, but doesn't stack up against the DWARVES best material. Problem with doing that is the simple matter that the DWARVES rerecorded stuff from past albums for this one. Guess what, they did it right the first time. Oh well, it still beats the DWARVES last record of new material. Buy if you are a completist. (JF)
(Reptillian, www.reptillianrecords.com)

E.T.A. - "We Are the Attack" EP

This is a good record. ETA plays thrash which is a lot more melodic than a lot of the stuff coming out recently. Although they play much faster, they often remind me of BLACK FLAG, and there is an undeniable 7 SECONDS influence. The record is simply but beautifully packaged. Plus, they do a cover of "The Dicks Hate the Police" which won me over. A damn good record. (WR)
(Deranged)

EARTH A.D. - "Let's Have A Barbeque!" CD

Whoa, I think that's the most hardcore bbq song I've ever heard, but I guess I take my bbq's seriously too. Anyway, here you got a very heavy metallic-sounding hardcore trio. Lots of throat-destroyin' vocals backed with wall of thrash n' roll. Fans of the big, lousy and ugly will enjoy.(DL)
(Evil Owl, www.evilrecords.com)

EMBRACE TODAY - "F.Y.I.E." CD

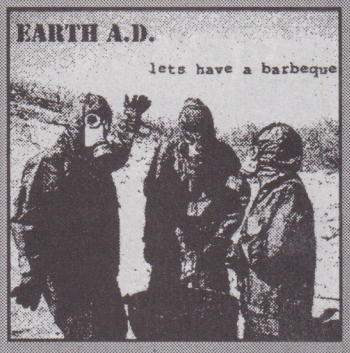
I was guessing "Fuck You, I'm Emo" for the title, but it really stands for "Fuck You, I'm Edge". I heard a demo from this band a few years back and it sounded nothing like this. Of course this was all pre-AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, before it became the big trend for hardcore boys to sing about breaking up with their girlfriends and then wanting to fuck with them. This was boring for me, but if you like the AMERICAN NIGHTMARE sound and schtick... (CC)
(The Life Recording Company, 43 Essex Street Malboro, MA 01752)

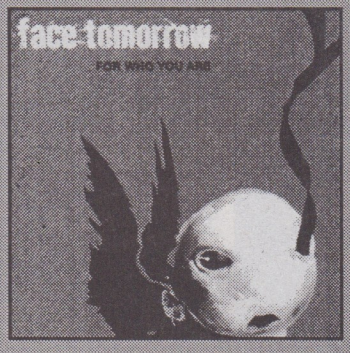
THE ENCLITIC - "...and I Can't Wait Until the Art Space Re-opens" EP

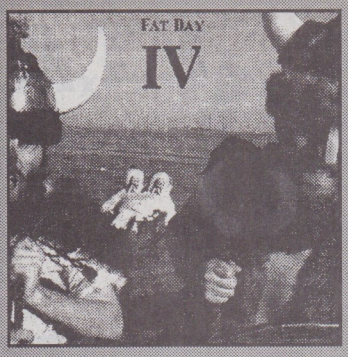
Noisy grindcore. 5 songs that hold the listeners interest about 50% of the time. The slower stuff is kinda cool, all chaos and destruction and shit, but the drummer can't play a blast beat, which is kinda important when playing grindcore. Excessively arty as well. (WN)
(Period, the_enclitic@hotmail.com)

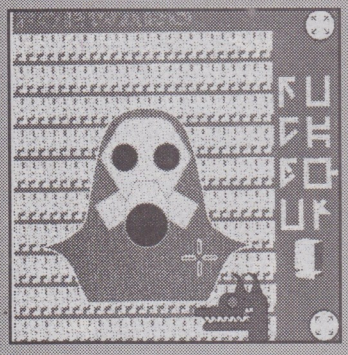
FACE TOMORROW - "For Who You Are" CD

I'd really like it if record art was less misleading. The live photos of this band make it look like they rip shit up, and left me unprepared for the sub-par emo contained within the deceptive package. The singer alternates between a scream and a bad Thom Yorke impression, and the music rarely lifts itself above third-rate AT THE DRIVE-IN, with some of those "gimme something to break" parts I talked about a couple months ago. Maybe they could prove me wrong by actually being a good live band, but until then, I'm not sold yet. (MX)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, THE NETHERLANDS, www.reflectionsrecords.com)









FARTZ – "Injustice" CD

Looks like the FARTZ have taken their reformation a step further and have put out a CD with 14 new tracks, plus one cover. While most would agree that this does not have the impact of *World Full Of Hate* era FARTZ (Jeez that came out 20 fucking years ago!), the songs on the "Injustice" CD are definitely strong and can hold their own. The FARTZ have still got that thrashy punk attack going with the slightest hint of metal in the guitars, while Blaine's vocals still spit venom and anger. What is interesting is one of the main riffs from the song "Satan" sounds like a BUZZOVEN song from their "Sore" album. Who knows if that is the source for the riff, but if it is that is an interesting influence on the FARTZ. And speaking of influences, as I mentioned earlier the FARTZ do one cover on this and it is a ripping version of "State Control" by DISCHARGE. Simply put, the FARTZ can still kick out the fucking jams. (RC)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092; alternativetentacles.com)

FAST ACTIN' FUSES - "Sayonara" CD

Hard-hitting rock and roll sprinkled liberally with noodley guitar solos and the occasional tambourine breakdown.There's a zillion bands doing this MC5 influenced rock made more recently popular by the HELLACOPTERS etc., but the FAST ACTIN' FUSES have that undefinable "thing" that keeps me from hitting the skip button. Excellent! (DP)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

FAT DAY - "IV" CD

RODD KEITH meets FRANK ZAPPA meets SCHLONG. High-concept punk rock disc: send in your songs and FAT DAY will record them. I would've dug finding this in an auto parts LP cut-out rack, but those don't exist anymore. All very skillful and canny and diverse, but I'll never listen to this again. Resumé builder? (RW)
(Dark Beloved Cloud, PO Box 2096, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163, www.darkbelovedcloud.com)

FEVERS - "Gaan Darr Warr de Meisjes Zijn" LP

Peninsula power pop disguised as a '60s Dutch beat LP—I'm sure they had their reasons, and imitation is the sincerest form of theft. I've seen the FEVERS play more than once and always had 'em earmarked for a fun act, easy to grab hold of (figuratively speaking) and occupying the same kind of bubblegum biosphere as the BOBBY TEENS, PINKZ, and BOBBY SHERMAN. The record is clear and vivid, maybe a little too clean for the these four-track ears, but fun for a cruise with the top down. Appropriately enough, they're all love songs (some with AM-friendly fadeouts) but I can get behind 'em. Free marketing blurb: Catch the FEVERS! (JH)
(Alien Snatch, Mörikweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

FIENDZ – "Redemption" CD

This New Jersey band has been around for a while. Their last got a bit too mellow or pop for my tastes but here they return to their roots in pop punk. In the same vein as their first two LPs. So the crowd that enjoyed that early stuff should check this out. Basic songs about girls and such with pop vocals and the "ahhh's" on cue. A nice semi-comeback. (RL)
(Black Pumpkin, PO Box 4377, River Edge, NJ 07661)

FILAMENTS – " Skulls and Trombones" CD

This CD definitely has the best cover I have seen in while. A skull with a mohwak, and instead of crossbones, two crossed trombones. So cheesy, yet oh so punk. The back cover shows the back and it looks like the CASUALTIES fronting a high school marching band. This should be absolutely horrible, instead it rocks. Why, because even though they have horns they don't play ska. They just play fast punk rock with horn accompaniment. Good stuff, great cover. (JF)
(New Blood, PO Box 52, Gravesend DA11 9z1, England)

FIRST GRADE CRUSH – "Our Time Down Here" CD

Ska punk ala LESS THAN JAKE. It seems three years ago you couldn't escape bands like this. Now they only seem to thrive in Chicago. If this stuff were good it would be tolerable. Since the horn player can't play it is not. (JF)
(Jump Up, PO Box 13189, Chicago, IL 60613)

FLAMINGO 50 - "Go Betsy Go!" EP

FLAMINGO 50 describe themselves as a hardcore band, obviously not realizing that that term does not mean melodic pop with an underproduced fuzzy sound, SCREECHING WEASEL-type intros and very muffled vocals. (DP)
(No Concessions, 496 Abbey Road, London SE2 9EZ ENGLAND, www.geocities.com/ncrds)

FORWARD – "Fucked Up" CD

Burly new full-length by these Japanese old timers. This band is nowhere near as ripping and out of control as the singer's old band DEATHSIDE, owing more to bands like POISON IDEA. It's thick as molasses and hard as nails, no metal, deep guttural vocals and the odd full-on hardcore ripper like the title track make this a boss release. This further proves my theory that folks in bands from Japan with wide mohawks and moustaches play killer hardcore...prove me wrong. (TB)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nanko Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN)

FRACAS/THE EDDIE HASKELLS - split EP

Big bad FRACAS are at it again with heavy guitars and vocals reminiscent of THE MENTORS wrath minus the obscenities. They even manage to pull out some thunder with the ANTISEEN's "Fuck All Y' All". On the flip, The EDDIE HASKELLS fuck shit up with a quick two songer full of snotty, angst-ridden attitude, and wind up with a couple of amazingly catchy punk tunes. (DL)
(Hub Cap And Wheel)

THE FRANKS - "Treadwheel" EP

The European street scene can thank their lucky stars that the FRANKS are around! These rough and ready fellows play a DUCKY BOYS type of street rock that rings honest and true. Some of the lyrics in "Treadwheel" express the futility of working every day and never being able to achieve your dreams. The FRANKS include a cover of a good song by the PRESS called "It's Not What I Want", and the words are bittersweet. "Same old shit/Same old fuckin' bar/You'd think I've had enough but/You'll always find me here." I'll drink to that! (BR)
(DSS , PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA; www.dss.at)

FROM SAFETY TO WHERE - "Irreversible Trend" CD

Chunky, quasi whiny emo-styled rock moderne. I hate this vocal style. Most all the songs have one word titles, "which was the style at the time"...by which I mean early '90s. Here's your wayback machine. (RW)
(Radical, 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY, 10012)

THE FRENETICS/NAKATOMI PLAZA - split EP

The FRENETICS play a twangy, mid-tempo, pop song that brings to mind bands like the CLASH and the UNDERTONES. The vocalist has a semi-whining style that borders on fake British accent at times. Regardless, the song is catchy and fun to listen to. The other side of the record bombards you with bad, boo-fucking-hoo, emo drivel. The song attempts to blend elements of pop, similar to the ___ __ KIDS, and screamo hardcore. There is nothing exceptional in the playing or song writing which makes this just another song to add to an overplayed style of music. (PA)
(Fans of Bad Productions, 3-225 Bagot st., Kingston, Ontario, K7L3G3, CANADA, fansofbadproductions.com)

FUCKED UP - "No Pasaran/Circle the Drain"

Toronto's FUCKED UP slap you right in your ugly kisser with two great burly-as-fuck hardcore hoe downs. Drenched in imagery of the Spanish civil war, with a nice poster to boot, these Canadians lyrically deal with the aforementioned as well as the daily grind of living on fucked up planet earth. Great production that totally suits the bands style, fast without breaking the sound barrier and luckily lacking in the dirgy trappings of many other bands in this category. I do like it when political bands flex a bit of muscle slightly taking on an almost straight edge hardcore feel. Comparison wise I'll go with the H100s, apart from that my mind has drawn a blank. Not at all grindy but very very angry. (SD)
(Deranged, PO Box 543, Station P, Toronto Ontario, M5S 2T1, CANADA)

FULL SPEED AHEAD "Unchain the Chained" CD

I hate this. It's not only metal, it's really fucking awful metal…They do a COCK SPARRER cover, which I would probably find insulting if I were actually a COCK SPARRER fan, not to mention a song titled "Good Night White Pride" which I guess I should respect, as they are a German band standing up against racism and fascism, but damn, they're really making the rest of us look bad… (VH)
(no address)

FUTURO INCIERTO - "Picnic" CD

Wow, BAD RELIGION is huge in Peru and it shows. Yawn! Socio-political stuff in both English and Spanish. Yawn! This is not moving me. This is good for what it is but certainly not my cup of tea. (BM)
(Jr. Tacana, 428-B, Barranco, Lima 4, PERU)

G.A.S. DRUMMERS - "The True Charm of Bourgeoisie" CD

These Spaniards crank out fifteen fast, flawless ditties with impeccably clean production. G.A.S. could be a love child from orgy with of TEN FOOT POLE, ALL, SAMIAM and BAD RELIGION. I bet Epitaph signs these guys soon. (HM)
(Wild Punk, PO Box 849 18080 Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com, www.gasdrummers.com)

GC5 – "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" CD

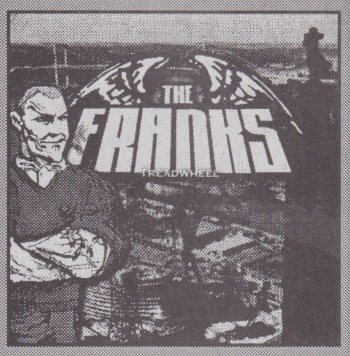
Man, this is a near perfect punk record. The have the power, the hooks, the smart lyrics and the fucking *songs*. Remember when you thought the DROPKICK MURPHYS were good? Well this band knocks their Irish fiddle-dee-dee balls off with a CD of rousing working class inspired punk rock. Think the CLASH, SLF and the POGUES in a drunken bar brawl with the HUDSON FALCONS, SWINGIN UTTERS and the DROPKICKS, the result: 13 blistering punk rock anthems. It doesn't get much better than this! (TB)
(Cosa Nostra)

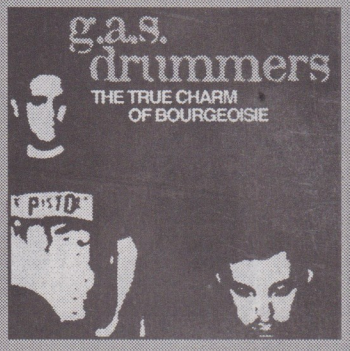
GARUDA - "Cold Wired Sentiment" CD

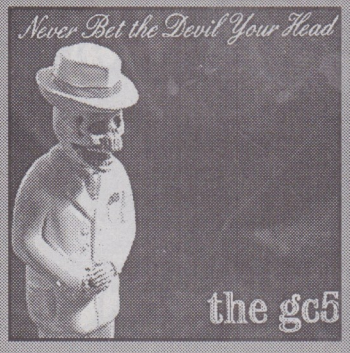
Super metallic hardcore from Texas that would not sound out of place on Relapse. Elements of speed metal, mosh metal, black metal and Southern metal can be found on this metal release, which showcases GARUDA's ability to play metal. During the guitar lead that starts 2 minutes and 26 seconds into the second song, I actually felt like I was mounting a black steed...now *that* is metal. But seriously folks, this disc is fucking epic; the guitars are recorded flawlessly, and played to brutal perfection, while the vocals conjure images of death and mayhem. Heavy as an anvil with a sword through the center, and more powerful than an army of steam locomotives. If you like metal (which I most certainly do), then you need to own this GARUDA record. (WN)
(So Why Worry?, 908 Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208)

GAYRILLA BISCUITS - "The Demos" EP

I know this record is a couple years old, but it was only limited to 300 copies so *MRR* just recently was able to track one down. I don't know whether these guys were really gay or not, but I *do know* that this is pure fucking genius. If you are fan of any of the old Revelation straight edge bands then you definitely will enjoy songs like "Flaming Ass Still Burns," "Nailed in the Ass," and "Gay 'Til Death." Still not convinced? Here is the lyrcis to their version of INSIDE OUT's classic anthem titled "No Homosexual Surrender:" "Try to make me bow down to you/And change my sexual identity/Try to make me just another stupid straight bitch/Society wants a straight man/Well they can suck my gay pee-pee/You know you want to grope me, but I'm out of reach/No Homosexual surrender!" The PROJECT X rip-off cover just makes this package complete. (CC)
(no address)







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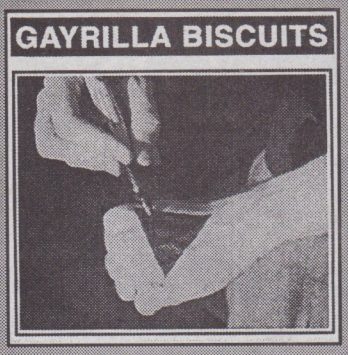


GLORYHOLES – "Knock You Up" CD

Wild stuff from a wild bunch—speedy noise with a choppy, mechanistic appeal—real scientific. The GLORYHOLES (good name) are band of five that lunge headlong through tunes like "Cross to Bear," "What a Waste," "You're So Vile," and other potential classics. Reminds me ever so slightly of early '90s transgendered sideshow attractions SICK & WRONG, who, like these bods, hailed from the Pacific Northwest. Could there be a connection? (JH)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98012, www.emptyrecords.com)

GORE GORE GIRLS - "Up All Night" CD

I remember there was a GORE GORE GIRLS from Chicago and Ben Foster played with them... this isn't the same band... at least I don't think it is. Anyway, decent girl fronted garage rock. They are from Michigan and you can tell, some of the songs have a trashy MC5 meets the SHIRELLES vibe. It seems like a lot of bands these days are going for the soul/garage combo sound. The more soul sounding stuff sticks out here. (BM)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, gethip@gethip.com, www.gethip.com, www.goregoregirls.com)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE - "Boycott Stabb" LP

From John Stabb's snarling yet unique voice to the bands super-catchy buzzing punk rock attack, GOVERNMENT ISSUE left a mark on the early to mid-'80s punk scene that is still being felt today. Remember that their *Legless Bull* EP was Dischord #4, and that they were bred out of a scene that brought us MINOR THREAT, SOA, YOUTH BRIGADE and so many others. I am so glad to see this record being reissued (legitimately) on vinyl again. This particular reissue has an additional four live songs that were not on the original release. Sitting here listening to such classic songs as "Hall of Fame" and "Happy People" reminds me how fucking kick ass GOVERNMENT ISSUE really is. (RC)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1, BELGIUM; reflexdistribution.com)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE - "Make an Effort" EP

This reissue on fluorescent red vinyl may be GI's shining moment on vinyl. From 1983, their debut is a quadruple dose of tense HC punk not too far from early FREEZE. "Teenager in a Box" is the classic, but the stop-and-go "No Way Out" may be a better song, with stinging vocals and grim vocals. A collector's item you pretty much gotta have. (SS)
(Reflex, P O Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1. BELGIUM)

GROOVIE GHOULIES - "Go! Stories" CD

This is by far the best record Kepi and Roach have recorded since *World Contact Day*. They've left Lookout! and now they have found a new home far away from their home (Stardumb records out of the Netherlands) and they are doing better than ever. Fourteen listener-friendly anthems and only one of them about monsters this time (a cover of SUPER FURRY ANIMALS' "Chupacabras"). New drummer Scampi clicks through all the tracks like she was born to be in this band. She is by far the best drummer they have ever had (and yes, that includes Dan what's-his-name from those bands that you kids like). Produced by Mass Giorgini it's everything you've come to expect from the the GHOULIES just as fun as always. (BM)
(Stardumb, Po Box 21145, 3001 AC, Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com, stefan@stardumbrecords.com)

HAYMAKER - "It Only Gets Worse" LP

Excellent intense, raw hardcore. Pounding drums, grinding guitars, livid vocals—just incredible energy. Good stuff to blast really loud. (SR)
(Deranged, PO Box 543, STN. P, Toronto, Ontario M5S-2T1, CANADA, haymakerwillkillyou@hotmail.com)

HELLNATION - "Thrash Wave" CD

A collection of favorites from HELLNATION EPs and comps dating back to 1997. Noisy and raw, the way HELLNATION are meant to be heard, I challenge anyone to find a band that has been playing as fast, as furiously, and for as long as these Kentucky greats. Pissed-as-fuck relentless thrash, absolutely necessary. (WN)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY, 41017)

HEROS & ZEROS - "WTO" EP

Skinheads from Holland shouting about the working class, Serbia, and kicking ass. A pretty raw sound that I can appreciate but its sad to say that there's not much behind it—pretty bland sound that's not so exciting to listen too. I did learn one things though: apparently if you had a mullet in the past or live on a farm, you can't be a skinhead. Hmm...I never knew that. (SR)
(Heros and Zeros, c/o Mark Korac, Rustenburgerstr. 302/1, 1073 GM Amsterdam, HOLLAND, herosandzeros@yahoo.com)

THE HEXTALLS - "Call it a Career" CD

These hockey-heads do a better-than-average SCREECHING WEASEL with plenty of guitar leads, sing-songy backups, and funny lyrics. I guess it's the celebrity references and references to juvenile behavior that crack me up. I figure there's a lot of hockey references like the HEXTALLS which I don't get. Let's see, the thirteen empty tracks are there to give the CD 27 tracks. Right? You know that whole 27 thing... wait, is it Ron Hextell's jersey number or the RIVERDALES thingy? (HM)
(Shredder, PO Box 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912,

HOLY MOLAR - "Flouride the Lightning" 10"

This record mixes hardcore with quirky synth parts a bass that sounds like it is played through a blown out speaker and spacey guitars. It is possibly a somewhat updated version of MELT BANANA (with deeper vocals though) for the hipster kids. Compared to the 7" this record has a much heavier dose of synthesizer and the recording sound is more full but also more distorted. Though it may disappoint some fans of the first record, at least they aren't playing the same songs over and over. (PA)
(Youth Attack, P.O. Box 12631, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

HOT SNAKES - "Suicide Invoice" LP

Finally the fellow up to 2000's brilliant release *Automatic Midnight*, I was almost fearing a premature split up, thank the gods. Nothing really new (thankfully) on this long play sticking with the DRIVE LIKE JEHU stripped of all jams and the punk rock undertones cranked up a good few notches. The production is more crisp this time round, staying with the drum heavy mix but with a bit more clarity, personally I loved the mics-dipped-in-mud feel of the last record. So what's it all about, well if ya like to rock but don't like rock, if ya know what I mean. If very little inspires you to unashamedly give the one finger salute and if a drummer who can manage to mix heavy-ousity with dance-ability is a big sweaty turn on, then I guess this could be the soundtrack to your drunken pissed up summer. To come clean I would love anything Mr. Rick Froberg (DRIVE LIKE JEHU, PITCHFORK) stuck his vocals on, but by far this has got to be his best. Rockin'. (SD)
(Swami, PO Box 620428, San Diego, CA 92162,www.swamirecords.com)

ICONS OF FILTH - "Not on Her Majesty's Service" LP

Now here's some good ole political punk rock! (Dare I say from political punk rock icons???) This stuff was released in 1982, but only on cassette. But lucky for fans who were not there back in the day...we can now snatch up a copy for ourselves! Get it! (SR)
(Abraxas srl, via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY, www.abraxas.it)

IN CONTROL - "Play the Hits" EP

What you get here is SoCal's IN CONTROL doing all cover songs, with DR. KNOW, AGGRESSION, GG ALLIN and five others get the treatment. You know, I am generally not a fan of cover songs, so I really couldn't get into this release. Granted the songs are not done bad, its just if I really wanted to hear STALAG 13, I would just get out the original record and play it. I really got the feeling from the little descriptions following each song on the insert, that all the songs on here really mean a lot to the band. And I know how that feels. So I guess I can respect the release from that perspective, but musically speaking I still didn't care for it very much. (RC)
(For The Core, 1011 Cypress Way, Tehachapi, CA 93561; fwww.orthecore.com)

INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE - "The Newest Youth Rebellion" LP

Hmm, interesting mix of metal, noise, emo and hardcore. The music patterns switch between jerky and hectic rhythms, to some heavy handed moments of dark and aggressive noise that had a MAN IS THE BASTARD feel to them. (Maybe that is why that have Eric Wood from MITB doing lyrics and vocals on one of the songs.s) Regardless, at times I thought this was good and at times I thought it sucked. Maybe it would work better on a short EP than a long play LP. Hard to say. (RC)
(Insolito, PF 540115, 10042 Berlin, GERMANY)

INFESTATION OF ASS/HE WHO CORRUPTS - split EP

INFESTATION OF ASS play short fast (*really* fast) to the point hardcore, without all the metal or emo influences that keep ruining my hardcore records. Love it, and they cover one of my favorite HÜSKER DÜ songs to boot. HE WHO CORRUPTS are even more destructive than the last time I heard them, and the last time I heard them I went home in an ambulance. Grindcore is not exactly a genre full of originality, but HE WHO CORRUPTS are the exception to that rule. Jaw-dropping riffs and a drummer who has to be heard to be believed. The vocals are far from typical grind: punk as fuck, almost snotty at times, which sets them even further from the pack. Prepare for complete annihilation. (WN)
(assorted labels with no addresses: RescuedFromLife@yahoo.com, www.doomedyouth.com; or pick up a pen and write the band: He Who Corrupts, 196 Fairfield, Elmhurst, IL 60126)

INOKENTIES MARPLS - "Revolucionars" EP

The politics of this Latvian rock 'n' roll band are impeccable. They formed in 1985 as a collective. After years of fighting military conscription and psychiatric disorders, they remain: standing tall in the face of the mental aggressor. The music is a hodge podge of punkish riffs, metal guitar, melodic ska parts, time changes, and alternative rock. This package stands as a testament to human willpower and strength under adverse conditions, but the music does not supply any punk rock of interest. (BR)
(E Zis Sper Soli, Einars Poluskins, Iqkstes 107-102, LATVIA; email: ezisspersoli@inbox.lv)

INTERTERROR - "Sublevacion" LP

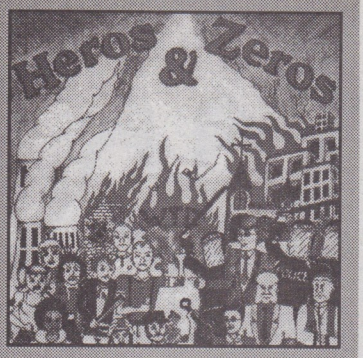
Early '80s Spanish band INTERTERROR live on through this variable effort. The B-side is a live show the band didn't release because of sound quality, but the flip contains 1983 master tapes from the infamous Valencia outfit. "Anti-Social," with its fast vocals and buzzsaw guitars, is the best song here, though "Llamamiento a la sublevacion" and "Lili Marleen" have anthemic qualities that push the songs into a special category. Comes with a sticker and a great multipage booklet (in Spanish). A good document of a strong Spanish band. (SS)
(tontorecs@hotmail.com)

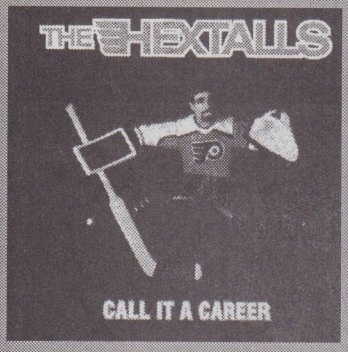
JERKY TURKEY - "We Are So Cute" LP + EP

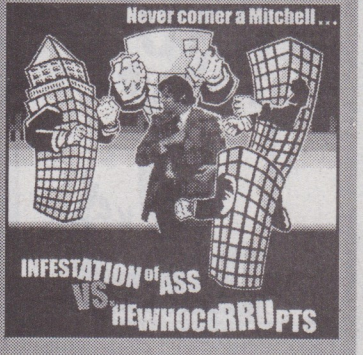
I've been a big fan of JERKY TURKEY for some time—hell, I even call 'em JERKY TURKEY. Still, I didn't realize that they had put out as many records/CDs as they have. The 16 songs that appear on the LP here have all appeared elsewhere, either on previous JT records/CDs/demos or compilations. I can't be sure about the four tracks that make up the EP, but I get the feeling they're new. So what does that mean to you? I don't know what it means to you; can't you think for yourself? It still amazes me that four (?) French cats can rock as hard as these guys do. This is catchy, but not in a punk-pop or pop-punk kind of way, rather a rock'n'roll sort of way. They mix up the tempo a bit, but whether it's faster or slower, it remains as catchy as fuck. And with a song titled "Lost in the Safeaway", how can you go wrong? I love punk rock. (KK)
(Rockin' Bones, piazzale Della Macina 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY, rockinbones@tin.it)

JERRY'S KIDS - "Is This My World?" LP

I can hear it all ready,the whispers in the corridors, the stares, the finger pointing. Well to hell with it I'm gonna say it anyway, deep breath.....this is the greatest hardcore LP ever. No I'm not smiling, that's not even a slight grin, the face is straight pal. Originally released in 1982 this is the definitive hardcore punk record, as catchy as any pop punk ding dong, as hard, angry and ferocious as the most rampant shaven







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headed DC'er. This is perfection. No disrespect to the BAD BRAINS, BLACK FLAG, GANG GREEN, FAITH etc., but these Braintree, Massachusetts youngsters had no ingredient missing. Listen to Rick Jones' strained pissed off vocals and try keeping away from the honey. Dare any of your drummer friends to imitate Brain Betzger's gazelle-on-steroids drumming and watch them smash up their kit in a heart broken rage and if Chris Doherty and Bob Cenci's wall of guitars don't have you wind milling it round the bedroom, your punk rock soul has long left you. If hardcore is the shiny new toy to you, go get this, it'll make sense of every thing else. Yeah Mr. Thorn, you can fuck right off with that GAUZE LP, it doesn't even come close. (SD)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013,3000 Leuven , BELGIUM, www.reflexdistribution.com)

JUNE'S TRAGIC DRIVE - "Renounce Myself" EP

Very interesting cover art on this record with hand-ripped type on the cover and stapled magazine bits making each EP a bit different—quite like that MOHINDER record on Gravity. Musically, JUNE'S TRAGIC DRIVE have a sort of straight ahead heavy and hard-hitting approach similar to an up-tempo URANUS or DRIFT with some elements of BORN AGAINST being a bit evident in the overall feel of the songs as well. Solid release. (SP)
(Tome Tume Tott, c/o Schlichthaber, Handwerkerstr. 1A, 33617 Bielefeld, GERMANY, tomtemokinitott@yahoo.com)

THE KAISERS - "Shake Me!" CD

Wha' the...the KAISERS eschewing well-trod R&B staples of the beat catalog and doing an album of originals? Well, as Frankie Fix once said, "Ya gotta progress—but not be progressive." Well, this fits the bill, Frankie. Well done, lads. (DD)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

KILLING FLAME - "Back to Ash" EP

This really doesn't do much for me. There are attempts at doing something new, in that there are singing parts and sometimes the vocals really have no rhythm to them at all, which is weird but kind of rad, but for the most part this is just generic melodic hardcore. Not in the Fat Wreck way, mind you, but in the "I hate you, I'm gonna burn it down" kind of way. I give them credit because their singer doesn't sound like a tough guy, but I'm really reaching for that one. (MX)
(Grapes of Wrath, PO Box 61 06 41, Berlin, GERMANY, www.coretexrecords.com)

KILL YOUR IDOLS - "The Skinnier Years" 10"

I applaud KILL YOUR IDOLS for having enough of a sense of humor to put donuts and french fries on the cover of this record alongside all the prerequisite tough-looking things like skulls and blood. This is a compilation of all of the earliest recordings this band has done, which includes a live show from CBGB's and a handful of studio tracks. It's a lot slower and more melodic than the last few things I've heard from them, but it's still pissed off and still good. If you don't own anything else by them, this is a good place to start, but if you've already heard their newer stuff, you might be a bit disappointed, but don't say I didn't warn you. (MX)
(Vicious Circle, PO Box 4621, Richmond, VA 23220)

KING KHAN & HIS SHRINES - "Three Hairs and Your Mine" LP

Just about making it in by the skin of its teeth, KING KHAN do their soulful strut through twelve brass soaked, talcum powdered, diddy wha diddies. I could easily group this bunch of Europeans with their stateside buddies DETROIT COBRAS, NOW TIME DELEGATION, etc. but I won't bother. Less on the punk, preferring the more polished straight up soul approach, I'd be more inclined to have their name mentioned with the likes of the ADJUSTERS, musically the RED SKINS and for the hell of it the INCITERS. No doubt, familiar to many a scooter run and Northern Soul all-nighter, these cats are just the remedy for ironing that shirt, polishing those loafers, necking a few uppers and off to the dance you go. (SD)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Scheibenstrasse 53, 3014 Bern, SWITZERLAND, www.voodoorhythm.com)

KNUCKLE SANDWICH - "Nice" CD

This is weird, and not in a BUTTHOLE SURFERS kinda way. Here's the first line—"Safety pinned patches of anarchy, tattoos of unity, can you see the irony of it all? Hey there Mr. President even though I'm not your biggest fan, this song is a show of my support…" Now reactionary lyrics in punk rock songs are nothing new these days, but what's weird is that these guys don't seem like assholes, they smart, and the band really rocks. I would totally love this if I could get over the strange lyrical tone, I mean come on —"I know it's hard to be President and fill the shoes that Clinton left…" What the fuck is that? I thought at first they were just kidding, y'know, I thought they were funny fuckers, but songs about Al Sharpton and welfare mothers? C'mon. I can understand trying to piss off humorless PC types but there's not even any spite here, these guys are just plain wrong about things, I think they mean well, they're just a little ignorant (not to put them down) what's really going on. Anyway, as I said the music is great, like a fucked up glam BAD RELIGON or DRUNK, or a nasty WESTON, with high energy choruses, hooks up the caboose, rock guitars and real singing vocals. Maybe I just don't get it... (AD)
(Resurrection AD, PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

KRAUTS - "New Wave!" EP

From astonishingly rare 1979 recordings, this limited edition (500 copies) four-song EP is especially notable for the classic "Stereo Banana," with lyrics reminiscent of 1978 RAMONES, and its inimitable powerchord and dying sax sound. "Deutsch Girls" is an absolute classic, a combination cover of "Wild Thing" and Nazi theme song whose deeply ironic vocals recalling the DKs. (SS)
(Tschugamuga)

KYLESA - "No Remorse" LP

Well fuck, it looks like Prank Records has done it again. Ken has a knack for putting out quality releases from those folks down in the Southeast and this one is no exception. It would be too easy to go the "contains members of...." route, so let me put it another way. KYLESA blast through eight songs of pulverizing doom-filled sludge. Hammering mid-tempo rhythms take control while most of the band members pitch in

with dark anguished vocals. As expected, the cover is an amazing Pushead drawing that is also replicated on a good size poster insert that comes with the LP. Excellent release! (RC)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

KYLESA/MEMENTO MORI - split EP

KYLESA is powerful beyond words. The comparisons to DAMAD are inevitable (KYLESA was born from DAMAD's ashes), but KYLESA is far more than a "members of" project. Music that takes you somewhere is a rare find, but it is hard to not get lost in the majestic hypnotic thunder delivered by KYLESA during this one song. A monumental band. I've heard Ohio's MEMENTO MORI compared to IRON MAIDEN, and while I can see the similarities, they are far more punk than Eddie's masters. I can still picture a pewter chalice in the studio whilst they recorded this track. Galloping guitars and a multi vocal attack spear headed by some of the most impressive pipes around. A great record, and please check out the new LPs by both bands. (WN)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, kylesa13@hotmail.com)

LUMBERGH - "Seven Songs for Seven Inches" EP

What we have here is pretty average "screamo" hardcore reminding me a bit of PORTRAITS OF PAST or something similar from around '94-'95. Some of the parts are cool, but something just seems to be lacking in LUMBERGH being able to tie things together a bit more. Better production could have helped this record a bit as well. Despite all that, I could definitely see this band doing something a bit better sometime in the future. (SP)
(Chuck Up, www.lumbergh.cjb.net)

MANIFESTO - "Los Asesino de la Superficialidad" EP

Rather bland hardcore that could have had a place in the late 1980s or early 1990s. There are some musical similarities to early BORN AGAINST. A couple of fast songs and a couple of slower ones with basic guitar riffs. The vocalist screams most of the time but there are some talking parts thrown in throughout the record. The recording quality isn't the greatest and there isn't much that stands out in the songs. Included is a booklet with lyrics and other writing that deals largely with social organization and the state. (PA)
(De Graanrepubliek, Bankastraat 37 9715 CD, Groningen, THE NETHERLANDS, m_hoogvliet@hotmail.com)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX - "Remedy" LP

I've been *so* looking forward to this. Their first album, *Desire,* was a brilliant collection of tracks cast from the HÜSKER DÜ meets LEATHERFACE mold, but this just lacks some of the same punch. Don't get me wrong, the songs are still there—and still quite strong, especially in the lyrical department. But the production is just *too* clean and instead of the galloping raw guitars and vocals which were sort of spat out in a cynical snearing manner—we have something that lends itself more to the line where HOT WATER MUSIC treads, than that which Bob Mould would have cranked out during his *New Day Rising* era. More than anything I wish they would have just turn the fucking guitars up through the roof. I bet they still kill live—and I'll be right up front when they pull through town on tour. (MT)
(BYO, PO Box 67609, Los Angeles, CA 90067, www.byorecords.com)

MANIFEST/ENTRAILS MASSACRE - split EP

MANIFEST from Brazil go for a straightforward thrash attack. Four songs that consist of full tilt drumming and fierce vocals. It is pretty raw and brutal. ENTRAILS MASSACRE who are from Germany go ballistic with a crazed mess of noisy grindcore. Their tunes are harsh and ugly and for many are an acquired taste. I didn't hear anything new here, but then I don't mind hearing this stuff over and over again...so there. (RC)
(Scrotum, c/o Bjorn Liebmann, PO Box 510118, 09044 Chemnitz, GERMANY)

LES MARMOTTES APLATIES – "Decadents" CD

I can't figure out if this guys are a French HIVES or TOILET BOYS or what. Anyways, rockin' catchy stuff sung in French. Normally the foreign language vocals aren't my thing but these guys really pack some fun punch. Maybe in two years we will see these songs on MTV too. (RL)
(Disques Farmer, www.lesmarmottesaplaties.com)

MELEE - "Take a Chance" EP

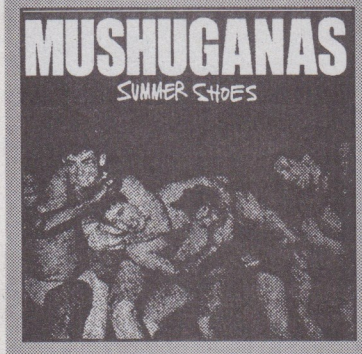
As with most Lengua Armada releases, this is a nicely packaged record. MELEE plays thrash punk with slurred and growled vocals. The songs are very simple and straightforward. Although I think this band is good, there is nothing that I think is really amazing about them. What I do like is that while their lyrics address frustrations or problems, there is an undercurrent of hope that runs through them. (WR)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92701)

MEMENTO MORI - LP

I would like to say this MEMENTO MORI record is the finest import from Columbus, OH since Mike Thorn. Unfortunately, this seems more like a trip through the east bay hardcore scene in the early to mid nineties. Combine PORTRAIT OF THE PAST or countless other screamo bands lyrics with the musical style of DYSTOPIA, and that is what you have in MEMENTO MORI. Not bad necessarily, but nothing I need to own. (JF)
(Memento Mori, 1579 Indianola Ave., Columbus, OH 43201)

MIGHTY IDONS - "Music to Wrestle With" LP

This rocks. The MIGHTY IDONS are a New England band that originally formed to be GG ALLIN's back up group but for whatever reasons GG and them parted ways and the IDONS made great power pop records. Reminds me of the ZEROS at times, the REAL KIDS at others. This is fantastic. They even talk about wrestling which always scores points with me. If I could only find this at my local record shop I'd be in heaven. Alien Snatch does it again! (BM)
(Alien Snatch, Moerikeweg 1, 74199, Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)



MODERN LIFE IS WAR - "Destination: Death or Better Days" EP

This is some pretty rockin' hardcore with two guitars and lots of octaves. With the singer's vocals, they kind of remind me of a slower SUICIDE FILE aside from the loads of unnecessary back-ups. 3 songs + 1 record = play faster. (CC)
(PO Box 205, Cedar Falls, IA 50613)

MOTOSIERRA - "Don't Tell Mom/Holocaust"

Here you got big ballsy chainsaw rock n' roll in the vein of the PLEASURE FUCKERS or even POISON IDEA. Mix a lot of beer, a bad attitude and a black SG and that equals a solid piece of vinyl. (DL)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37a 70176, Stufart, GERMANY)

MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE - "I'm Gonna Kick You In the Head" CD

Still the best kept secret in punk. 70 billion song Tour 2002 CD has all the hits that never were. MR. CALIFORNIA continues to amaze with short, funny punk that's heavy on the distortion and guitar noise. These guys should be on Vermiform, but I guess that's not really a going concern anymore. RANCID HELL SPAWN without the drum machine. (RW)
(Proud To Be Idiot, PO Box 410325. San Francisco, CA 94141)

MUGA - CD

MUGA play gloomy metal from Japan. They surprised me and held my attention with some cool duel vocals, breakdowns, and pounding drums, but it's really not my thing. (VH)
(Dharma, 4-64-4 Shonan, Owariasahi, Aichi, 488-0823, JAPAN)

MUNG - "Off the Mark (A 7 Year Boil)" CD

I wasn't expecting too much out of this. I think it had to do with the logo on the front of the album. I'm not sure. Whatever it was, it was a superficial judgment. I was surprised to find out that this album totally rocked me. I can't pinpoint what MUNG sounds like, but it's the kind of band I would imagine coming out of the Chicago area. Apparently, though, they were a Massachusetts band that was around from 1991 until 1998. There are some NAKED RAYGUN moments, and some of it reminds me of SLUDGEWORTH. I also hear a lot of BAD RELIGION in this band's songs, though less forceful than that band. There are no lyrics, which is a shame, but from what I can tell there is nothing bad about them. I would have liked to see some kind of band history in this release, as I am interested in them now. (WR)
(Rodent Popsicle)

MUSHUGANAS - "Summer Shoes" EP

These guys have been around forever. Still they have never gotten the notoriety as other bands from the windy city have. Playing a style of punk that recalls NAKED RAYGUN, the DESCENDENTS, and a touch of SCREECHING WEASEL—the MUSHUGANAS have come through with one solid record. Songs about heartbreak and stuff, without the sappiness. The only downer of this record is in the credit it says the MUSHUGANAS were. I hope this doesn't mean they have broken up. (JF)
($4 ppd, MFC, PO Box 802, Downers Grove, IL 60515)

NEEDLES - "Captain America" EP

This is HUMPERS-styled rock and roll. Not bad but nothing that really sticks out. I really can't get into this. Everything from the music to the layout is amateurish. Chinese characters, skulls with needles in them, and a song titled "Street Tiger." It's not horrible but it screams dime a dozen. (BM)
($4 ppd; Regal Beegle, PO Box 13, Frostburg, MD 21532, www.regalbeegle.com, udobiggs@hotmail.com)

NECROS/AUTHORITY ABUSE – split 10"

I don't know about this record. Is it a boot, an official release, what? Without any type of insert it is hard to say. I do know that the NECROS side kicks some major butt. Especially when you consider it is a live recording from somewhere around the early '80s. Just great classic early American hardcore. AUTHORITY ABUSE play the same style, but tune a little lower. Why do newer bands always do that? Are they just trying to sound tough. If this is an official release it's cool, if it a boot, well some of you will buy it anyway. (JF)
(Bsmoove@hotmail.com)

NEGATIVE FX - "Discography" LP

NEGATIVE FX and SS DECONTROL set the standard for Boston hardcore in the eighties—and the standard was fucking high!! The eighteen tracks on the original LP were recorded in 1982. This record stands as one of the best punk LPs of all time. Choke (vocals) would go on to do good work with SLAPSHOT and STARS AND STRIPES, but this remains his finest hour. Every song is fast—eighteen songs in twenty minutes—every song is delivered with brute force. This is a legitimate reissue and the LP includes a live track from the Bradford Ballroom in 1983. Get this classic punk LP right away! (BR)
(Reflex, PO Box 1013, 3000 Leuven 1, BELGIUM; info@relexdistribution.com)

NEW GRANADA - "Fighting the Demons" EP

Right fucking on. NEW GRANADA play loud, dirty, insane punk rock minus the bullshit, which is always good in my book. Some parts remind me of FLESHIES, but without the sense of humor. That's not a bad thing, because in the space where Johnny would be crooning, the singer is yelling his fucking heart out. When they're not doing the crazy "rock" thing, they throw in an old school hardcore beat and speed things up a bit, adding a bit of variety. All of this comes packaged in a nice little hand screened cover. I bet this band tears shit up live. (MX)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

NINJA DEATH SQUAD - "What the Hell Is Wrong With Us?" EP

Very interesting two-man hardcore unit here. The songs are short, with twelve songs total, and tend keep things very simple with quite a bit of variety. Mostly NINJA DEATH SQUAD have a sort of ORCHID-esqe spastic screamy approach, but here and there NINJA DEATH SQUAD throws in some random odds and

ends—a couple nods at "funk" rhythms and even a slow drowning sung interlude on one song reminding me of CALM. Interesting indeed. (SP)
(Agitprop, PO Box 748, Hanover, MA 02339)

NITROMINDS - "Fire and Gasoline" CD

When I saw the bad color cover art I was expecting some weak wannabe emo-pop crap, then I noticed that it was on Deep Six and was curious as to what it sounded like. From the second the needle hit the record…em, I mean the laser hit the disc (doesn't have quite the ring does it?) this is sheer intensity, like SCARED OF CHAKA meets GORILLA BISCUITS with a bit of old BAD RELIGON added for good measure. I don't know if this is hardcore rock'n roll or rock'n roll hardcore, lets just say it fuckin' rocks. All the way from Brazil these three dudes kick out some seriously energetic infectious tunes. Throw in a cover of HUSKER DU's "Something I Learned Today" an I'm sold, even the guys Niners cap can't spoil this for me. Release of the month! (AD)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

NO DENIAL - "Soundtrack of Decline" LP

Metallic hardcore that doesn't stand out from the rest of the bad CRO-MAGS clones out there. They even thank their Krishna spiritual master on the insert. Where was he when they recorded this? *Age of Quarrel* was a great album. This is not a great album. The End. (CC)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

NO GOOD HEROES - "Radio Rebelde" CD

NO GOOD HEROES is a solid melodic punk band. They remind me of a less straightforward SCREECHING WEASEL. The vocals remind me of more gravelly Mike Ness A lot of the guitar parts remind me of the CLASH. The best part is that NO GOOD HEROES does some ska, and they do it pretty damn well. The lyrics are personal and political and well thought out. A damn solid record from a band that I look forward to seeing play live. (WR)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W., Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2 CANADA, www.insurgence.net)

NO PICKY - "Vampira!! Malisima y Seductora" CD

Great RAMONES-ey Spanish pop punk en español. Songs about girls, grave yards, going to the beach and other assorted pop punk topics. Two songs in English that are so full of hooks and accents that you can't help but dance and smile. Yet another example of how foreigners do pop punk way better than Americans. This is another fun record from WPR! This is turning out to be a fun month for me. (BM)
(Wild Punk, PO Box, 849 18080, Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com, nopicky@.wildpunk.com)

NUMBERS – "Numbers Life" CD

I was singing this band's praises to some mates last night at Oakland, California's lovely Radio Lounge (of the Two-For One Happy Hour Special)—not to repeat myself, but I'm gonna repeat myself. The NUMBERS are a) a three-piece group consisting of drums, electric guitar, and Moog synthesizer run through a distortion pedal; b) a neat, modern-day take on 1979-style no wave/new wave that makes me wanna toss around names like PINK SECTION, the UNITS, or any number of other noise-damaged SF Art Institute outfits; c) one of a half-dozen bands that have rekindled my interest in what I had until recently considered a stagnant local scene; d) probably nice kids who recycle their whisky bottles, volunteer at old folks' homes and call their moms regularly. "I Transfer," "Intercom," and "Information" and "Prison Life" are a pristine examples of what New Wave 2002 oughtta mean, and are in constant rotation around my digs. Free catch-phrase: Count on the NUMBERS! (JH)
(Tigerbeat 6, www.tigerbeat6.com)

OMEGA TRIBE - "Make Tea Not War" LP

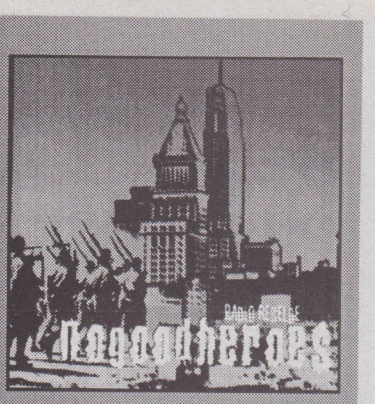
Super! One of the most under-rated bands in punk; OMEGA TRIBE were very much a part of the whole anarcho-punk movement spearheaded by CRASS in early '80s Britain. They released the *Angry Songs* EP on CRASS Records and album *No Love Lost* on the spin-off Corpus Christi label in '82 and '83, both records are as good as anything on those labels, including FLUX OF PINK INDIANS and RUDIMENTARY PENI. High praise indeed. They later took a slightly more...I guess...indie-pop direction but forget about that. What you get here is the best of the first two releases plus a unreleased track combined on one slab of vinyl and (I assume and hope) CD. Their sound was a little easier going than most of the bands of that time, a lot less doom and gloom and more harmonious and upbeat, while the lyrics were as bitingly political as anyone's. I'm glad that this great stuff is available again, (I wonder when someone will re-release the ANTHRAX records...) (AD)
(Rugger Bugger, PO Box 357, London, SE19 1AD, UK)

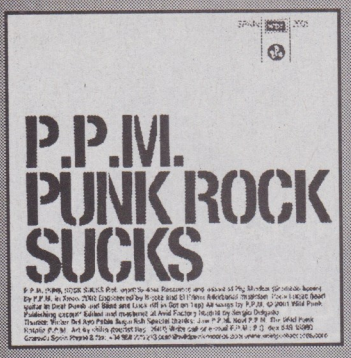
ORCHID - "Amherst Pandemonium" LP

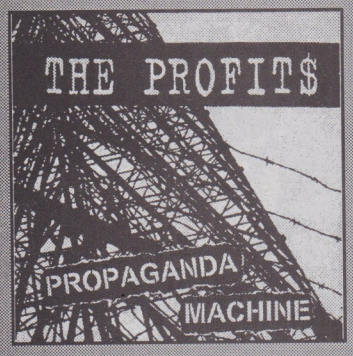
I guess the hype has surrounded this record a bit, being "the last ORCHID record" and all that. I think its a disappointment that ORCHID is breaking up, especially since the PANTHERS seems like such a step in the wrong direction to me (I guess they just signed to a major) Anyway, in comparison to the last 10" on Ebullition, this record is a bit more streamlined with a bit less "tech" and a bit more "groove." The songs as a whole are less hectic, and the parts are given a bit more room to breathe while still retaining the attack that ORCHID admirers love. Now, I don't know about hype, but this record is definitely a firm nail in the coffin for this band. (SP)
(Ebullition, www.ebullition.com)

OUR WAR - "If You're Not Now...You're Fucking Dead!" 10"

Fast Canadian straight edge hardcore that is *so* angry that you broke edge that they wrote thirteen songs about it! Maybe a couple of them are about how they are still straight edge, and one is about how Dan O' Mahony is no longer straight edge...well, you get the point. To call this "meathead hardcore" would be funny considering the fact that there is an bloodied X'd up butcher on the cover (well, I laughed anyway). The music itself is about as in depth as the lyrical content, and the vocalist sounds like Issa from GOOD CLEAN FUN (you can decide for yourself whether that's a good thing). (CC)
(Deranged PO Box 543 Stn. P Toronto, ON.M5S-2T1 CANADA)







P.P.D. - "It's Alive" CD

This is cute, a Spanish band covering the RAMONES' *It's Alive* album. This is my all time favorite RAMONES album. They play it so fast and with their cute little accents that half the time I can't tell if they are singing the words right... most of the time I don't think they are but oh well. A fun little oddity to my collection. (BM)
(Wild Punk, PO Box 849, 18080 Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com, ppm@wildpunkrecords.com)

P.P.M - "Punk Rock Sucks" CD

This is really hard to judge, seeing as every song seems like a genre study or something, but I'll make an effort to describe it. Imagine a band that could cover SUPERSUCKERS, the KINKS, GBH, the BEACH BOYS, and the RAMONES and pull each one off reasonably well. That's the kind of diversity you get here, and the bands they cover reflect their influences pretty directly. Now if they could just go beyond imitating what all of these bands do, I might be telling you that I love this record. Maybe next time. (MX)
(Wild Punk, PO Box 849, 18080 Granada, SPAIN, www.wildpunkrecords.com)

PANDEMONIUM - "Sex, Drugs, Stocks, and an Old Man Talking to Himself" 2xCD

PANDEMONIUM, along with BGK, LÄRM and JESUS & THE GOSPELFUCKERS form the four corners upon which Dutch hardcore punk is based. 65 tracks of raging hardcore from these Dutch masters—complete with a vicious lyrical attack. Raw recording, pounding drums, blasting guitars—totally essential for any fan of '80s hardcore. Wir Fahren Gegen Nazis! (MT)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS)

PANIC – "Get Well" CD

Crackle good… Another respectable release from this UK label. This is actually one of their more straight forward release. This trio keeps it simple and pop punk, a little WEASEL mixed with SNUFF. Altough this isn't quite up there with the classic SKIMMER and CHOPPER stuff, this is no slouch on the pop punk front. (RL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK, www.panicnthat.co.uk)

PANIC ATTACKS - "Watch the Skies!" EP

Attack of the Clones!! Throw away SCREECHING WEASEL clones that sing about aliens, UFO's, etc… this is what annoys me about pop punk. To be influenced by a band is one thing but to sound exactly like them and try to sound dead on like them gives me hemorrhoids. Every song sounds exactly like a WEASEL song. It's just pathetic. If some one told me these were lost Ben Foster demos I'd believe them… then I'd ask why anyone would care. (BM)
(305 Pine St., Clinton, SC 29325, stew_panic@hotmail.com, www.panicattacksgetwell.com)

PAPYBOARDING - "Weapons are Not Our Rescue" EP

This is a good record. Politcal fast hardcore with some youth crew influence. "Don't Believe" and "W.A.R." were the stand-out tracks for me only because the drummer was able to showcase his speed, and that's when they reminded me most of HERESY. (CC)
(David Plaire, 19 Impasse M. Luther King 44800 St. Herblain, FRANCE)

PAYBACKS – "Knock Loud" CD

Swaggering rock and/roll from a band of leather-lunged whisky rebels. Unlike other groups mining the current garage rock flavor of the month, the PAYBACKS crank out a more grown-up, adult-sized stomp. Reminds me of JOAN JETT at her jettest, or *Exile on Main Street*-era STONES—which, to my mind, is not a bad thing. (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

THE PHENOMENAUTS - "Rockets and Robots" CD

A dynamic, theatrical, stripped-down rockabilly quartet stuck in an outer space fantasy. Cadet Orbit had fun with all the silly outer space references and added a fresh new twist to MARTY ROBBINS' "Big Iron". A fine release. (HM)
(Arlington Lab, 2630 Union St., Oakland CA 94607, www.phenomenauts.com)

PLUTONIUM/DESTRUCTION - split EP

PLUTONIUM offer up two bizarre tracks: the first sounds like a crust bands trying to play mid-tempo street punk, while the second is ripping Japanese style hardcore, but both are clouded by tons of effects on the vocals, making it almost hard to listen to, which I imagine is the desired effect. DESTRUCTION (not the metal band) start off their side with a mellow PINK FLOYD sounding number that fades into two raging Japanese hardcore tunes that bring to mind PAINTBOX and FORWARD, although with slightly less melody than the former and less MOTORHEAD than the latter. (WN)
(Dan-Doh, "K-Club" Honmachi 2-1-26, Kochi City, 780-0870 JAPAN)

PROFITS - "Propaganda Machine" EP

I remember Mike T. saying he hoped the election of George Bush would inspire a new generation of punks to stand up and be heard. Well, here's the PROFITS giving a nice big "Fuck You" to our fearless leader. Solid hardcore with back and forth male and female vocals with an agenda of "speaking out, having fun, and kicking this unjust system in the face." Right fucking on. (DP)
(PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

PUNCH IN THE FACE - "Don't Hurt Yourself..." EP

I'll be the first to admit that I have the attention span of a eight year old, so I like my hardcore fucking fast and to the point. Ten songs on one record says "Hey Carl, this record is going to kick your ass". And kicked it was. Ebro of CRUDOS/CHARLES BRONSON fame takes on vocal duties and sounds a hell of a lot like Choke during his NEGATIVE FX days. Where was I? Oh yeah, why can't more bands sound like this? (CC)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92701)

RACEBANNON/THE DISEASE - split EP

I reviewed the RACEBANNON LP probably more than a year ago and thought it was great. The production was rough but was a good compliment to music that just crushed. On this release, RACEBANNON take their grainy sound a bit further, sounding a little more like the piercing high-end discord of HONEYWELL. On the flip side of the record, the DISEASE bang out three songs that are similar, but a bit more "legible" (or whatever the audio equivalent) than RACEBANNON's. Tech-drumming, plenty of screaming, and even some keyboard parts sounding very much like the LOCUST. Interesting split. (SP)
(Monotonstudio Arneckestr, 2 44139 Dortmund, GERMANY, www.monotonstudio.de)

A RADIO WITH GUTS - "Beat Heart Sweet Stereo" CD

According to the press release that came with the album, this is a new band featuring Brandon from the CONNIE DUNGS. It's really reminiscent of JAWBREAKER, and both the band and the label seem to really be pushing how dark the lyrics are. Oh, they are dark, featuring themes such as waking up drunk and wanting to commit suicide. I mean, it's good, and under normal circumstances I'd probably recommend this really highly, but it just irks me that the press release uses the songwriter's issues as a way to sell the record. It's like saying, "buy this record because sometimes the singer feels like he wants to die." Don't let that stop you from getting it, but write the label angry letters if you do, and complain about their shitty business practices. (MX)
(Knock Knock, 394 Hewlett Ave, Patchogue, NY 11772, www.knockknockrecords.com)

RAMONES - "We're Getting Out of Here!" EP

A bootleg single of "Working It Over" from the *Too Tough to Die* sessions and "Please Don't Leave" from the *End of the Century* sessions. Plus a little radio ad that I have never heard before with Joey talking about the record and highlights from the album playing in the back ground. I want this. The problem with bootleggers is that they never send reviewers copies. Fuck them. Fuck them and their bootlegging eye holes. "Please Don't Leave" is one of my all time favorite RAMONES songs. So good. It's what Joey did best, sang heart filled love songs. If you are reading this Mr. Bootlegger you should send me a copy. (BM)
(Non Profit Production)

RAMONES - "Gabba Gabba Hey" LP

Here's what needs to happen: we need to march whoever put this record out down to his or her nearest record store and pull out every single useless RAMONES bootleg and re-release in existence to illustrate that we don't need any more of the damn things. It's over, half of them are dead, and they'll never put out another record, so stop trying to sell slow, half-assed versions of their songs. I mean, yes, the RAMONES were great, but just leave it be. (MX)
(Spew Noise)

RATTENGÖTHER - "Bizarre Music for Strange People" CD

This is so the opposite of what I like about a record. The songs are well-written, but everything else is just a big fucking mess. The singer alternates between impersonating JELLO BIAFRA and JOHNNY ROTTEN, and the drums, well lets just say I'm lucky to have gotten through this CD without gouging out my eardrums with pencils, and that cowbell should be destroyed. (DP)
(Disques Farmer, www.farmer.qc.ca)

RAZORS - "Razors" LP

Yes! Here's a legitimate reissue of a truly great German punk LP from 1980. These miscreants surfaced on Rock o' Rama Records early in the Cologne, Germany punk movement. With their snotty vocals and chugging guitar sound, they carved a niche as one of the best of their day. The melodic approach is embellished by strong song writing and lots of punk snarl. You get thirteen good originals and a cover of "We Love You" by the ROLLING STONES via COCK SPARRER. This record is still good after all of these years! (BR)
(Matahari Enterprises, Schluter Str. 75, 20146 Hamburg, GERMANY; www.rechtaufrausch.de)

THE RED CHORD - "Fused Together in Revolving Doors" CD

Better than average speed metal with the obligatory mosh parts, and the inevitable slow melodic stuff (though thankfully still heavy, and devoid of that singing crap). I wish metal bands would be metal and rock instead of trying to figure out how to write "original" metal (see the GARUDA disc for how to do it right)...it usually winds up just being pretentious. The RED CHORD are certainly heavy, they are certainly proficient, and they are fast as shit. I'll leave it at that. (WN)
(Robotic Empire, 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston, VA, theredchord@hotmail.com)

THE RED LIGHT STING/HOT HOT HEAT - split LP

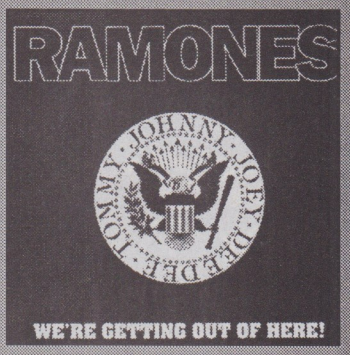
I'm really into the way that THE RED LIGHT STING can rock it, but I think that their last release, "Rub 'em Down," was more solid. The songs seem to twist themselves into disco beats when least expected, and then breakout into complete madness. The lame video game noises annoy the piss out of me. HOT HOT HEAT are pretty dancable, but I'm kind of over the goth organ sound, and the vocals sound like a four-year-old throwing a tantrum over spilt black hair dye. (MM)
(Ache, PO Box 138, 1001 W Broadway #101, Vancouver, B.C. V6H CANADA)

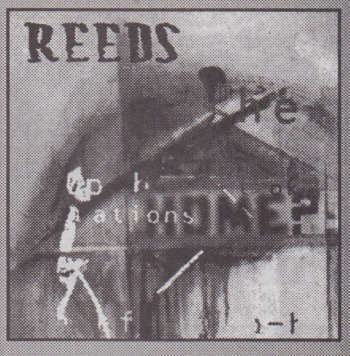
REEDS - "1-800-Help" CD

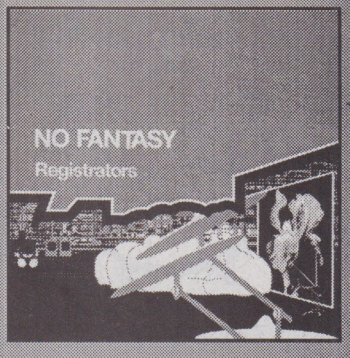
Terrible artwork and generic skate-punk aside, I have to give this band props as they were the only pop-punk band on a show with TRAGEDY, ARTIMUS PYLE, and SCHOLASTIC DETH in the Bay Area. That they made it through it without getting killed shows a certain amount of character and endurance. Good for them. (MX)
(Reedspunk@hotmail.com)

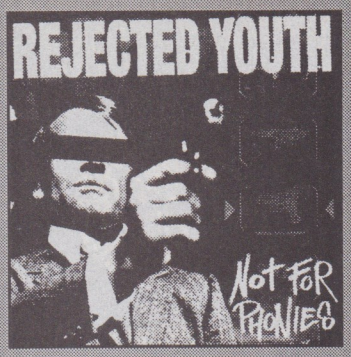
THE REGISTRATORS - "No Fantasy" EP

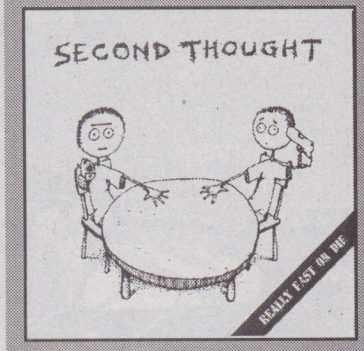
....ah, me old mates.....from Japan....old friends indeed....haven't heard from them in five years...and what have we got here???? A double single gate-fold EP....nice and slick and new wave looking....like a BE-BOP DELUXE record....!!!! The songs here ain't sung in Japanese....and they ain't in English either....so you'll just have to get drunk.....but this new direction they're on is way out there.....like cosmic.....power-pop on











mars...with flat studio production....real complicated song structures.....it looks like the RIP OFF RECORDS sound is completely over for these dudes, and that ain't no lie....these motherfuckers need to be knocking on Greg Shaw's front door and save Greg Lowery's back door for their tiny little cocks....for sure!!!! (SW)
(Waveform, 2-3 Kanda Awajicho, Chiyoda-Ku, Tokyo 101-0063, Japan)

REJECTED YOUTH - "Not for Phonies" CD
German Punk/Oi! act with lots of "ohhhhhh,ahhhhh's" and sing-a-long lyrics. Pretty bland and lacks any panache. (SR)
(HALB-7, Ackerstr.59, 06842 Dessau, GERMANY, halb7@gmx.de)

RESONARS - "Lunar Kit" CD
Authentic sounding 60s-style pop. It nice to listen to and these guys probably worked really hard to perfect that sound, but it's just not doing anything for me. C'mon guys pump a little life into it. Be creative. Take a chance. (CK)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Cannonsburg, PA 15317, gethip@gethip.com)

RESTARTS - "Slumworld" CD
Speedy DIY punk rock from Britain with lyrics mainly about society's ills such as class issues, environmental problems and the gloom that awaits us all. A little ska-punk tastefully thrown in on a couple of the slower tracks. Pretty good stuff. (SR)
(Active, BM Active, London, WCIN 3XX, ENGLAND, www.activedistrobution.org)

RETURNABLES – "Unrequited Hits" CD
A good mod-ish, roots, and power pop release here. Kind of in the HI FIVES meets REAL KIDS vein. A little jangly but still energetic and fun stuff with happy lyrics. A strong release especially for mod and power poppers. (RL)
(Jettison, 6008 S. Harlem Ave., Summit, IL 60501, thereturnables@yahoo.com)

RICKSHAW/TRIGGER – split CD
Garrrr, watch me tear my way out of my strait jacket using only my teeth and a set of fingernail clippers…two Swedish bands with something to prove team up to take on the listening public. RICKSHAW are big, oily rock with all the requisite hooks and leads—shame the singer sounds like Ian Astbury's lame kid brother. Can't bear the falsetto at all. TRIGGER are drunk and play ugly. Vivid stuff. I'm not the most ardent supporter of Big Swedish Rock Action, but either one of these bands oughtta please the average TURBONEGRO or HELLACOPTERS fan. Tuck in! (JH)
(Devil's Shitburner, Schweinfurterstr. 36a, 97076 Würzburg, GERMANY, www.pfefferscheisse.com)

RISE ABOVE - "I Love to Relax" CD
Naming a band after a BLACK FLAG song brings dangerously high expectations to live up to… rather than the disappointment of another shotty attempt to recreate the *Damaged* LP, I was surprised to find Japan's RISE ABOVE sound absolutely nothing like BLACK FLAG. Their 16-song CD is a pounding assault of terror much more influenced by the likes of NAPALM DEATH and ASSÜCK… Imagine S.O.B. with fuzzed out production similar to the EXCLAIM LP. (VH)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142, www.625thrash.com)

THE RITCHIE WHITES - "Snitches Get Stitches" LP
This is what the street punks are listening to. Just ask Bruce, he'll tell ya. I like to make fun of the street punks and their music, but the truth is that I really do like a lot of that stuff. I like that it's mid-tempo. I like that it's generally real catchy. I like that they have lots of background vocals and I like the fact that the songs aren't generally about how pretty the girl next door is. These songs are catchy and easy to listen to. At the same time, there's a certain desperation you can hear. I like that combination. I like that they have a song called "Happy" and one of the lines is "When I hear you cry it makes me happy."And the street punks are into the pink vinyl. (KK)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cary St., #303, Richmond, VA 23221, www.tkorecords.com)

ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS - "Rich Girl" EP
Well, the SCREAMERS never managed to get an actual record out during their lifespan as a band, but now that's been made okay by the reissue of the ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS 7". Make no mistake: this record is as viciously ripped as any SCREAMERS track I've heard. Released in a micro pressing in 1981, this LA band previously existed only in the record collections of a very twitchy few, but now you can hear probably the best synth-punk 7" ever. And all the members are either dead or imprisoned. Score! An absolute must buy for fans of this thing called punk. (RW)
(no address, try Underground Medicine)

THE ROTTERS - "What We Do Is Stupid" LP
Here's a no-brainer review (how appropriate). Decent sounding (usual board problems—drums a bit squeaky, guitar not quite loud enough) tape of a ROTTERS show from 1979 with their classics ("Sit On My Face Stevie Nix," "Amputee," "Fuck (Kill) the Whales") plus three 1984 studio tracks ("Wash My Hands," "I Used to Be Happy" and the acid punk parody "Amway") that are worthy additions to the ROTTERS catalog. (DD)
(Dionysus, www.dionysusrecords.com)

RUINATION - "Let the Motherfücker Burn" 10"
RUINATION stands out as one of the really good hardcore punk bands I have seen in the past year or so, although possibly only because of the conversation that ensued after their singer made an "off color" joke. Whatever, I laughed. I especially like the style in which the lyrics are written. Their songs are short and to the point, but with interesting vocal parts and above average drumming which make this band stand out. They have a very rough sound, but it is all held together really well. Oh, I should mention that the record is in the shape of the USA. Could it be a tribute to our country "in light of recent events"? I joke. (WR)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112)

SAGGER - "Skull Rider" EP

I love a singer that can make him or herself stand out from all the rest. Skull Rider of SAGGER is one such person. He's sounds bored, unaffected, pissed off and belligerent yet the way he croons (yes, croons) is a sweet melody to me. I could listen to his nice voice all day. The two-piece band backs him up nicely. They got the guitar good and loud, just the way I like it. The drums keep pounding away. Simple, trashy rock and roll. This is great. (CK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, fagsagger@hotmail.com)

SECOND THOUGHT - "Really Fast or Die" EP

When I first looked at this record I thought it was going to be some hyper fast thrash, but instead I got a fast charging hardcore assault that brought to mind the style of AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. There were a couple of moments were they strayed from that style and mixed in some thrash and d-beats. But those moments were brief and I ended rocking out to a solid hardcore record from....(RC)
(Really Fast, Box 6170, S-102 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN; reallyfast.cjb.net)

SEEIN' RED/THE NOW DENIAL - "Hope Vs. Disillusion" EP

SEEIN' RED rule. They've been at it forever and show no sign of letting up anytime soon. No mellow shit here just full on hardcore blasts attacking the system. THE NOW DENIAL remind me of a less vicious and slightly more melodic SEVERED HEAD OF STATE. Burly thick and powerful but without the overt crust edge—pretty excellent. (MT)
(Tomte Tumme Tottx, c/o Schlichthaber, Handwerkerstr. 1A, 33617 Bielefeld, GERMANY)

SELF DEFENSE - "Shooting Punk Terror" EP

Wow, what a beautiful package. Nice fold-out cover held together with a blood splattered paper strip and a big insert with lyrics. SELF DEFENSE kick down ten tracks of burly super pissed hardcore. Definitely from the TEAR IT UP/DEAD NATION school of hardcore (but faster) with vocals that remind me of INFEST at times. Smart lyrics with both a personal and political edge, great rough punk rock recording all make for a rip roaring release...nice one. (TB)
(Uncle Slam, PO Box 18A534, LA, CA 90018)

SELFMADEMAN/SUCK LA MARDE - split CD

SELFMADEMAN play indie rock styled punk that falls somewhere between JAWBREAKER and the WEAKERTHANS. The vocals are a touch too whiny for my taste, but the songs are well written and the lyrics never dwell on the typical ex-lost love drivel, choosing instead to address social and political issues of the day. SUCK LA MARDE are slightly more rocking than SELFMADEMAN, bringing HOT WATER MUSIC or perhaps DILLINGER 4 to mind. Again, good lyrics and the ability to write a good tune keep this head and shoulders above the rest. (WN)
(Dare To Care, 2273 De Champlain, Montreal, CD HAL 24TH CANADA, info@selfmademan.cub.net)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - "No Love Lost" EP

Todd from TRAGEDY is in this band, and as you might imagine, these thrash guerrillas kick a lot of punk ass. The screamed vocals and hectic guitar coupled with massive bass and drum attack will make you mosh about the house recklessly. The lyrics indict the military industrial complex for making drones out of the factory workers and slaves out of the mindless followers. This is sledgehammer hard punk/hardcore for politically active punkers. You also get a nice cover of "Prayer" by legendary North Carolina punk band CORROSION OF CONFORMITY. Yes! (BR)
(Ebullition)

SHANK - "Coded Messages in Slowed Down Songs" LP

The title of this record is a reference to GORILLA BISCUITS, and while Civ and his cronies are probably getting hand jobs in some Reno, NV parking lot SHANK, from Glascow, Scotland, are delivering dose after dose of painfully fast, crushing hardcore with grating vocals and insightful yet cynical, punk as fuck lyrics that make songs such as "Glascow and Fuck Yourself" and "Let's Do it Dogma Style" quite a listen. (VH)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142, www.625thrash.com

SIXER – "Beautiful Trash" CD

I'm into this band; they sound like a punk rock JOHN COUGAR MELLANCAMP or SPRINGSTEEN. Y'know that blue collar rock thing with songs about whiskey and truck-stops?. If you want a punk rock reference think ANN BERRETTA. This is very slick, if they're not careful they could end up in Warped Tour territory. As long as they keep it rough I'm all over it. (TB)
(BYO, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067)

SOCIAL DISTORTION - "Live and Demo Recordings" LP

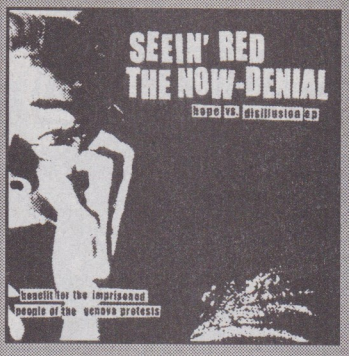
SOCIAL DISTORTION outtakes (mostly covers of non-punk songs) and live shit brought to you by Pickwick. (I thought Pickwick just did all those bargain price JOHNNY CASH, ELLA FITZGERALD, PATSY CLINE etc. CDs...) The sound quality is not great and there's no liner notes or cool photographs or lyrics or shit. Ahh SOCIAL D, the band that sent a hundred thousand dumb rich kids into tattoo parlors for jailhouse tats. Only in America. (AD)
(Pickwick International)

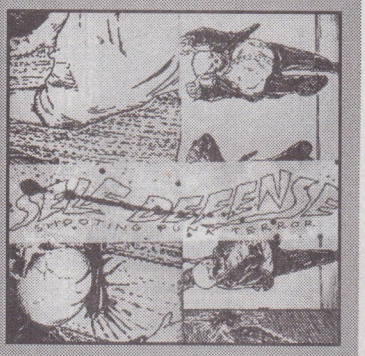
SOCIAL INSECURITY/DREAD 101 - "...And Systems Continue" split LP

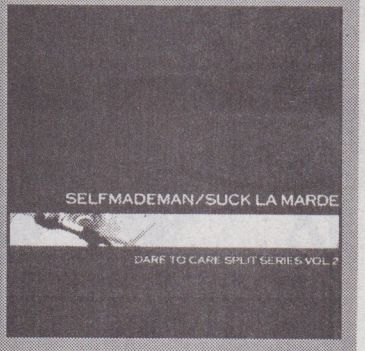
This album is such crust fest! Intense crusty sounds at super speed from DREAD 101 (from the Czech Rep.) and a bit milder-tempo crusty noise from SOCIAL INSECURITY (from Scotland). Definitely a good buy for all you crusties out there! (SR)
(Insane Distro., c/o Barvak, PO Box 6, 501 01 Hradec Kralove, CZECH REPUBLIC, barvak@insanesociety.net)

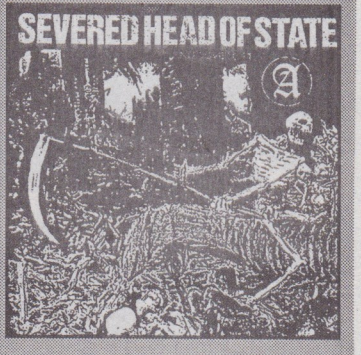
SONS OF CYRUS - "The Warriors" EP

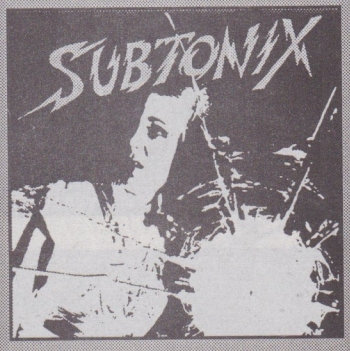
Not expecting much from these Swedish long hairs after last issue's unfavorable review, I was pleas-

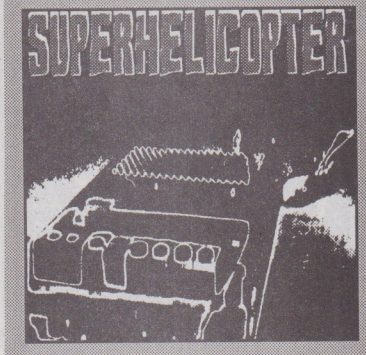












antly surprised by this totally rockin' four tracker. No frills, no spills straight up rock 'n' roll, with bigger balls than King Kong, heavy on the RADIO BIRDMAN, the SAINTS, MC5, and hell even a bit of UNION CARBIDE PRODUCTIONS. More hooks than a fly fishers hat, more licks than a dog with a mouthful of peanut butter and production as raw as my arse after those three 40s of Budweiser I had last night. I ain't heard this genre done this well in quite a while, now all you gotta do is get them beer prices down and I'm relocating. (SD)
(Big Brothel, Box 6170, SE-102, 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.bigbrothelrecords.cjb.net)

SOUL BOYS - "Grow Up and Die" CD
Streetpunk with some country bumpin' sounds on a couple of tracks. LEATHERFACE-like vocals and sing-a-long choruses. Lyrics about punks, skins, pride, and using guitars as machine guns. OK. (SR)
(DSS, PO Box 738, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss@telecom.at)

STEP FORWARD LOOK WEST - "Body Disposal Instructions" EP
Good looking package, funny song titles, insightfully bitter yet poignant lyrics, and chaotic, pile-driving hardcore. STEP FORWARD LOOK WEST don't quite match the unique personality and sense of humor that BORN AGAINST displayed, but the influence is definitely strong. This is well worth checking out. (AM)
(The Dupage Collective, 2 South 174 Sheffield Rd, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137. www.thedupagecollective.com)

THE STOICS - "Fall of a New Beginning" CD
These soulful STOICS have put together a dynamic CD with some dirges, some spirited punk and a little Noam Chomsky reading "Potential for Fascism" to break things up. I think a lyric sheet would bring this to another level, and an address would probably get this distributed better. (HM)
(no address)

SUBTONIX - "Too Cool for School/Rich Boys"
I really wish that this band hadn't broken up, at least they've left behind this single, including the song, "Rich Boys" which I think stands out—both lyrically and musically. Their politics aren't preachy, and they seem to know what their talking about. More X-RAY SPEX and less SCREAMERS than their new LP—as was with their first 45. Fucking rad. (MM)
(Vida Loca, Casella Postale 17033 00189, Roma Grottarossa, ITALY)

SUBTONIX – "Tarantism" LP
The debut full-length from this recently broken up local band. Arty gore-ee post punk fueled by saxophone, keyboards, bass, drums and less than pretty lyrics. They even do a SCREAMERS cover. This would have been a good record 20 years ago next to TUXEDOMOON, SIOUXSIE, and a few Rough Trade bands. Considering the diluted scene these days, this really hits the spot now. (RL)
(Trouble Unlimited, 16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002)

SUGAR SHACK - "Spinning Wheels" CD
I wish these guys were dirtier. I wish they had some feedback and some crappy production. This record just needs something. The songs are good. The singer has a nice voice. The musicians are competent. But this is by-the-book garage rock. I need something to fuck with the formula and get these guys out of their slump. (CK)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

SUPERCHINCHILLARESCUEMISSION/BOTTLEDIRT - split EP
I bought all the SUPERCHINCHILLARESCUEMISSION stuff as someone wrongly told me that they were PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 13 reincarnated. They're no PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 13 but they're still pretty good, not a whole kick in the ass from HOT WATER MUSIC either. BOTTLEDIRT from Japan feature ex-members of SCREAMING FATRAT (I know what you're thinking...who the fuck thinks up these names?) and 8ROOF and are a little more on the pop side of things. Cool, catchy, and melodic, up there with fellow Japanese punky popsters the URCHIN and CIGARETTEMAN. I'm sure the rest of the global punk community would like to join me in thanking Japan for such a wonderfully hosted World Cup. (AD)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN)

SUPERHELICOPTER - "Fire Pussy/34 YV" EP
Another discus from the current Euro kings of garage gar-bahge. Maybe it's just me, but this one feels a bit "toss-offy". The riffs don't sting like they should, but it's a pleasant enough ride. Just ain't taking you to the moon this time...(RW)
(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

SWARRRM/BLOODIED BACTERIA - split CD
Japan's SWARRRM play ultra technical black/death metal with insane vocals that seem to have a mind all their own. Add a piano to keep things interesting, and these 3 tracks serve as a great introduction to this band (I know, they've been around for some time, I'm just lazy so this is my first listen). Japan's BLOODIED BACTERIA (whose logo looks just like ENTRAILS MASSACRE...coincidence?) deliver 8 songs of grinding death metal. Very good grinding death metal. (WN)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu, Moser Kowtow 624-0913 JAPAN)

SWEATERS – "The Kick Me Generation" CD
Recorded in 1997, reviewed in 2002. The SWEATERS are (were) a clean-scrubbed, fresh-faced power-poppish trio that sound vaguely East Bay-ified in the early-'90s Lookout Records sense of the term. Smooth, honest, heartfelt. Me, I like my music a little dirtier that the tunes the SWEATERS crafted. Sorta like the DEAD MILKMEN meets J CHURCH? You tell me. (JH)
(204-1068 Burnaby St., Vancouver BC V6E 1N7 CANADA, www.thesweaters.com)

TEAR IT UP – "Tear It Down: The December 2000 Session" CD
A good solid CD hear that recollects a 7", their side of the split LP with E.T.A. , and their tracks

from the EP with FAST TIMES. What I like about this CD is TEAR IT UP put this out now instead of trying to add more stuff later. This way it clocks in at about 19 minutes. A perfect length for my short attention span. CD's shouldn't last more than a beer. TEAR IT UP play fast hardcore that makes you want to move. Good, good , good. (JF)
(Coalition, Newtonstraqat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS)

TIME X/OVER MY DEAD BODY - split EP

Generic Straight Edge hardcore often bores the trunks off me. This record, however, is fucking kick-ass. TIME X from Portugal take the elements of '88 youth crew we all know and love (sing-a-long hardcore with shouted back-ups), speed it up and rub it down with sandpaper—fast, urgent and rough with huge back-ups and awesome breakdowns. I'll even forgive them their "Straight Edge Pride" chorus 'cos the music is so blistering. OVER MY DEAD BODY are a few paces behind their Portuguese pals and way more traditional "youth crew," still better than most in this genre with catchy songs, great production and a decent cover of NO REPLY's "Still Fucking Pissed." (TB)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

TORPEDO MOSKAU - "Malenkaja Rabota" LP

I really am tempted to review this record without ever dropping the needle onto the vinyl. I am that shallow a person. I don't feel good about being that shallow, but I do feel good about being able to admit it. In looking at the cover of this thing, I'm expecting some bad imitation ULTRAVOX or VISAGE—you know that whole "new romantic" wave from the early '80's. The truth is, this record was originally released in 1984 and this looks like it might have been part of the original pressing. It looks identical to the copy *MRR* already has, with the exception that this copy is on black vinyl rather than green vinyl. I guess I might as well have a listen. Ok, well it's not bad imitation ULTRAVOX or VISAGE, it's mediocre German punk rock from 1984. Catchy and mid-tempo in a SLIME sort of way, but with far less talent. (KK)
(Weird System, Lange Reihe 101, 2000 Hamburg 1, GERMANY)

U.B.R. - "Yugoslavia Panic" EP

Wow, here's a blast from the past—first time I ever heard these folx was on *MRR's Welcome To 1984 comp*. Seems here that our friends at Crust War records have decided to reissue their demo tracks from the *Kae Alternativa* comp tape from 1983. Totally raw rocking Eastern Block hardcore that serves as a reminder that punk was and still is an international phenomenon. This is good. (MT)
(Crust War, 1-28-3A. Shikitsu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka-City 556-0017, JAPAN)

UK SUBS - "Drunken Sailor/Reclaim The Streets"

The A-side here is some traditional song where my traditional tastes run as deep as THE POGUES. My loss I'm sure. The flip is the usual SUBS sing-a-long. This certainly has it's edge which is more than most bands from the good old days (reunions included) can claim to have. (RL)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

UK SUBS - "Universal" CD

Charlie Harper and Co. have been at it now for twenty- five years and this is their new album—*Universal* I wonder what they're going to do when they get past the letter Z (all their album titles are alphabetical, I think to give Charlie some help remembering what the last one was...) What is more remarkable than a twenty-five year old punk band is the fact that this is really good, no shit, I was ready to dismiss it as a dead horse (I'm sorry Sir) but I've been listening to it more or less constantly all weekend. Solid, smart, and melodic—just like always, with topical lyrics about a range of things, from the state of Britain to religion to Hollywood. It makes me want to search out the CD represses of their old stuff. Twenty-five years...What a band. (AD)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

ULCERRHOEA/DYSMORFIC - split EP

Blearrrrrgh! ULCERRHOEA from Germany and DYSMORFIC from Italy lay waste to your ears with this punishing grindcore attack. It's fast, it's fucked and you should like it if AGATHOCLES and CRIPPLED BASTARDS are your sort of thing. (RC)
(Putrid Nausea Productions)

UNHOLY GRAVE - "Fanaticism" EP

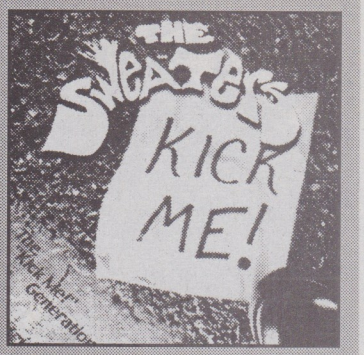
Japan's UNHOLY GRAVE go through the paces here, tearing through another relentless attack of ear crushing grindcore. The tunes are blazing fast and the vocals sound like somebody just kicked the singer in the throat. What more can any grindhead want from this band? (RC)
(c/o Takaho Komatsu, #103 Shouwa-Sou, 2-2001, Kurosawa-Dai, Midori-Ku, Nagoya, 458-0003, JAPAN)

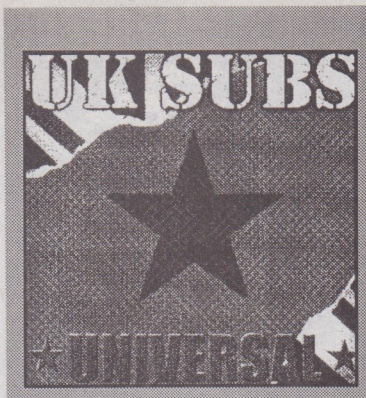
THE VANISHING - "In the Bat Haus" 10"

THE VANISHING's first effort is four songs of driving, atmospheric post-punk. The first, most obvious comparison that comes to mind is SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, especially in Jessie Trashed's vocals, but musically they're a lot noisier and less polished (a good thing). I was surprised to see that there are no guitars on the record at all, just bass, drums, and synths. It certainly sounds abrasive enough. Fans of SOUXSIE or of art/synth/post-punk in general should run, not walk... (AM)
(Cochon, 759 Shrader St, San Francisco, CA 94117)

VOETSEK - "Tinea Cruris" EP

Apparently my punishment for two months of touring was to return to a pile of metal to review. Death, grind, mosh, speed, tech, you name it, if it's metal, it has my name on it this month. Enter my ladies of salvation: VOETSEK! Eleven songs of glorious thrashing hardcore fucking punk. The Bay Area is quickly falling in love with this band, and for very good reason. The novelty of a mostly female line-up long since vanished, VOETSEK just simply crushes with lightning fast riffs, pissed political lyrics and an extra helping of "fuck you." This record is seriously a monster, and I hope they lay the USA to waste on their tour this summer. (WN)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931, TobiaJM@aol.com)





WARFARE 223 - "Frontline Eastside" CD

Hey you Oi! fans, listen up! Enjoyable Oi! tunes on this one: mid-tempo, catchy, tasteful guitar solos, even a nice instrumental. 98% of lyrics in German so I couldn't tell you anything about content. Nice. (SR)
(Rascal, Muhlenstrasse 33/35, D-09111 Chemnitz, GERMANY, www.rascal.de)

WASTED - "Down and Out" CD

Rocking street punk from these Finnish punx—punchy guitars and RANCID-esque walking basslines paired up with vocals that are spat out in defiance...fucking great stuff here. Would fit in perfect on a gig with the BELTONES or the GC5—except they'd be the dark horse that would blow them off the stage. Let's hope they make it over here sometime soon! (MT)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND)

WITHOUT SYSTEM - "What Will Be Will Be" CD

Come on...a Japanese band with a name like WITHOUT SYSTEM? Do I even need to tell you how awesome this is? Punk fucking rock like only the Japanese can deliver it. The songs are simple and to the point, most of them have guitar solos, and they all inspire fist waving madness. Distortion on 10, volume on 11, and fucking thrash! Fuck yes! (WN)
(H.G. Fact, Nakano Shinbashi-M 105, Yoke 2-7-15, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN)

WORKERS ETIQUETTE MANUAL - "Workers Etiquette Manual" EP

Very political, very progressive, very boring hardcore. Yes it's heavy n' loud, but it's way too dry. Loosen up guys, things have got to get better. (DL)
(Antitainment, Keplesstrabe 4, 22765 Hamburg, GERMANY)

WORMCAST - EP

This record was mistaken for the GAIA because the title is in Japanese and this all female band bears a passing resemblance to the GAIA. WORMWOOD are nothing like the GAIA. Their sound is of a much slower tempo and has a much dirgier metal sound, more like REINA AVEJA. (DP)
(Dan-Doh, K-Club Honmachi 2-1-21, Palms BLD BF, Kochi City, 780 JAPAN)

YOUR MOTHER - "The 'Weird' Al-bum" 10"

This hasn't been reviewed!?! I've had it for a few years. This masterpiece is a tribute to WEIRD AL YANKOVIC. From the mock cover art to the goofy liner notes to the band posing with AL himself, this reeks WEIRD AL. YOUR MOTHER whip up commendable renditions of six ditties including "Dare to be Stupid," "I'll be Mellow When I'm Dead," and "Everything you Know is Wrong!" I'm just disappointed these MOTHERS didn't do an LP with 20 tunes. Awesome! (HM)
(Lil' Deputy, PO Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713-7066, www.yourmother.com)

V/A – "Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" CD

A comp with four Japanese bands; PSYCHOTIC REACTION, LOVE AFFAIR, BY YOUR LOVE, RADICAL UP in the poppy vein ranging from indie rock to mod-ish to punky pop. Definitely an early 80's post punk sounds feel on the decent release. (RL)
(Sick Records, 107-1-8-75 Kasayama Kusatsu-city, Shiga, JAPAN)

V/A - "Dynamite With a Laserbeam" LP

The bands from the Three One G label take on the music of QUEEN. On paper this may sound like a disaster, and the results are definitely spotty, but the fact is, (and Bruce just disagreed with me) QUEEN wrote some great songs that were just asking to be completely destroyed and put back together again in a fucked-up, demented fashion. The highlights for me were the BLOOD BROTHERS' take on "Under Pressure" and MELT BANANA's "We Will Rock You", but if you're a fan of any of the other bands on here (including the LOCUST, CONVOCATION OF, the OATH, and GOGO AIRHEART) or the label in general, there's plenty here for you. It's certainly a more interesting introduction to a label than the traditional sampler. (AM)
(Three One G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

V/A - "Keine Experimente!" LP

Exact repro of Volume 1 of a series of comps that came out of Germany in the early '80s showcasing the movers and shakers from that country. Whilst some bands are more well known than others, all in all this is a really solid comp . All these bands fall into the speedy, sing-along punk rock category (some more hardcore, some more straightforward punk rock), and all but two sing in their native tongue which seems rare these days. Standouts are the incredible UPRIGHT CITIZENS and RAZZIA who never fail to deliver the goods with the former's more hardcore edge and the latter's punchy punk rock with hooks. Other winners are BUTTOCKS , DAILY TERROR, ZSD and BOSKOPS—but really there are no clunkers or fillers on this comp. It seems a lot of these tracks were exclusive to these comps too, as I can't find some of these tracks on the band's other releases which is a bonus for completists. This record is historically important as a document of a scene, but it has also stood the test of time musically. A great compilation that knocks the bollocks out of those weeny *Killed by Death* comps. (TB)
(Weird System, Alstertwiete 32, 2000 Hamburg 1, GERMANY)

V/A - "Keine Experimente! Vol II" LP

Originally pressed in 1984 (when there was a West Germany), this comp has its moments. The best trax include: TIN CAN ARMY, with typically raspy vocal delivery behind catchy guitar riffs; NEUROTIC ARSEHOLES, whose rowdy "Alle Geht Welter" turned out to be one of their most anthemic tunes, not unlike EBBA GRON; TORPEDO MOSKAU delivers a classic in "Was Wollt Ihr," with its great powerchord riffing and instrumental changes of pace; and AGEN made their imprint with "Dead Born Babies," with its ironic vocals and buzzy guitarwork. Early work by CRETINS, CHAOS-Z, and PORNO PATROL is also included. (SS)
(Weird System, Lange Reihe 101, 2000 Hamburg 1, GERMANY)

V/A - "Killed By Hardcore #3" LP

Well the saga continues—first the good part. I think these comps are fucking rad, giving some much needed exposure to some nearly forgotten classic hardcore punk from all over the world…I mean fucking hell *everyone should* be able hear bands like SVART FRAMTID, ELECTRIC DEADS, OLHO SECO, APPENDIX, MALINHEADS etc. and this makes an easy intro into what before was the domain of only those elite few. My only complaint would be that some of the track selection could have been better—I mean bands like SÖTLIMPA (whose LP sucks by the way), NEGAZIONE and BANNLYST have much much stronger tracks than those which appear on this document—but all nerdy complaints aside I think this is a great thing. Noise not music. Hardcore rules, OK? (MT)
(no address)

V/A - "May All Be Free" CD

Great international, mostly hardcore CD comp here which benefits the case of the Angola Three. Comes with a digest-size booklet briefly detailing the case, along with the normal band info. Stand outs would be BOYCOT (Holland), AUTONOMIA (Peru), MALGOBIERNO (Chile), MIGRA VIOLENTA (Argentina), PIZDA MATERNA (Slovenia), REDENCION 9-11 (Chile) and DISIDENTAS (Chile). Two thumbs up as far as I'm concerned—a good cause and a great way to find out about what goes on musically in other parts of the globe. (MT)
(Throng Of Wyrm, PO Box 11577, Milawaukee, WI 53211)

V/A - "Paranoia in der Strassenbahn—Punk in Hamburg, 1977-'83" LP

Quite a line-up on this one, dating back to the late Pleistocine Era of German p. rock. Boasts one or two tracks each from the RAZORS, goofy weirdos the BUTTOCKS, CORONERS, SLIME, SS ULTRABRUTAL, COPSLAYERS, NAPALM, PUNKENSTEIN, CHANNEL RATS, the immortal novely act BIG BALLS & THE GREAT WHITE IDIOT, RAZZIA, SCREAMER, and early act ABWÄRTS . All choice noise in the big-powerfully-produced Brit-punk style that ways the dominant idiom of the time. Takes me back to all those hours spent scanning the scene reports of *MRR* when I should have been doing my math homework, y'know? (JH)
(Weird System, Alstertwiete 32, 2000 Hamburg 1, GERMANY)

V/A - "Rodent Popsicle Records EP" CD

Second of the Rodent Popsicle compilations of previously released on vinyl EPs. This one features, in order;- the turbo- charged bile of TOXIC NARCOTIC from their split with A GLOBAL THREAT who play political spikey punk, the dual male/female vocals and speedy anarcho-punk of THE PROFITS, the brutal hardcore of the TOMMY & THE TERRORS record I reviewed a few months ago, and finally LOST CAUSE who actually slow things down a little and play some gnarly melodic punk, maybe becoming my new favorite Rodent Popsicle band, they remind of CRIMPSHRINE in a rough- round-the-edges hopelessly hopeful kind of way. This label continues to kick ass, I hope they can package some of these bands and send them out here on tour. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

V/A - "Tearin' It Up" EP

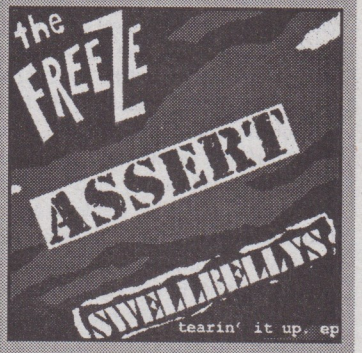
This must be a mistake. According to the back cover the FREEZE, y'know West Dennis, MA's finest are in fact from Caerphilly, Wales. I'm confused. Anyway, this is a three way split between the FREEZE, England's ASSERT, and Scotland's SWELLBELLYS. Each band turns in two songs, ASSERT and SWELLBELLYS are good aggressive fast hardcore punk. The FREEZE (in my eyes a very under-rated and under-appreciated band) songs are 'Suspended Heaven' and (possibly my favorite FREEZE song) "No One's Ever Coming Home". This is weird, I'm going to have to go to this website and figure this out. *Wales?* (AD)
(Hideous Eye, 45 Chiltern Gardens, Dawley, Telford, TF4 2QQ, UK)

V/A - "Waterkants Hits" LP

Exact repro of a German comp circa '83—even down to being number (in what appears to be a continuation of the original pressing). Classic Deutsch-punk with the standouts being CHANNEL RATS, SS ULTRABRUTAL, RAZZIA, and OXENSCHWANZ. Catchy, rocking and melodic stuff as is the norm for this time frame in punk history. Good history lesson for you young pups, and a nice look back for you geezers. (MT)
(Weird System, Lange Reihe 001, 100 Hamburg 1, GERMANY)

V/A - "Words Will Never Be Actions" LP

Lots of punks singing about political and current issues. There's also some interesting poetry in between some songs. Highlights include HATEWORK, DOGSHIT SANDWICH, AGE OF CHAOS, LOS PARALITICOS, POSITIVES, and the VOIDS. Although many of the bands aren't memorable, the idea for a series of these records sounds like a good one. This one's just so-so; lets see how the next one comes out. (SR)
(Departure, 24b Alexandra Road, Farnborough, Hants, GU14 6DA, ENGLAND, sidstovold@aol.com)



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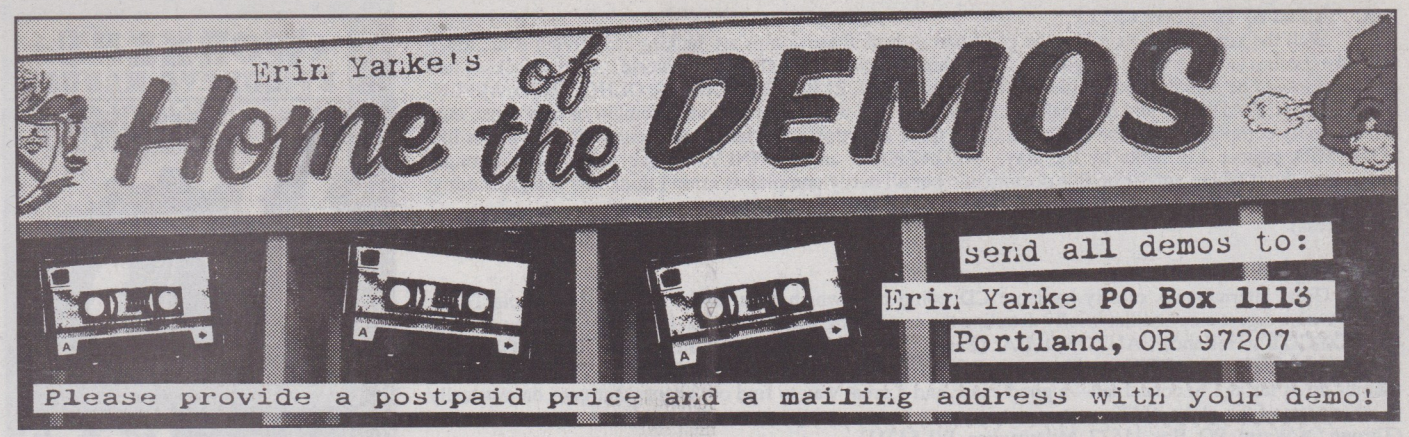


ARKHAM are a slow to midtempo pop band, standard rock arrangements but with a unique, sort of moany singing style, that's a little bit new wave. ($1 ppd. 4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 2531 Patterson Ave. Apt B., Cheyenne, WY 82009.)

THE AVERSIONS have the ol' early days of New York punk rock sound down, played with flair, bringing more to this than your average copycat band these days. There are some sort of DAMNED moments in here, and lots of general abandon. Really energetic and good. (889 Richelieu App. #3, Quebec, QC, Canada, G1R 1L1.)

BLASTFOME is fucking dark, about half regular fast paced thrash hardcore, and half blazing metal world. Guttural screaming guy up front doing the vocals, and sometimes a back up vocals screamer. Good samples. (14 song cassette, lyric sheet. 5400 N. Amherst, Portland, OR 97203.)

+DOG+ are an interesting mess of chaos and thunder, traditional noise band sounds and odd instrumental sound effects, backwards masking vocals and lots of percussion. There's a lot to listen to. (14 song CD, no lyric sheet. 7726 Lilac Ln., Santa Susana, CA 93063.)

THE FIGHTING 407 play "I don't give a shit" rock, in the same vein but more midtempo and with less out of control energy than the NEW BOMB TURKS. (9 song CD, no lyric sheet. 407 W. Elm Street, Carbondale, IL 62901.)

IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE play a smorgasboard of raw hardcore. The slow more metal parts that emphasis the guitar licks at a zombie pace move quickly into blazing basics, or midtempo thrash parts, and back again in no particular order. Screaming as singing. Engaging and good. My favorite lyric: "ex members of a bloated pious corspe." Who can't get behind that? ($2 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 582, San Francisco, CA 94104)

JACKSON BARRY STOLE MY TRUMPET are equal parts pop and angst with some twang to it, and some 60s rock energy to it, too. Some of the songs are energetic, but it's all midtempo or slower. ($3 ppd. 4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 2640 Kemper Rd., Cleveland, OH 44120.)

JETAVANA GROVE mix poppy ADVERSIVES songs with a bit of a slow reflective edge. Then there's a instrumental, soundtrack feeling song at the end. Picture them walking away. Also, they're demo was supposed to come out a while ago, and they apologize, but so was this review, and I apologize. ($1 ppd. 4 song CD, lyric sheet. 247 Pine St., Quincy, MA 02170.)

MIGRAVIOLENTA and **HYDROPHOBIA** have a split demo, where MV has the hardcore down, but instead of mosh parts, there are breaks which combine partial blast beats and funky breakdowns. Spanish shouting, with some singing edges. H is in a similar vein, but slightly more EXTREME NOISE TERROR influenced, and compelling guitar parts. Dueling vocals, one real growly, one not so much.(M have 18 songs, H have 19, and there's a beautiful booklet with lyrics in English and Spanish. PO Box 126, Seguin, TX 78156.)

MIUKU sounds like BURNING KITCHEN without politics. The urgent stridency of the vocals aren't there, although the voice is similar, and the music is good rockin punk, nothing complicated, played at midtempo. This is really good. (Send a self addressed, stamped envelope for a copy. 4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 8/8 High Riggs, Edinburgh, EH3 9BX, Scotland, UK.)

NEVER FAILS bring back the days when the emo and pop punk weren't different worlds, with a combination of feelings and catchiness. Maybe the emo here is all about the ladies, but there is a pinch of abandon that most pop bands don't have. Other than that, they're a polished poppy band playing midtempo with sweetly sung lyrics topping it off. ($1 ppd. 4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 111 Brook St., Quincy, MA 02170.)

REACTIONARY 3 is a mix of emo hardcore with PAXSTON QUIGGLY. Reasons? Because the bass is what's holding everything together, and the guitar is flitting around, the vocals are straightforward emo guy, and, though the tempo is not anywhere near fast paced, it remains totally danceable and engaging. ($1 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 13077, Gainesville, FL 32604-1077.)

SALT WATER VAMPIRES are melodic with slightly more rock than pop in their punk, a little gritty , with vocals similar to a non-smoking BELTONES. ($9 ppd. 10 song CD, lyric sheet. 1264 Co. Rd. 1450 E. Lerna, Il, 62140.)

SANGRE DE LOS PUERCOS are a midtempo hardcore band coming not from either the metal or super thrash camps of hardcore, but mixed so the metal parts sound tough not overdone, and the thrash parts sound catchy and engaging. The singing is mostly spoken, and when shouted, still sounds like the same guy and not a stereotype. Very good. ($3 ppd. 10 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 20436, Tompkins Square Station, New York, NY 10009-9991.)

SLANT SIX AND THE JUMP STARTS play dead ringer covers, but change the words to be modern and political. AC/DC's "Big Balls" changed to be about the Big Dig in Boston, RICKY NELSON's "Teenager in Love" is, of course, "Teenager on Drugz," "War Pigs" is "Fat Pigs," you get the idea. (20 song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 295, Grafton, MA 01519.)

STORM THE TOWER play on the catchier end of the emo hardcore spectrum, maybe only emo in the urgency of the vocals. The fast and somewhat melodic, for hardcore, music is driving and also has a few surprises included. Good job. Also, I love that they thank everyone but God. (9 song cassette, lyric sheet. 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX 78704.)

On the split demo between **TRAGATELO** and **KONTRAATTAQUE**, both bands feature blazing speed, driving rhythm sections, and politics, although TRAGATELO has vocals that, although shouted, are integrated to the music, like more traditionally "singing" vocals. Unique in this day and age. KONTRAATTAQUE has two vocalists, a guttural guy and a screamer. Both bands are pure modern hardcore, done extremely well. ($3 ppd in US, Canada, and Mexico, $4 world, by surface mail. PO Box 39432, Downey, CA 90239.)

UP TO VEGAS play catchy punk and guttural vocals, sounding almost like when Lemmy goes on stage to sing with the RAMONES, but the music is a titch more complex, and a bit harsher. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. Augarten str. 28, 76646, Bruchsal, Germany.)

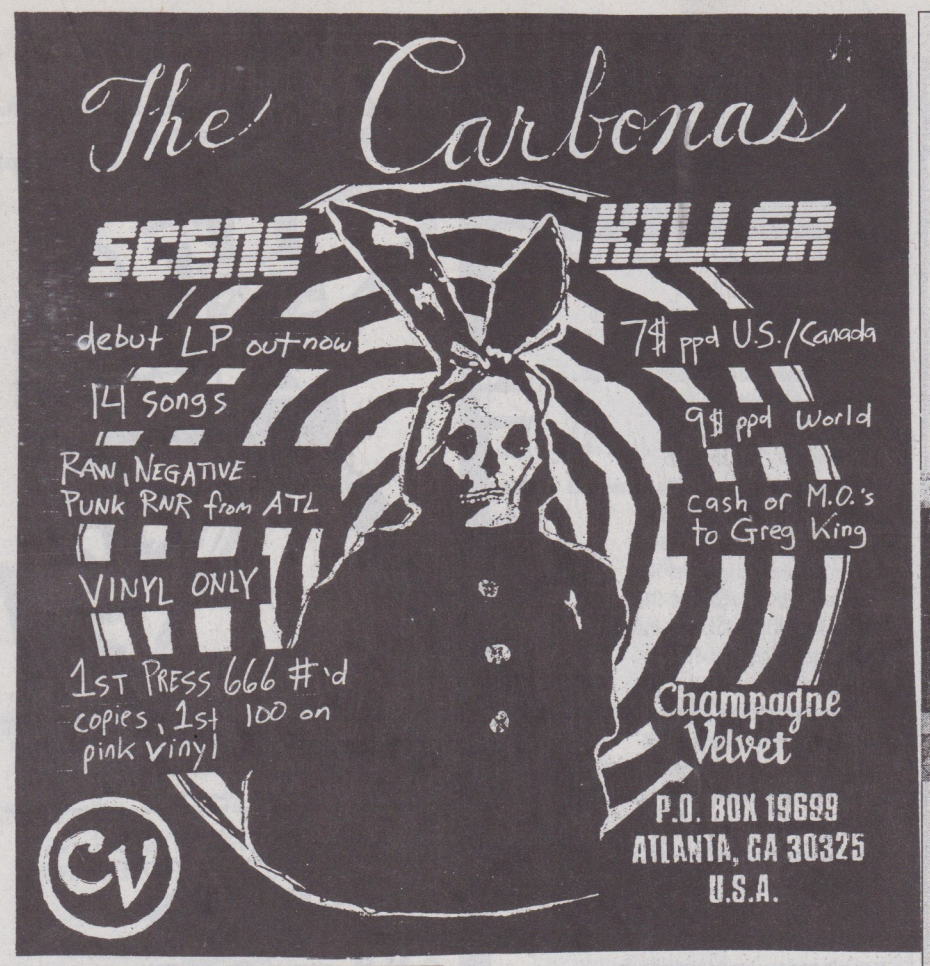
THE US MOMBS are a basement thrash band that has a prominent sense of humor. Most of their songs take a minute to get going and then it's nonstop energy and screaming, broken up with some more danceable parts here and there. Then there's some acoustic shout outs to their friends. The youth crew kids will love this. ($2 ppd. 10 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 696 Harris rd. Bedford Hills, NY 10507.)

WE MUST BURN play well produced hardcore played mostly fast and solid, but it's kind of dark, and dynamic—variations in the thickness of sound, complicated parts and mixed tempos. A screaming vocalists tops off this stand out demo. (6 song cassette, lyric sheet. 1-90-2-1001, JY0-JYO chou, Kasugai city, Aichi pref, Japan, 486-0833.)

WHEN IN ROAM are most of the time a midtempo and rockin band, but sometimes take the pace do with one of those shouting style rock singers. They've got some NAKED RAYGUN melodic spirit and variety in song styles without being pretty. (10 song CD, lyric sheet. 1050 Birdell Rd., Honeybrook, PA 19344.)

Thank you for your ever lovin' patience.

The Carbonas



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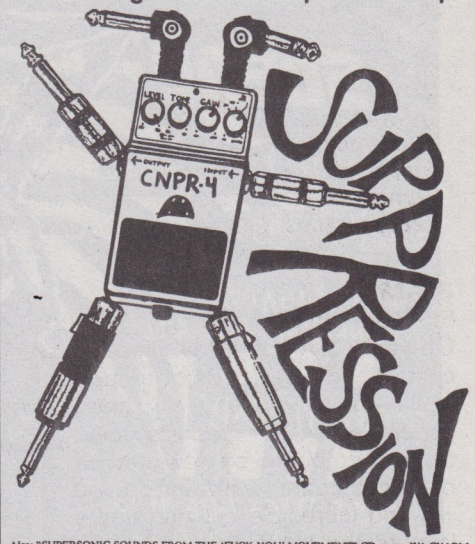

Also: "SUPERSONIC SOUNDS FROM THE 'FUCK YOU' MOVEMENT" CD comp. W/ CHARM CITY SUICIDES, KOJAK, BASTARD NOISE, SUPPRESSION, P.C.P. ROADBLOCK, S.S.S., PUS DEL RECTO, NUMBER ONE BLOOD, THE IRREVERSIBLE NEURAL DAMAGE, CRANK STURGEON, RAPISTS IN SHANGRI-LA, SEVEN HEARTS, SILVER NINJAS, ABSTRACT SURVEILLANCE DISTHETIC, and THE BEARDED EDDIES, and childish phone pranks!!

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (BD) Ben Ditch, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

3 AM #9 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 56 pgs
Oh yeah, *3 AM* is a real piece of eye candy (and nice food for thought, as well). The cover is a city map with super black xerox graphics going on over it...bound by a twisted bit of plastic coated wire. Inside you will find incredible cut and paste layouts that suck you in like air conditioning on a hot summer day. Lots of black, great graphics, photobooth photos, typewriter/courier font action, and readable handwriting. Tales of the good old Greyhound Ameripass, NYC, killing time, learning about life, desperate acts of honesty, kissing, having an infection in the membrane surrounding your heart, sweating, the ghostly typewriter, and oh-so much more in the beautiful words department. My only teeny tiny complaint is that there are quite a few spelling errors...but the writing is so good that it almost didn't even bother me enough to mention it. You will think, you will be moved, and you will be inspired. Can't wait to see the next issue! No price was listed so write or email first. (KC)
Malloree / 2916 Stanton St / Berkeley, CA 94702
newwaverevolution@hotmail.com

3RD GENERATION NATION #23 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 76 pgs - German
Besides *MRR*, this is the zine I wait for each and every issue. This zine is always a fun and informative read. This issue includes interviews with the bands The Partisans, The Negatives, The Briefs, The Riffs, and The Pits. There are also other assorted articles and interviews, plenty of live show reviews and of course lots of new record reviews. Can't read German? this zine is worth a reason for learning it! (HH)
Ralf Huenebeck / Muehlenfeld 59 / 45472 Muelheim / Germany
website: 3rdgenerationnation.de

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY: A PICTURE HISTORY / $2
5.5 x 4.5 - copied - 112 pgs
It's a pleasure to review a zine that doesn't have much text. So many words have been shared to describe, critique, and romanticize the Black Panther Party and its struggles, that somewhere I think we lose perspective on the amazing struggle that they were involved in. This zine presents a powerful visual history of armed struggle. In a world of complacency and willingness to stand in silence, these images of a guerrilla struggle offer a welcome and radical contrast. The life and death battles with the police, the amazing jail breaks, and the radical defiance are all captured in this great little zine. An amazing collection. (CR)
Laughing Horse Collective / 3652 SE Division / Portland, OR 97202

BLAH-BLAH-BLOOD #1 / IRC, or trade
8 x 6 - copied - 20 pgs - English
This is a brand new zine from Russia devoted to the DIY hardcore scene. There are interviews with Hate To State, Tian An Men 89 Records, A.U. and Children Of Fall. There is also a scene report of the St. Petersburg region and info on some Russian records. There are also some record reviews. This zine is a bit small, but hopefully will get bigger and better as the Russian scene surely needs a zine for the rest of the world to read. Good luck! (HH)
Dmitrij Ivanov / PO Box 30 / St Petersburg 9 / 195009 Russia

BRAINSCAN #16 & **BRAINSCAN** #17 / **ROCK STAR WITH WORDS** #2 / $1, stamps or trade
2.75 x 4.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Both of these are "one-nighters"—I don't know—I guess the time put into them shows. Is it really a good use of paper to have one page that just says "Avocado and mustard sandwiches are really good. You should try one." Hello! Think of the trees! Then there are a few pages to basically say, "gee, I'm staying up all night doing this zine," and then, "well, I guess I'm done." With this kind of output, I must

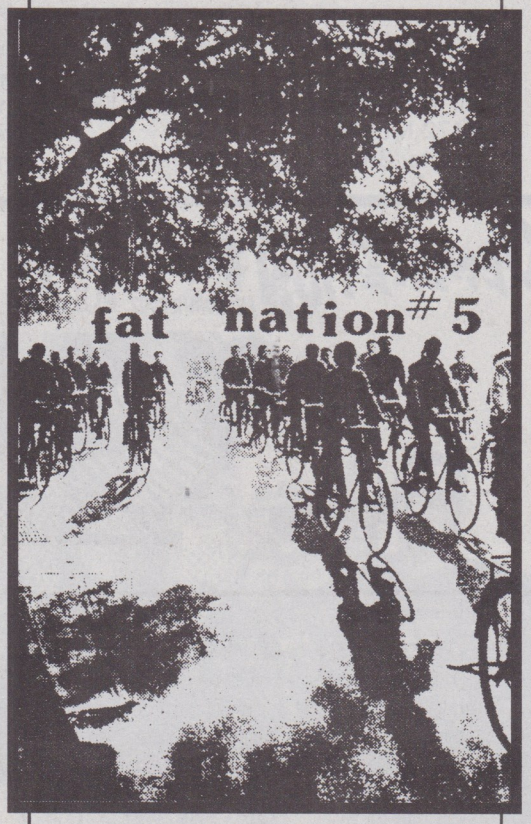
disagree with one editor's assertion that "the pen can be far, far more powerful then a guitar." The other issue of *Brainscan* (#16) has a little more substance—mostly little bits of personal writing about roommates, Portland, Joy Division, and "punk rock marriage"—OK, now we've taken the Cometbus punk rock love thing a little too far for me—ugh. (MD)
PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293

BRAINSCAN #18 / $2 or "equal trade"
3.5 x 4.5 - copied - 64 pgs
Not too different from the other issues of *Brainscan* reviewed this month—kinda emo, kinda arty, mostly personal writing. This issue has much more substance—and the writing is about everything from relating to girls, having an "alternative" wedding, vegetarianism and hunting, to closure for a past relationship gone wrong. For fans of the more personal type zines, this also comes with a pin, patch, and a sticker. (MD)
PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293

CHUMPIRE #147 & 149 / 1 stamp
8.5 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
Manages to cram more information in a couple of photocopied pages than a lot of 'zines do in twenty—some well-chosen words about local band happenings, some talk about life as a middle-school teacher, an occasional movie review, some 'zine listings, and other assorted ephemera. Read without caution. (JH)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680
chumpire@hotmail.com

DEADSTOP FANZINE #4
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pgs
This is a personal zine with a bunch of stories about girls. This contains some good quotes from— among others—Tolstoy, Bukowski, and Kerouac, but they don't seem to have anything to do with the stories they are heading. My favorite story is the last one, which is not so much about a girl as it is about some kind of crazy car chase. Other than that, this zine is pretty run of the mill. Oh yeah—full page ads for bands and record labels in a personal zine? (BD)
959 W Oakdale / Apt Garden East / Chicago, IL 60657

DEADSTOP FANZINE #4.5
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
More stories of doomed relationships and self deprecation. This is an all-contributor issue, but seems much the same as the last one to me. These people talk about their cell phones too much and I personally find it hard to relate to or care about their love lives. (BD)
959 W Oakdale, Apt Garden East, Chicago, IL 60657



DOLL #180 / $?
7 x 10 - offset - 144 pgs
Well, whattdya know—my first 'zine review in something like six years and I'm handed the publication that makes *Martha Stewart's Living* look like a grubby Xeroxed fold-over by comparison. If you're not familiar with *Doll*'s renown, it boasts beautiful color photography of bands like Motorhead (this month's cover stars), incisive interviews that you may or may not be able to read (with Discharge, the Hives, Dickies, Neatbeats, First Alert & the Mirrors this time around), eye-catching layouts and back pages advertising everything from styling gel to decorative wall hangings. Nothing will impress your houseguests like a copy of *Doll* artfully displayed on the coffee table—ask Mike Thorn if you need convincing. (JH)
No. 303 / Aota Bldg, 3-1-9 / Kitra, Kohenji, Suginami-Ku / Tokyo, Japan

DOUBLE EARS #13 / 2 stamps
11 x 17 - copied - 2 pgs
In this issue, we see into Sara's life a little via three letters she wrote but never sent. It's a little interesting if you're handed one, but unless you have unlimited access to stamps I'd save 'em for something else. (JM)
PO Box 190054 / San Francisco, CA 94119

DOUBLE EARS CALENDAR / $2
11 x 17 - copied - 28 pgs
Now this is a great idea. You get the first 12 issues of *Double Ears*, Sara's outlet for describing her world and her reactions to it, plus a nice looking calendar for June '02 - May '03. This is especially smart because by June all calendars are on sale for $2 so it pays to buy your calendar off-season. Recommended. (JM)
PO Box 190054 / San Francisco, CA 94119

EAT SHIT #22 / 3 stamps
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
I admit, I didn't know there was a punk scene in South Lake Tahoe. But then again, I haven't been there since I hit my teens, and we are everywhere, aren't we? This political-crust oriented zine has interviews with Human Error and Sons of Liberty, zine and CD reviews, a couple of short political articles, and a few columns. I don't quite know what to make of the totemic "Eat Shit" logo next to the drawing of a skulled Native American holding a tomahawk on the cover. Or the Sons of Liberty initials in between a circle A and a circle E making an acronym that could only be pronounced "asshole." But they're DIY, underground punk supporting kids with their hearts in the right place. Also contains a lively letters section which is usually a good sign. (GZ)
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

EMERGENCY #4 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 64 pgs
I was sitting at my desk, listening to The Horrible Odds while reading *Emergency* #4, and at one point I felt overwhelmed, with a lump in my

throat. I didn't want to cry, but was just proud and happy about the amazing things people create, and to be involved in this thing that is punk rock; that is all of our lives. *Emergency* is a powerful, adventure-ridden, fleshy tale of Ammi's home in New Orleans as well as her time on the road. Her writing is beautiful, and where her life is seemingly fucked-up at times, she pulls you into her world. It is here that she shows you all of her monsters and characters, then spits you out with a real knowledge of life. The second half of the zine deals with the death a friend and the continuing impact that friend has on all she inspired. Read this zine! (SD)
Ammi / PO Box 72023 / New Orleans, LA 70172

FAT NATION #5 / $2.50
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
I had high hopes for *Fat Nation* (definitely looks like a pocket friendly personal cut and paste production), but overall I was quite disappointed. The layouts are sloppy and visually distracting. Contents include a couple of short stories, an essay on the peace corps, a few random clippings from magazines/newspapers, a long tour diary, a short tour diary and a pharmaceutical crossword puzzle. There was no cohesive flow whatsoever. And while I enjoyed some of the tour diary, most of this was just like coming across a jumbled desk piled with scraps and ideas. Not my cup of tea. (KC)
Tom c/o Gabe Viles / PO Box 7000 / Columbia, MO 65201

FLYING LESSON #9 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 16 pgs
Flying Lesson changes themes each issue. This one is called "Maps" and is a collection of those hand-drawn maps people make for each other for directions, descriptions, critical mass routes, etc. with a short explanation/story for each one. The subtle beauty and genius of this zine is how it shows different people's interpretations of their surroundings. Some of the maps are works of art (like the author's kindergarten-style yet surprisingly accurate drawing of New York City), while some are hilariously wrong, incomplete or out of scale. You may recognize some places or be fascinated by the strange landscapes of others. The writing is well done and compliments the maps perfectly. This is a zine you can look at over and over and keep discovering something new. (SD)
Ali / PO Box 954 / Bloomington, IN 47402
ali@boxcarbooks.org

FSHUT SLONCA #9/ $?
8 x 6 - copied - 88 pgs - Polish
This thick "punk and hardcore" zine has lots of useful info with huge record and zine review sections. Though the reviews are in no discernible order (and some of the records reviewed are quite old), there are still many contact addresses and exciting new titles here for those of you that might be interested. An in-depth interview with Pawel from *Chaos w Moje Glowe* zine which features some excerpts from his comics. Also interviews with Lost (ex Homomilitia), and Preshrunk. Scene report from Nowy Sacz, an article on Belarus and some personal thoughts on politics and current events. Check it out! (CB)
Rfal Grodzick / Sloneczna 79 / 38-200 Jaslo / Poland

IMPACT PRESS # 39 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
This is a valuable read if you are in any way interested in current events. It contains informative and opinionated articles from many different contributors covering a wide array of subjects. The cover story of this issue is cruelty under the big top, which focuses on animal abuse in circuses. Though this was a good article, I personally thought the pieces about the war in Afghanistan and the civil rights movement to be the best contributions to this issue. (BD)
Impact Press / PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

THE INNER SWINE volume 8 issue 2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
It's so clever. Convoluted "concepts" dragged out way beyond the point of being interesting. Making fun of their friends and "stupid people". Taking everyday life and making it even more tedious. I didn't bother to read most of this. Clever. (GF)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

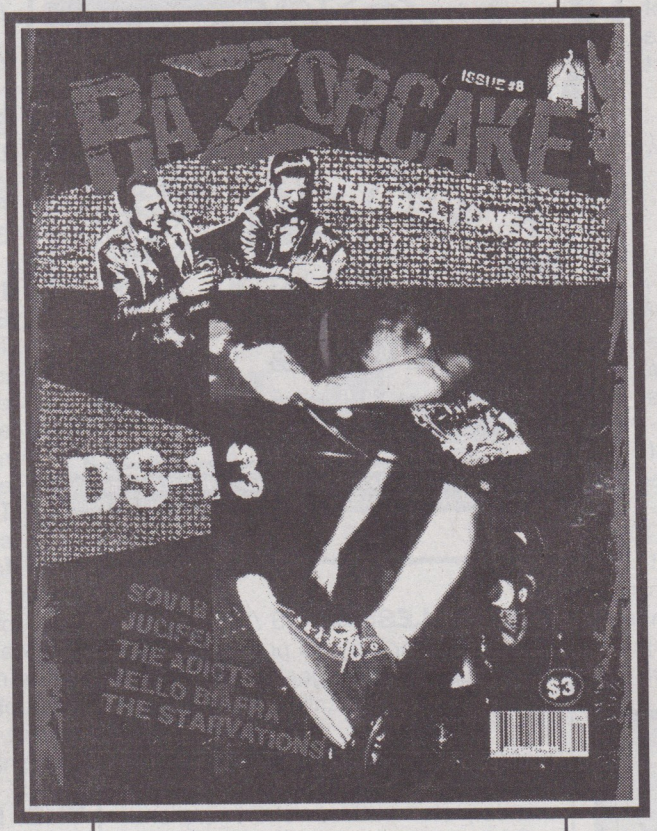
INTERNAL PAPERCUTS #3.5 / stamps
8.5 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
It amazes me to see a zine from young folks that's not cliched, jaded, and silly. *Internal Papercuts*, however, is none of those things. This issue is a story of a crappy interaction with a teacher resulting in suspension. A

simple story well told. I don't expect much more from a zine. I'll be watching for future issues and you should too. (CR)
internalpapercuts@yahoo.com

KEEPSCHTUMM #2 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
I have never felt comfortable with English humor. When I see the Monty Python (for instance) I spend more time huddled on the ground with the Idiot Shivers than I do appreciating the interplay of wit and lunacy. This zine is much the same. It attempts to speak in some sort of .mad. dialect that falls flat. I would call it some sort of combination of mealy mouthed Benny Hill and punk-rock humour. Lines like this run rampant .Punishink animulz that brayke the law iz a praktise as owlde az the byble.. WTF!?!? There is some content; I think an interview with a Mr. Porter, and another with an urban train punk, but damned if I can make sense of it. (AR)
33 Henry Taylor St / Flint / Flintshire / CH6 5PP Wales / UK

MALA #1 / **INSURGENTE** #4 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 90 pgs
Probably the best political zine I've read in years. In *Mala*, Bianca Ortiz returns to zinedom with great articles on recovering from her time in the punk/riot grrrl scene, hypersexualized images of Mexicana women, white activists talking "street," what "hard work" means in the context of analyzing class, a hilarious film script called *Save the Last Cumbia* (which will star J. Lo and Edward James Olmos in multiple roles) and much more. *Insurgente* is a 30-part essay on Chicano identity, education, and struggling for social change. Written partly in response to a multiculturalism class the author attended with other teachers, Alejandro goes well beyond the basics of these issues, complicating the issues that come up in ways that make his essay always challenging and interesting even if you've done a fair amount of thinking on those subjects. Both writers are talented enough to convey theory without being alienating or condescending. It's so dense I had to read it twice before I felt comfortable reviewing it. Highly recommended. (GZ)
Bianca Ortiz / PO Box 6884 / San Pablo, CA 94806
messstiza@yahoo.com

MELTDOWN #3 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 68 pgs
Very much in the style of *Cometbus* , Ben brings a great writing ability with interesting subjects together to create a very readable zine. Unlike so many self-indulgent personal zines, *Meltdown* carries across an earnestness and excitement that holds you through the whole zine. This issue is a collection of stories sharing the small experiences that make up Ben's life, an interview with Radio Active Queers, and a collection of found notes that made me feel uncomfortably voyeuristic. Christ, I'd hate to see a letter I'd written to someone reprinted in a zine! A great zine and damn cheap too! (CR)
PO Box 14237 / Berkeley, CA 94712



MORGENMUFFEL #10 / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pgs
Cartoons and rants from an anarchist woman living in England. This is great. Comics on strange anarchist housemates, 9/11 reactions, reviews of hot pudding from various food temp jobs, squatting in a peat bog, and a tour diary. Also includes well-written, short rants on the vision and history of anarchism and hate lists by assorted contributors. The "I Spy" game (try and find all the Trotskyist newspaper hawkers at a demo—checklist provided) is brilliant. Why is Casey giving me all the good zines this month? It'll ruin my reputation. Another high recommendation. (GZ)
Isy / PO Box 74 / Brighton / BN1 4ZQ England

MY VIVID BLANKET #1 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
Short odd stories from Corey. Playing games with McDonalds, a lizard in your compost, to work or not to work; all with a formal writing style. The bulk of the zine is a travel guide to South Dakota. Nice to see someone else with an interest in the Mitchell Corn Palace. (SD)
6408 N Central Ave / Tampa, FL 33604

PLASTIC BOMB #39 / $6
11 x 8 - printed - 124 pgs - German
Another great issue of this punk rock zine from Germany. It includes interviews with International Noise Conspiracy, Terrorgruppe, Impact Records, Wolverine Records, Casanovas Schwule Seite, and Attaque 77. There is also an interesting article on Woody Guthrie, and another on Wendy O Williams in the Plastic Girl section. Finally, there are lots of cool record reviews, and plenty of ads demanding your money. Of course the zine also comes with it's customary free CD. (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

POSITIVE CREED #3 / 80p
6 x 8.25 - copied - 32 pgs
Pretty average British focused music mag here. Interviewed are Four Letter Word, Out Cold, Red Letter Day, punk artist Jess Spice (she draws skulls, evidently), Love Junk, and more. Four Letter Word goes into the most detail, the others are not too in-depth. There are reviews and a few editorials but no ads. I think I'd spend my 80 pence on

something else. (JM)
17a Charnley Ave / St Thomas, Exeter / Devon / EX4 1RD / England / UK

RATION #2 / 25¢
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 8 pgs
Who knows what horrible crap I'd have to review if I said I didn't like Arwen's personal zine. Our beloved coordinator would probably give me the whole straight, emo, boy hardcore pile if I wrote a negative word. Luckily, I don't have to worry about that, because I love this zine. This issue is "Fire Escapes", and it manages to include thoughts on attraction to fire, smoking, inflammation, heat-related health problems, burning buildings, burned-out relationships, and burning desire in just a few pages. Heat and fire link all the seemingly unrelated bits into a satisfyingly coherent zine about figuring out when to burn both ends of a candle and when to worry about yourself. Arwen, put aside that other project and write more Rations! (GZ)
PO Box 170291 / San Francisco, CA 94117

RAZORCAKE #8 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 106 pgs
"Like a good *Flipside*" is the way an unnamed male coordinator and I summed this up. Lots of passion and excitement plus knowing your shit equals a thoroughly enjoyable music mag. Lottsa photos, good layouts, fairly wide coverage of styles, can't go wrong here. Add me to the list of impressed zine reviewers. Interviews with The Beltones, DS-13, Squab, Juicifer, Jello, The Starvations. (GF)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

REAL ART #21/ $?
8 x 6 - copied - 94 pgs - Russian
The title of this one made me a bit skeptical about how interested I would be in the content ...but I was proven wrong! Apparently this is the special "hardcore" issue, but the punk content here wasn't what drew me in the most... There are plenty of interesting articles here: a Belorussian scene report with lots of contact addresses, a look at feminism in Russia and many band interviews. Even though not all the bands interviewed are really up my alley (Sick of it All, Angry Samoans, One Second Thought...), they still really drew me in with their content and well thought out questions. The bulk of this is made up of reviews with everything from Slipknot to Bad Brains. Despite the disturbing lack of addresses in many of the reviews I'd say that this portion of the zine was also done with much care. Recommended! (CB)
Pavel Balevsky / PO Box 696 / Volgograd 40006 / Russia

REASON TO BELIEVE #5 / free in Europe, $1 world
8.5 x 11 - offset - 74 pgs
Another 'zine that's grabbed my interest—*Reason to Believe* is a mid-sized, easy-to-read clearing house for all manner of do-it-yourself how-tos ("Direct Action Starts at Home" feature, or diagrams of exercises calculated to relieve anterior knee pain), political info (interviews with the Emma Z Social Center and the Anarchist Federation), band stuff (Sin Dios and Imbalance are given the once-over), a discussion on the state of independent distribution, rec reviews, scene reports, and more. Their brains are in the right place and they seem to have their heads screwed on securely—check it out, whether or not you're a local. (JH)
1450149 Cardigan Rd/ Leeds, LS6 1LJ / UK
rtbzine@yahoo.com

RECLUSE #6 / $1.25
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Recluse follows a pretty straightforward zine format...columns, featured articles, interviews and reviews. Nice clean layouts, a few well placed graphics and a handful of ads. This issue includes an interview with Leonard Calcagno of ARA Montreal, an article on getting out of debt, some stats on animal abuse, info on indoor air pollution, eternal adolescence, possible conspiracy theories regarding the pentagon and 9/11 and is rounded out by a short story and two vegetarian recipes. There is some good solid writing in *Recluse*, but I get the feeling that I'd be more into it if I lived in Columbus or knew the people involved. (KC)
PO Box 09558 / Columbus, OH 43209
www.reclusezine.com

RETAIL WHORE #6, 7 & 8 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
These three issues of *Retail Whore* diverge a bit from what I assume is the usual topic of working a retail job, with the summer issues dedicated to mix

tapes, stalking, and cars. While the writing is articulate and journalistic in form, the stories in *Retail Whore* read like a trashy Cosmo article, with bits of unstimulating sex scenes and long descriptions of editor Kat's drunken debauchery. And while I'm all for sex and debauchery, these stories were boring. Readable, but boring. (SD)
c/o Kat / PO Box 688 / Evanston, IL 60204

RIOT 77 MAGAZINE #4 / 2.50 Euros
8.25 x 11.5 - printed - 52 pgs
Punk and oi. This guy does a good job of covering old and new bands and keeping it all fresh and real. We got The Buzzcocks, Bad Manners, Dickies, Generators, Youth Brigade, Hard Skin, TKO Records. I also liked the piece on Billy Connolly. I think it's hard to pull off this kind of zine without being dodgy, and this one is one of the best I've seen. I have to say though that after the last issue, I was excited to see him interview TKO and raise some of the criticisms he voiced before, but all I got was a TKO stroke job. Free records, eh? (GF)
31 St Patricks Pk / Clondalkin / Dublin 22 / Ireland

RIPPED & CLIPPED #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 - copied - 50 pgs
Ripped, Clipped, Glued & Copied is more like it, if you take my meaning—what you got is a grab-bag of (nicely reproduced) cuttings from rock mags of the late '70s and early '80s (*Trouser Press, Creem,* among others) about everybody's fave punkers and non-punkers. The balance is tilted toward Elvis Costello, who looks painfully young on the cover photo—there's also material about X-Ray Spex, the Jags, Replacements, Pretenders, and the rest of your new wave faves and raves. Look into this 'un if you've got a fondness for Carter-era rock 'n' roll, or are an obsessive Costello completist. Neat neat neat. (JH)
Break-Up / PO Box 15372 / Columbus, OH 43215-0372

SDZ #12 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 76 pgs - French
There are interviews with The Von Bondies, Les Dragueurs / Blutt, The Immortal Lee County Killers and The Richmond Sluts. There are also plenty of live show reviews and lots of cool record reviews. This is a pretty nifty little zine, definitely worth checking out. (HH)
Laurent Levy / Impasse Janine / 95220 Herblay / France
www.sdz.free.fr

SLINGSHOT #75 / $2
11 x 17 - printed - 16 pgs
You know what you get when you pick up a *Slingshot*. You get the most consistent local (as in SF-Bay Area) anarchist tabloid around. It is very indigenous to the East Bay Scene (the Long Haul is in Berkeley) with articles on Gay Shame (a reaction to the Gay Pride march from the radical folk), the Oakland fight against an incinerator, and a proposal for an anarchist model train club. *Slingshot* is generally a good source for information with a largish piece on Palestine, a calendar of radical events happening this summer, and some general anarchist opinion. (AR)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck / Berkeley, CA 94705

SLUG AND LETTUCE #71 / 60¢ stamp
11 x 14 - printed - 20 pgs
Well if you haven't heard of this zine by now, what rock are you living under? Another winning issue of this "classic"—the best part for me is Chris(tine)'s editorial—I love her writing style—it's very personal and open. I have one of those always-busy minds, and that longing to do way too many things, so I can relate. The other columns are well-written and thoughtful, personal and political. Next, add to this many detailed zine, record and book reviews. It's a simple formula—yet works so well here. Chris, *MRR* is lucky to have you as a columnist! Everyone else, send this woman some stamps *now*! (MD)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SNEAKDUB # 1 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 26 pgs
Kinda silly. Lots of comics, and among other things a short interview with Exene Cervenka. It seems to me that there's a lot of filler in this zine, but the content is for the most part good. This zine also came with a really funny comic called *Arize Zombie Christ*. "You eat my flesh, drink my blood, now I will feast on your flesh and gargle your blood." Ha Ha. (BD)
Adam Lepak 1726 / Westchester Dr / Oaklahoma City, OK 73120

$PARE ¢HANGE #14 / $2 or trade (no crappy skinhead zines)
5.5 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
With this issue, *$¢* goes autobiographical, detailing the Rev. Foote's

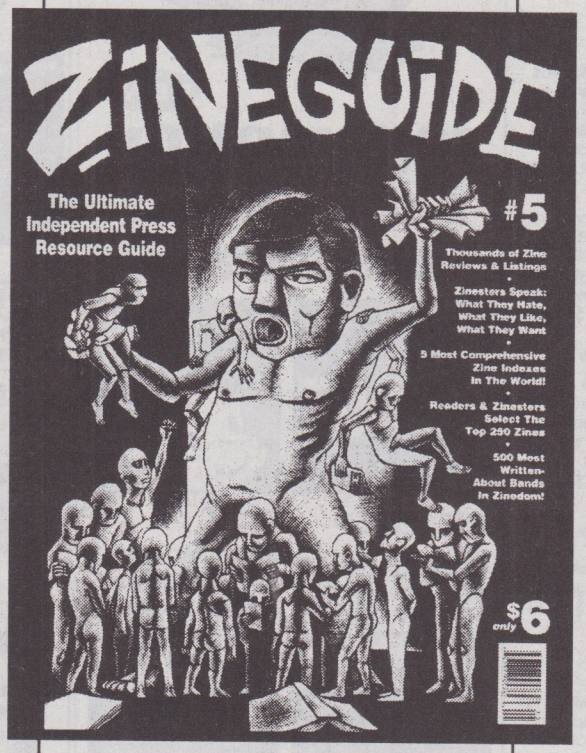
early years in Michigan. He tells how he found punk rock and booze, and talks about an early crush and his grandma's pro-mohawk views. The Reverend has a simple and honest writing style which I like, but this issue doesn't quite measure up to previous ones I've read. (JM)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

SUGAR NEEDLE #19 & 20 / $2 + stamp
11 x 4.25 - copied - 20 pgs
My crown started hurting after reading this one. A zine devoted entirely to candy. Maybe it's because of my poor state of dental health, but I didn't find this to be particularly compelling and at two bucks plus a stamp, I wonder who would get their money's worth on this one. But if you're way into candy, this may be your thing. (CR)
PO Box 300152 / Minneapolis, MN 55403

TAIL SPINS #34 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 100 pgs
This one surprised me—it's kind of slick but dry-looking at the same time. However, most of the writing was either really funny or interesting. There are many band interviews—Lost Goat, Small Brown Bike, the Gits, Misfits—and loads of music reviews (including quite a few major label releases, if you care). The fun part was the random articles on the Jonestown Massacre, a day in a cadaver lab, a protest of Real World Chicago, a lot of thoughts about "9-11," and a listing of some wacky illnesses. Enjoyable. (MD)
PO Box 1860 / Evanston, IL 60204

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #?/$?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
I like show reviews. This zine is about reviews of local shows and even though the only show that interested me was with Motorhead and Morbid Angel show I think that show reviews are a much better way to learn about bands than record reviews, as I prefer the live experience. *TTWN* is one persons take on the rock (interviews with The Weakerthans and Pirx the Pilot), politics (I guess Ashcroft is a jerk), with the usual spattering of reviews. (AR)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #94 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
More great punk rock from one of, if not the longest running German zine. This issue features interviews with The Faves, Botanica, Burst, Dog town Boys, Dillinger 4, Bob Log 3, and Sonic Youth. There are also plenty of new record reviews, and still the best gig list anywhere of what's happening in Germany. Always an indispensable read! (HH)
Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
website: www.trust-zine.de



VERA #?/ $?
8 x 6 - copied - 30 pgs - Dutch
This Dutch language entertainment guide fulfills all your needs for Groningen area concert and movie listings. Also plenty of articles and what seem to be bios about the listed bands, artists and films. A few examples are: a review of Shrek (the movie), The Come Ons, and Micheal Burns. Made with an unmistakably graphic eye and sure to be informative if you're in the area. (CB)
Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / The Netherlands

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #8 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 50 pgs
Billed as a "review zine with perzine tendencies," this is one of my two favorite review zines (and I work on the other one). Instead of one format, editor Davida found some of her favorite zine writers and has them design their own sections. Because of this, each section has its own charming personality. Reviewers include notable zinesters: Fred Argoff, Eric Lyden, Bobby Tran Dale, Kate Haas, Violet Jones, Donny Smith, and many more. Well-written and with longer reviews than many review zines. This is a great resource to find new things to read. (GZ)
PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078
www.leekinginc.com

YOU IDIOT #1 $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 27 pgs
This zine is mostly reviews of ridiculous old video games. First up are games that came out at the height of the war on drugs such as NARC, in which you kick some junkie ass and make the world a better place. Then the reviews move on to games designed to teach kids about the bible. These games want to steal your soul. Basically this zine is a document of the incredible things parents will do to try to "enlighten" their kids, and generally how naive these people are. Pretty funny stuff. (BD)
PO Box 8995 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

ZINE GUIDE #5 / $6
8.5 x 11 - printed - 160 pgs
If you are a fan of statistics and compiled lists, and you are a zine fanatic, then *Zine Guide* is for you. Not only are there pages and pages of zine reviews, but you also gets data such as: Favorite Zines Among Males vs. Females (guess what, they both love *Cometbus*); Best Bet for Getting Your Zine Reviewed; Favorite and Least Favorite Zines Among Zinesters; Most Mentioned Bands in Zines. I have to wonder how useful it is, since most of the favorite zines are also the least favorite. Oh well, that aside, there are the tons of reviews previously mentioned, as well as a huge index and other resources for zinesters, and tons of punk/indie music and zine ads. Data head zine geeks, where are you? You've found a kindred spirit. (MD)
PO Box 5467 / Evanston, IL 60204

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"Not on Her Majesty's Service" LP
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"WATERKANT HITS" comp LP
This re-issue of the famous 1983 Hamburg hardcore compilation features tracks by RAZZIA, CHANNEL RATS, E605, MASSAKER, KOMA KOMBO, SS ULTRABRUTAL, MONDIAL, HH MILCH, KNALLSCHOTEN, OXENSCHWANZ, and PLATZANGST. Remastered for improved sound, with the original cover art! German import. **LP $11.65**

RUDI "The Band that Time Forgot" LP
1979 and 1981 radio broadcast sessions and demo recordings from Belfast's first-ever punk band, formed in 1975!. Their 7"s were comped on both volumes of Bloodstains Across Northern Ireland, and there's a CD (with different tracks) on Anagram. Euro import. **LP $11.65**

DYS "Wolfpack" LP
This combines the fast, brutal hardcore tracks of this classic Boston band's 1983 "Brotherhood" 12" with 4 bonus tracks. 14 tracks total, plus a big fold-out insert with lyrics, photos, poster reproductions, band biography, and a 1989 interview. Belgian import. **LP $11.20**

THE GYNECOLOGISTS
"Bukkake Hit Parade" LP
The best of this early '80s Indiana band, with 13 wild and obnoxious studio tracks. Two tracks were comped on Bloodstains Across the Midwest and Killed By Death #18. Italian import. **LP $11.40**

THE BOMB POPS "Everything" 7"
DEVIL DOGS fans, heads up! Here's the first release by former members Mighty Joe Vincent and Crazy Stevie Baise's new band! Pure powerpop with a '70s punk edge, kinda like a supercharged PLIMSOULS or REAL KIDS, this features 2 brilliant songs with killer hooks! Full color sleeve art. **7" $4.25**

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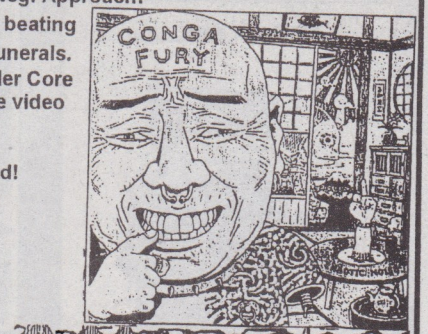

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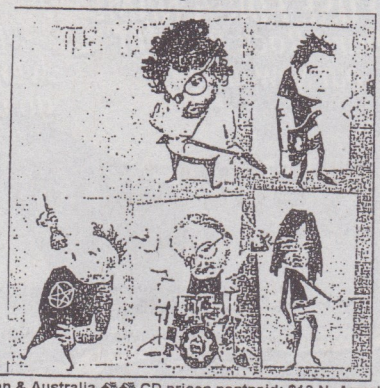

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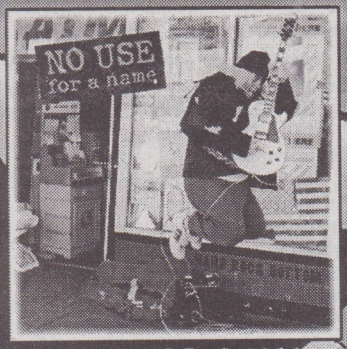

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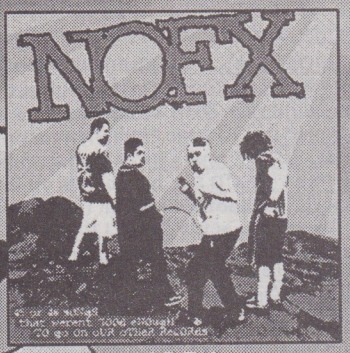

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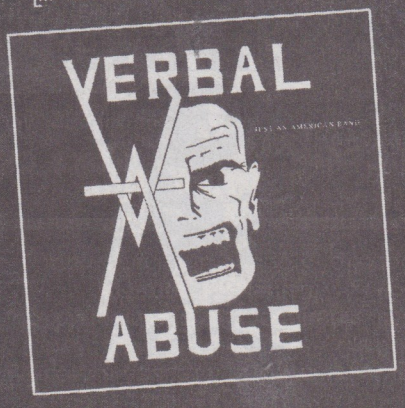

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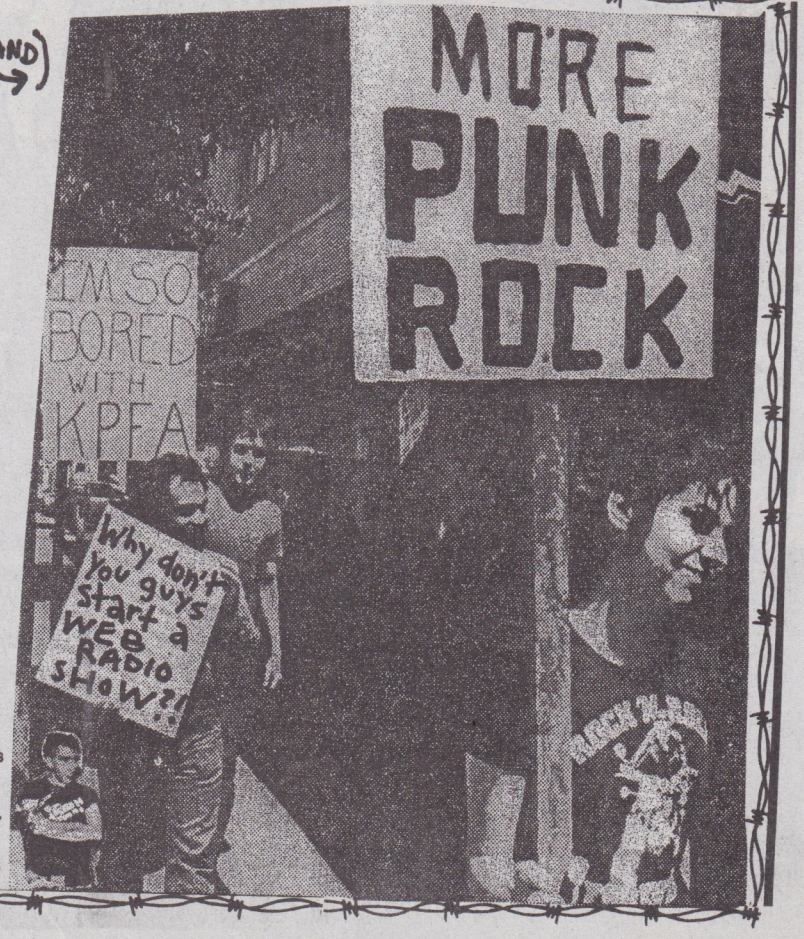

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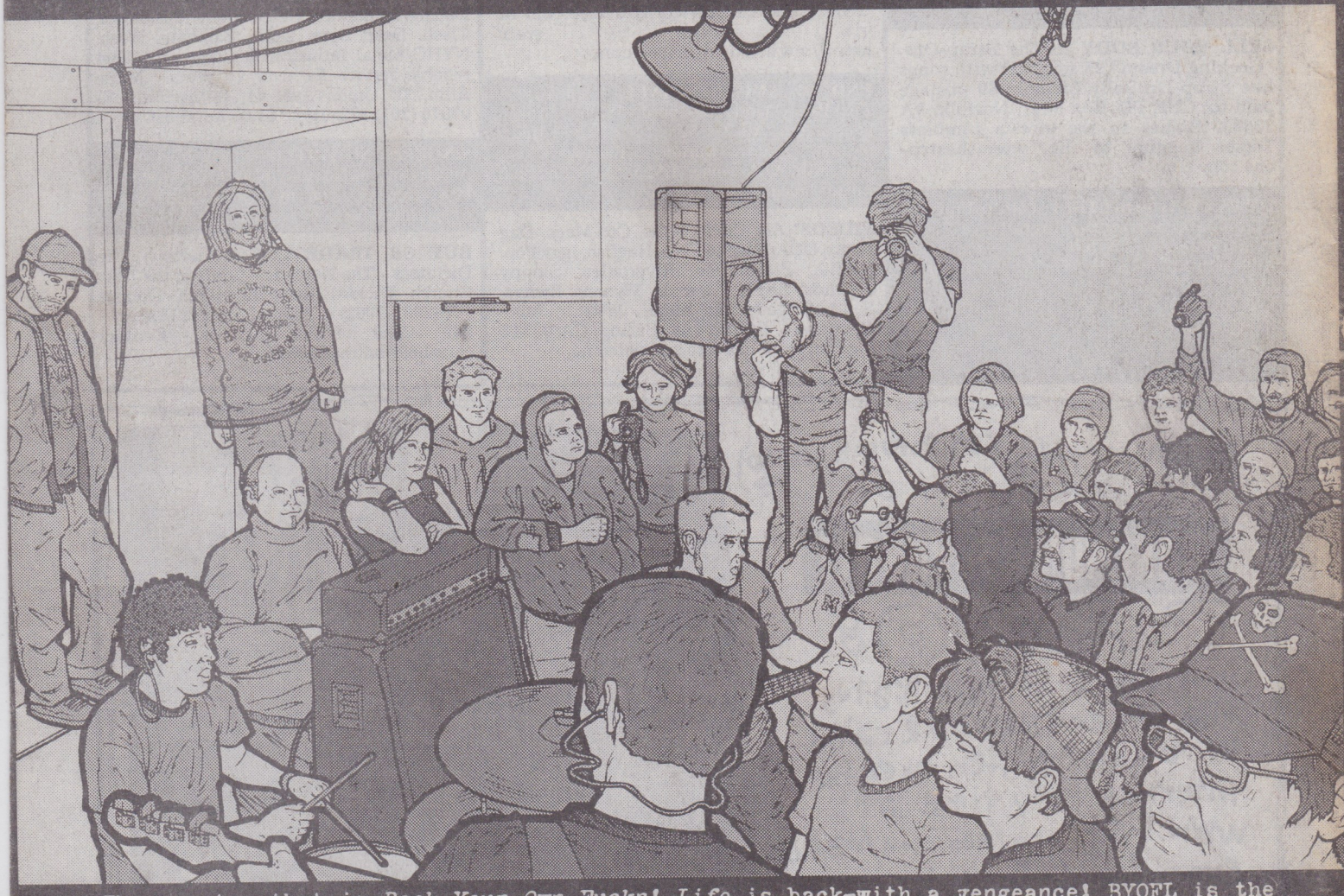

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